

# SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. VII.

MARCH, 1874.

No. 5.

## THE GREAT SOUTH.



LOWER SUGAR FORK FALL—BLUE RIDGE—NORTH CAROLINA.

### AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

"You ain't a show, be ye?" said the small boy.

The question was pardonable; the GREAT SOUTH expedition, and the travelers who had joined it, certainly presented a singular spectacle that rainy June even-

ing, alighting from their weary and mud-bespattered horses at the door of a little inn, in a Tennessee mountain town, and proceeding to unload their baggage-wagon. Such mysterious array of traps the small boy's round, wondering eyes had never

seen before. He controlled his curiosity until the tin case containing the artist's materials was produced, when he gave a prolonged whistle, and forthwith proceeded to inquire our qualities. Visions of magic lanterns and traveling mounte-



THE JUDGE.

banks danced before his eyes; his heated imagination hinted at even the possibility of play-actors.

No wonder. First alighted the Colonel, coming down with a solid thump in the sticky mud, and unbuckling from his saddle capacious bags and rolls of blankets; then taking from the wagon certain mysterious packages, he propounded the inquiry which is of such thrilling interest to mountain travelers after nightfall:—

"Can we get to stay here to-night?"

"Reckon we can accommodate ye."

Next descended the Judge, his long, gray beard and Arabian mustache streaming with rain, his garments bedraggled, and his eyes dim with the sky-spray. He, likewise going to the wagon, took from it seductive valises, boxes which gave forth a cheering rattle of apparatus, and cans of various patterns, and hastened to shelter. A new accession of small boys silently viewed these proceedings with awe.

But ah! the next figure which galloped lustily to the door, mounted on a prancing, delicate Kentucky mare! How did the juvenile by-standers gape at that short, alert youth, with spectacles on nose, and riding-whip swung cavalierly in hand;

with white Marseilles trowsers mottled and drenched with mud and water; with jaunty gray hat, flabby and drooping; with overcoat tied about his neck, and a collection of minerals knotted in his handkerchief at his saddle-bow. He was no common traveler. It must—it must be a show!

Or he with camp stool slung on his shoulders, and dripping umbrella in hand; with broad slouch hat crushed down over his eyes, and a variegated panorama of the road along which he had passed painted by the weather upon his back—the artist, whose hands were filled with the mystic tin box; behold him! the envied cynosure of boyish eyes.

Then the writer,—clambering down from his horse's smoking sides, and hastening to join the others before the crackling and leaping flame in an old-fashioned fireplace, overhearing as he entered, however, a new come boy's wild guess:

"If 'taint a show, it's 'rock-hunters,' I reckon."

What mattered rain and mud, the ferrying of swollen streams, the breaking down of wagons, and the weary climbing of hills? The prospect before us was none the less inspiring. We were about to enter upon that vast elevated region which forms the southern division of the Appalachian mountain system, and constitutes the culminating point in the Atlantic barrier of the American continent. We stood at the gate of the lands through which runs the chain of the Iron, Smoky, and Unaka mountains, separating North Carolina from Eastern Tennessee. Beyond the blue line of hills faintly discerned in the rainy twilight from the windows of our little room lay the grand table-land, two thousand feet above the heated air of cities and the contagion of civilization; and there a score of mountain peaks reached up six thousand feet into the crystal atmosphere; torrents ran impetuously down their steep sides into noble valleys; there was the solitude of the cañon, the charm of the dizzy climb along the precipice-brink, the shade of the forests where no woodman's axe had yet profaned the thickets. It was a region compared to which the White Mountains seemed dwarfed and insignificant, for through an extent of more than one hundred and fifty miles, height after height towered in solemn magnificence, and the very valleys were higher up than the gaps in the White Mountain range! We were equipped for, and one

day's journey advanced upon, our ramble among the peaks of Western North Carolina.

We had come from Morristown, in Eastern Tennessee, where we left the railroad and met our cheery companions, the Judge, the Colonel, and "Jonas," and started across country, along the highways in the mountains. Through the thick rain-veil we had seen the noble outlines of English Mountain, and the distant and rugged sides of the Smoky; had passed over hill-sides covered with corn, where the white tree trunks in the "deadening" stood like specters protesting against sacrilege to the forest; along banks of streams where intense and richly-colored foliage sent forth perfume, and past log farm-houses, where tall, gaunt farmers, clad in homespun, were patiently waiting for the rain to cease—until we came to the "Mouth of Chucky," as the ford just above the junction of the Nolichucky and French Broad Rivers is called. Time was when all the country bordering the rivers at their junction was romantic ground. The "great Indian war trail," upon which so many scenes of violence and murder were enacted, ran not far from the banks of the Nolichucky, and the war-ford "upon the French Broad" was but a short

distance from Clifton, where we had halted for the night. From the time of the settlement along the banks of the two rivers, one hundred years ago, until early in the present century, the settler took his life in his hands daily, and the war-cry of the Indian was a familiar sound to his ears. The Nolichucky at the ford ran rapidly between great mountain banks, whose sides were so steep as to be inaccessible on foot, and just below gave its waters to the racing and roaring rapids of the "French Broad," whose unquiet wavelets seemed angry at being pent up among the cliffs. A long halloo brought the ferryman with his flat-boat from the opposite bank; the clumsy ark drifted us safely over to the stretch of winding road which finally led us through a still old town, hidden and moldering at the base of a hill; then along picturesque paths until we reached the placid Pigeon River, with the mountains near it mirrored in its rain-rippled breast; crossed it, and dismounted at Clifton, to be confronted by the small boy with the abnormal appetite for "shows."

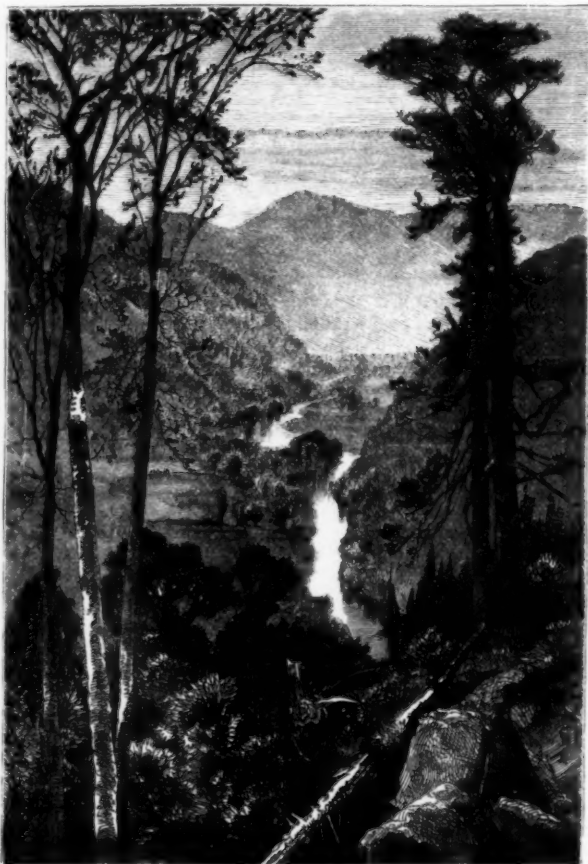
When we were safely housed, and our drenched garments were drying before the fire, while supper's perfume hinted at bacon and biscuits, flanked by molasses syrup and blackest of coffee, the rain



THE JUDGE SHOWING THE ARTIST'S SKETCH BOOK.

ceased, and we could catch a glimpse of the prosperous little town set down in a nook in the mountains, with one railroad line giving it a hold on the outer world, and running directly through the main street. The river was fringed with trees, and overhanging vines and creepers; in every direction was the blue stretch of far away hills, or the shadow of luxuriant woods. Our lullaby that night was the murmur of the river and the cry of the whip-poor-will. Before dawn we were astir, and while the dwellers in cities were still asleep our little cavalcade was vigorously *en route* for the North Carolina line. Ahead, caracoling merrily from side to side of the highway on his coquettishly-pacing mare "Cricket," whose very motions were poetry, rode Jonas of the blond locks, our German companion, in his saddle graceful as a Centaur, in his motions alert as a cat, for he had ridden to many a battle in the cavalry saddles of Prussian William's victorious army. There was a dash of the trooper in him still—the erect military port, the joyous outburst into song, now roystering, now tender; the enviable familiarity with all the secrets of road and woodland life; and a calm, æsthetic sense, never disturbed by weather or rude inconvenience of travel.

Our route that morning lay through the forest, along unused road-ways; and, constantly ascending, we caught from time to time exquisite views of the summits of English, the Smoky, and other mountains. Great mists were moving lightly away; now and then some monarch of the ranges had his lofty brow wrapped in the delicate embrace of white clouds, which trembled into fantastic shapes of smoke-wreaths and castles and towers, and sometimes seemed



THE CAÑON OF THE CATALOUCHE—SEEN FROM "BENNETT'S."

to take the contour of the mountains themselves. Now we came to a log-house, with sloping roof, set on some shelf of a hill-side, whence one could look down into deep valleys, and around whose doors sheep and goats were huddled, lying in the shelter of the fences until the sun came out. A shepherd dog would bark at us; a tall maiden, clad in the blue or greenish homespun of the region, would tell us which road to take, and how to turn and "foller the creek," and we would wander on. Sometimes the hill-sides were so steep that we preferred to dismount and lead our horses rather than take the risk of being pitched over their heads. All along the way rapid little streams foamed across the roadways, and hid themselves in the forests. Beneath a great oak or wide-spreading



willow, we would find a cool spring with a gourd balanced on a board above it, and the travelers halted beneath the tree would salute us, and inquire our names, and whither we were going. Still we went on climbing up and up; we came nearer to some of the peaks, and could see the clearings upon their sides, and the bald patches where the rocks stood out in the light.

By and by, at a lonely log-house, on a beautiful mountain side, whence one could see the hills craning their long necks in every direction, we halted for dinner, but before we had hitched our horses there came a blinding storm of wind and rain, in the midst of which we hurriedly gave the animals over to our impervious mulatto wagon driver, and with the lunch baskets beat a retreat for the cabin porch. The typical Tennessee woman of the mountains, tall and thin, but kind and graceful, the mother of ten children, who stood ranged around her like white-headed notes in the scale of love, welcomed us, and a loaf of hot corn-bread soon smoked before us. Very humble and simple were the appointments of this cabin home. The bare floor shone, however, so clean it was; the spinning-wheel, with the flax hanging to it, stood in a corner of the porch; in the great kitchen in the rear of the cabin was a fire-place, in the ashes of which another corn-cake was baking, and the good woman offered us the wild honey, the buttermilk, and the berries of the mountains. "No man-folks nigh home now," she said. "Air ye 'rock-huntin'?" Assuring her that we were not looking for minerals, she asked us no more, and seemed to regard us as strange beings, since the Colonel hinted that we were in "search of information."

Once more the rain cloud lifted, and the skies were clear; Andy hitched up, singing a cheerful melody, and we rode on, now through gaps in the chain of hills where level fields were in cultivation, and where the women were at work side by side with the men, hoeing corn; now by the banks of some creek which rippled merrily over a pebbly bottom, and was overhung by short, densely-set willows; until at last we came into a valley where there were a few scattered frame houses and a little mill, around which were gathered some twenty mountaineers. Here our much over-loaded wagon suddenly gave a doleful groan and broke down, directly oppo-

site a cabin, in which, through the interstices, we could see anvil, bellows, and other insignia of the blacksmith's trade. The afternoon was waning, and the punctual Judge had planned that we should spend that night in North Carolina. But before us lay a tremendous height, whose rugged sides seemed interminable. Riding on in haste to find a blacksmith, we were suddenly surrounded by a threatening mob of half-drunken mountain men clad in rude garb, some mounted, some on foot, but not one of them friendly-faced. An inquiry for the disciple of Vulcan, as Jonas and the writer backed their horses rapidly, was answered with an oath, and a peremptory demand why we were "racketing about the country." This not being answered in the most satisfactory manner, demonstrations of violence were made, and it dawned upon the advance guard of the wagon that a retreat would, perhaps, be prudent. There were bad and drunken faces among the rough men; two or three hands were clutching stones, plucked from the wet roads, and the circle gradually narrowed in towards us. So we turned, and, galloping back, reported "breakers ahead." We patched up the wagon and all moved forward together. As we approached the mill the threatening attitude of the mountaineers was resumed, and when we had passed the motley crowd fell in behind, and seeming to await some

signal, followed doggedly. Presently the Colonel and the Judge were assailed with questions like this: "Reckon ye don't want to steal nothin', do ye?" and more pointed remarks. At last hostility was so evident that we were forced to stop and explain. Gathering



VIEW OF CATALOUCHE MOUNTAIN.

around the wagon, we answered the inquiries, "Whar be ye from?" "What do ye want down yar?" "What mout your name be?" and by much parleying demonstrated that we meant no harm. Finally man by man dropped off, but, much to our discomfort, two or three of the more drunk and uproarious followed us towards the ford at the base of the mountain in a manner which plainly indicated attack. We now entered upon a wild and lonely by-road, and even the heretofore incredulous of our party had suspicions of mischief afoot. The

retired. After consulting vaguely together for a little time in the road, they disappeared, and our companion assured us that they would do us no harm. "But ye can't always tell," he added. "A man wants to keep his eye out in these regions when the boys 've been drinkin'."

The ascent of the Chestnut Mountain now became tedious and painful. The road ran zigzag along the edges of banks and rocks, and over our heads hung mammoth embankments, which might have crushed a caravan. But how delicious the sunlight on the tree stems,

through the forest glades; how delicate the green mosses clothing the trunks of fallen monarchs; how crystal and sweet the water which we drank from the foamy brooks! For miles we clambered along this lofty road until night was at hand. Our companion, who paused from time to time to treat himself from the bottle, and to importune us to drink, finally left us at a cross-road, advising us to stay at Parson Caton's. Beyond it was a matter of all night in the woods. We could get to stay with the Parson—he kept folks—would we have



A MOUNTAIN FAMILY SINGING PSALMS.

ascent, wooded and somber, was before us.

At this juncture another man approached, and said he would walk with us to the mountain top. He was sober, and producing from his pocket a flask of "moonshine" whisky, invited us to drink. The secret was out. We had evidently been mistaken for a party of revenue officers, on a mission to seize some of the concealed stills in the gorges and caves of this wild region. We drank of the blistering fluid, and presently, to our great relief, the drunken horsemen behind reluctantly

some more 'moonshine'? No? Good luck to us. So we hurried on to Parson Caton's.

A by-road, leading into a thicket where wild vines grew luxuriantly; steep descents and lofty knolls, crowned with strong tree stems; a woodland path; then a clearing, and we were at the parson's humble cabin.

On the way up we had passed the church. It was a rude structure of boards and logs, which we should have mistaken for some deserted shanty, had not our friend of the "moonshine" whisky pointed it out. The cabin stood in an enclosure, guarded by a rude fence, and as we approached, a

stalwart young fellow opened the little gate, and some hounds followed him out, making the woods ring with their yelping. A tall matron and two or three of "the girls"—young women, at least five and a half feet high, dressed in straight homespun gowns,—peered out at us, and we were presently invited to remain at the cabin all night, as "the parson never refuses nobody." The pigs and the geese had just come home together from their day's ramble in the woods, and were quarreling over the long trough which ran along the fence. The cows wandered about the clearing, watched by the hounds; and the "boys" busied themselves in hewing logs of wood into sticks for the fire. Behind the cabin rose a rib of the mountain, on which was a corn-field, and below this ran a brook. The whole cabin did not seem large enough to house a family of four; yet Parson Canton's stalwart brood of ten children lived there happily with himself and wife, and found the shelter ample. There were but two rooms on the lower floor, each lighted by the doors only; above was a loft, in which were laid truckle-beds. Supper was



THE CARPENTER—A WAYNESVILLE STUDY.

speedily cooking on the coals in the fire-place; the scent of bacon was omnipresent. In the smaller of the two rooms there were four large beds, covered with gay quilts, and shoved closely together. Around the room hung herbs and bundles of household goods; the walls were lined with the clothing of the family; there were a few rude chairs, a rifle over the fire-place, and a small table, on which were some antiquated books.

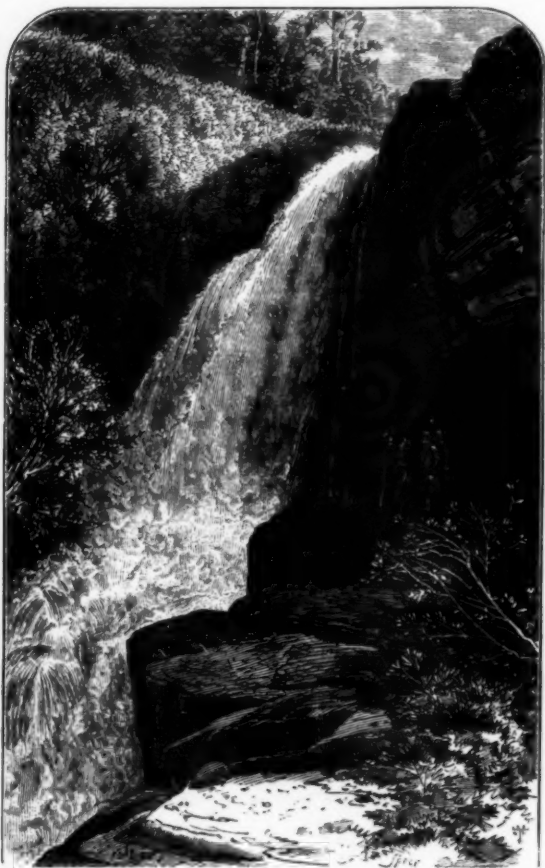
As we returned from the brook, whither we had gone to refresh our demoralized toilets, the parson came home, and



THE MAIL CARRIER.

was greeted with a cheery bay from the hounds. He was not a large man; his sons overtopped him; but every inch of his face was filled with rugged lines which told of strong character. He stood leaning on his staff, and looked us over intently for some moments before he said, "Good evening, men." Then finally he greeted us heartily, and our invalid wagon was forthwith dispatched to the rustic forge near the cabin for repairs. There Andy held a pine knot, while the parson's son, a stout smith, worked.

This old man, in his mountain home, was as simple and courteous in his demeanor as any citizen. After the frugal supper was over, he asked many questions of the outer world, which he had never visited; New York and Louisville seemed to him like dreams. By and by, the family came crowding in to evening prayers. By this time it was quite dark, and the forest around us was still. The parson took down a well-worn Bible, and opening it at the Psalms, read, in a loud voice, and with occasional quaint expoundings, one or two selections; after which, taking up a hymn book and rising with the candle in his hand, he read a hymn, and the family sang line by line



THE "DRY FALL" OF THE SUGAR FORK—BLUE RIDGE—NORTH CAROLINA.

as he gave them out. They sang in quavering, high-pitched voices, to the same tunes which were heard in the Tennessee mountains when Nolichucky was an infant settlement, and the banks of the French Broad were crimsoned with the blood of white settlers, shed by the Indians. The echoes of the hymn died away into the depths of the forest, and were succeeded by a prayer of earnestness and fervor, marked here and there by strong phrases of dialect, but one which made our little company bow their heads, for the parson prayed for us, and for our journey, and brought the prayer home to us. Another hymn was lined, during which the hounds now and then joined in with their musical howl, and at last the family

withdrew, and we were left in the spare room. Presently, however, the parson re-appeared, and announced that he and his wife would share the room with us, which they did, and we were wakened to the six o'clock breakfast by the good woman, who joined with her husband in reproving us for continuing our journey on the Sabbath day.

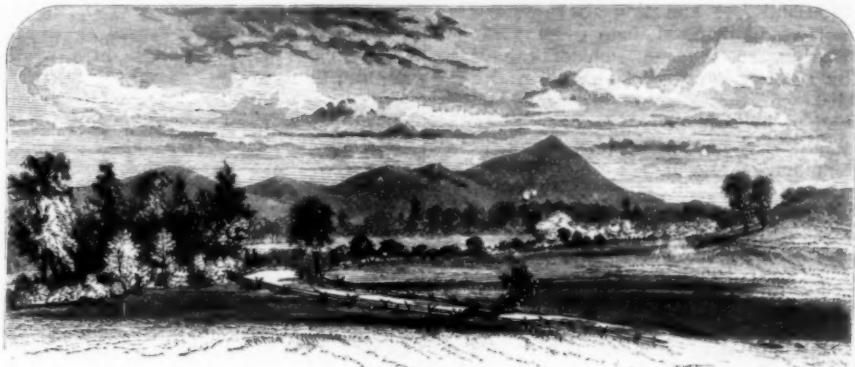
As we started once more on our journey the wagon, carefully mended over night, broke down again! So then the parson stripped a hickory bough with his own hands, and bound together the pieces. A mile farther on, coming to another forge, we halted until a second smith could try his hand at a permanent mending, although he said he "mout get fined by the authorities for working on a Sunday." The Judge amused the smith's children with the artist's sketch-book, while the hammer rang on the anvil.

The country here and henceforward was of the wildest and most romantic character. The mountaineers, scattered sparsely along the ridges, cultivated the land in corn, of which there were huge fields visible in the clearings, but sent nothing to market in winter, and while the crops were growing were idle. The houses were almost invariably of logs. Sometimes, as in Switzerland, looking down a high bank, we could see the tree tops in a long valley below us, and the cabin of some farmer, with his cob-house granary and little cattle pen nestling by a creek. Here, by the hard, firm roadways, the mountain laurel, the ginseng and the gentian abounded, and pines and spruces, poplars, hickories, walnuts, oaks, and ash grew in the valleys and along the banks. We were now climbing over the hills of the Great Smoky range, making our way towards the elevated gap, through which we were to enter North Carolina. Every turn in the angular highway brought a new vista of mountains, blue and infinite, behind us; now in serrated

ranks, receding into distance; now seeming to close up near at hand, and shut out the world from us. The rare atmosphere of these high regions gave new zest to the journey, and we hardly knew that evening was at hand when we reached the State Line and began to descend into the valley to "Hopkins's," the first station in North Carolina. In this remote and mountain-guarded dell,—this cup hollowed out of the Great Smoky range, visited only by the post-rider once a week, and the few farmers who go to the far towns of Eastern Tennessee to market, we found the mountaineer in his native purity. No contact with even the people of the lowlands of his own State had given him familiarity with the world.

The people traveling along the roads out of Tennessee into North Carolina,

through a delicious valley, making charming nooks and niches among the round polished stones. Once a prosperous farmer, the war had left the venerable mountaineer only the wrecks of his home. Both parties had guerrillaed through the gorges and gaps; one "army" burned Hopkins's cabin, and the other stole his produce. High on the hill-sides grew the native grape; a little cultivation would have turned the whole valley-cup into a fruitful vineyard; but Hopkins said it was too late for him to try. It was, too, an excellent sheep-grazing country; the wolves sometimes made cruel havoc, but shepherd dogs could easily keep them off. Along the slopes of the Smoky beyond his home grew the finest of building timber, and water-power was abundant; yet there were no frame houses for miles around.



MOUNT PISGAH.

whom we passed as we rode on to Hopkins's, were tall and robust; their language was peculiar, and their manners, although courteous, were awkward and rough. The gaunt, yellow-haired women were smoking, and trudged along contentedly beside the men, saying but little. They were neatly dressed in home-made clothes, and their hair was combed straight down over their cheeks and knotted into "pugs" behind. There were none of the modern conventionalities of dress visible about them. The men were cavalier enough; their jean trousers were thrust into their boots, and their slouch hats cocked on their heads with bravado air.

The hills rose high up around the humble log dwelling of Hopkins, and a little road ran beside a roaring torrent which came down from the mountain

"Wal, you uns don't understand, I reckon," said Hopkins. "I hain't had a mighty sight o' git up since the war." Supper was served in the kitchen by one of the tall females we had observed upon the road, who was Hopkins's housekeeper, and who laid aside her pipe to come to the table and wait upon the strangers, whom, she said, she did not understand, "for you uns don't talk like we uns;" and added that she "reckoned we found this a mighty fine country."

Half a day's journey from this nook in the mountains brought us to the gap near Mount Starling, where we crossed through the Smoky range, and began to descend on the other side into Haywood County, a division of North Carolina, extending over nine hundred square miles, and annually producing more than two hundred thou-



sand bushels of corn. The chain of the Smoky Mountain which we had traversed extends for about sixty-five miles, from the deep gorge through which the French Broad River flows at "Paint Rock" to the outlet of the Little Tennessee; and Professor Guyot, who is authority upon the Appalachian system, calls it the master chain of the whole Alleghany region. The dominant peaks in this line of mountains north of Road Gap are Mount Guyot, 6636 feet high; Mounts Alexander, Henry, South, and Laurel Peaks, the True Brother, Thunder, Thermometer, Raven's, and Tricolor Knobs, and the Pillar Head of the straight fork of the Oconaluftee river. South of Road Gap rise the peaks known as "Clingman's Dome," 6660 feet high; Mounts Buckley, Love, Collins, and a dozen others, more than five thousand feet high. Each of these rises to six thousand feet elevation above mean-tide water, and many of them overtop Mount Washington, the monarch of the East, by several hundred feet. Seen from a distance, these mountains seem always bathed in a mellow haze, like that distinguishing the atmosphere of Indian summer. The gap through which we passed was at an elevation of at least five thousand feet; beneath us were vast cañons, from which came up the roar of the creeks. We looked down upon the tops of mighty forests, and now and then, descending, caught a glimpse of the symmetrical Catalouche Mountain, fading away into distant blue. There are no gaps in the Smoky range which fall below the level of five thousand feet, until Forney Ridge is passed; and there is a surprising number of peaks and domes rising higher than six thousand feet. Once having traversed the barriers created by this vast upheaval of ancient rocks, one enters the mountainous region comprised between the Blue Ridge and the chain of the Iron, Smoky, and Unaka peaks. This region properly begins at the bifurcation of the two chains in Virginia, and extends across North Carolina and into Georgia for a hundred and eight miles. The chain of the Blue Ridge to the eastward is fragmentary, and the gaps are only from two to three thousand feet high. All the interior region between the Blue Ridge and the Smoky is filled with spurs and chains, of which, perhaps, the most noticeable is the great Balsam, whose highest point, called the Richland Balsam, or Caney

Creek Balsam Divide reaches the height of 6425 feet. Into this cluster of highlands, extending to the extreme western boundary of North Carolina, we now daily made our way.

This day's journey was but a succession of grand panoramic views of gorge and height. Descending, we rode for several miles along a path cut out of the mountain's steep side; and hundreds of feet below us saw the tops of tall pines and spruces. Not a human habitation was to be seen; there was no sign of life save when a ruffled grouse or a rabbit sprang across the track. Now we came into a valley, through which a wide creek flowed rapidly, finding its outlet between two hills towering thousands of feet above us, and there, at a rude cabin, stopped to feed our weary horses, and to partake of the milk, the honey, and the corn-bread set before us; to lie on the turf beside the cool stream, and to drink in at every pore the delicious inspiration of the pure mountain air; then we climbed along the side of shaggy "Catalouche" until, late in the afternoon, we came to "Bennett's."

Imagine a little frame house set on a shelf on the road, so that its inmates can look for miles down a deep straight valley, through which flows a river between banks fringed with dense foliage, and by rocks over which pines lean and straggle in wildest confusion. At the far end of this river valley looms up a mountain peak, so high, so beautiful, that one's soul is lifted at very sight of it. As our little company drew rein at the edge of the steep bank leading to the cañon, there was a universal cry of delight. Bennett's folks called to us at that moment, "Won't you 'light,' strangers, 'n come in?" And we sat long in the little porch, gazing at Oconaluftee's height, and the Balsam Mountains, dimly shadowed beyond the point where the valley was lost in the breast of the hills. The grandeur of the sentinel mountain, standing alone at the end of the chasm; the reflections of high rocks and mighty tree-trunks in the far away stream; the dizzy precipices which overhung the rarely frequented valley, lent a charm which carried its terror with it.

The road grew narrower and rockier as we clambered along Catalouche; but the air was cooler, purer, the laurels more abundant, the vistas more charming; until just at sunset we came to the "Cove Creek Gap." In front lay a narrow valley, over-



THE DEVIL'S COURT HOUSE, WHITESIDE MOUNTAIN.

which the mountain known as Jonathan's Bald threw his shadow; but beyond!—

High on the horizon lay a wavy line of hills, sharply outlined in the strong glare of the sunset, their delicate blue colors springing so suddenly upon our vision against the purple and crimson of the evening tints that we were amazed and delighted. As far as eye could reach, to right, to left, in front, stood the long line of uplifted crags, from which there seemed no outlet! Turning our horses on the crest of the mountain, and looking Tennesseeward, we saw our old friends of the Great Smoky, scattered for miles in friendly groups among the dark forests; westward and eastward deep ravines, and, beyond them, uncounted peaks, which the very sky seemed tenderly to bend over and kiss.

It was fast growing dark as we rode on to the winding road in the valley of Jonathan's Creek. As we were rattling

by a log farm-house in a deadening, a loud voice cried:

"Strangers, wait a minnit till I ketch my ole mule, or he'll foller you uns clean down to Boyd's, I reckon."

The owner of the voice, carrying a log on his shoulder, came up through the fields as he said this, and, throwing down his burden, secured the restive mule, who was looking over the low fence, after which he turned to each one of the party, and asked,—

"What might be your name?"

Having settled any doubts he possessed as to our identity, he gave us good evening civilly enough, and struggled with his log again.

Farther on a young farmer crossing the creek came to us as we inquired the distance, and, before giving us the desired information, said "What mout be your names?"

"Whar are ye from?" After which he added carelessly, "Mile 'n half; good evenin'."

Troops of children played about the doors of all the cabins along these roads. Families of ten and twelve are by no means uncommon. Girls and boys work afield with their parents in the summer, and hibernate with but limited chances for culture.

Passing around the base of "Jonathan's Creek Bald," we came into a more open and fertile country, where the farm-houses were neatly built and painted, and the wheat-fields were wide and well stocked. The creeks were numerous, and everywhere bordered by fascinating foliage; at each turn in the road there was a picture; one was constantly reminded of the rich views in the Loire country in France, or of the fat fields of Alsatia.

On the plain of Waynesville, twenty-seven hundred and fifty-six feet above the



JONAS SEES THE ABYSS.

level of tide-water, and in the shadow of the great Balsam Range, stands Waynesville town. The approaches to it are lovely, but the view from the town itself is lovelier still. On all sides rise the mountains; the village nestles between the forks of the Pigeon River, which is nowhere more beautiful than within a few miles of this nook. To the westward lie the Balsam peaks, seven of which, Amos Plott's, the "Great Divide," Brother Plott, Rocky Face, Rockstand Knob, and the two Junaleskas, tower more than six thousand feet high. They are clad on their highest peaks in the somber garb of the balsam, the sad and haughty monarch of the heights, whose odorous boughs brush against the clouds, and whose deep thickets, into which the sun himself can hardly penetrate, afford a refuge for the wolf and the bear. The balsam is emphatically an aristocratic tree; it is never found in the humble valleys, and rarely lower than an elevation of four thousand feet; it consorts with the proud rhododendron, whose scarlet bloom was the object of the Indian's most passionate adoration, and its grand stem springs from

among the decaying and moss-grown rocks. On these Balsams, as on the great Black Mountains, the moss offers an elastic carpet, sometimes a foot thick, and is tough and hard as the hides of the bears who delight to disport upon it. Here and there on the sides of the Plott Peaks there is a long furrow which marks the path cut by some adventurous woodsman. The peaks are not romantically named; the unimaginative early settlers called them after the men who owned or lived near them; and many of the most imposing heights are still nameless. The Bald Mountains,—so called because their summits are destitute of forest, and because the sun makes the rocks on their tops glisten like a bald man's shining poll,—are numerous in the vicinity of Waynesville. North and northeast of the town lie the "Crab Tree" and "Sandy Mush" Balds, and beyond them in the same direction rises "Bear Wallow" Mountain. On the south and southeast are "Mount Pisgah," the "High Tower," and Cold Mountain, which rises 6063 feet out of the "Big Pigeon Valley;" and away to the south and southeast stretches the chain of the "Richland Balsam." The dry and pure air of Waynesville gives new value to life; the healthy man feels a strange glow and inspiration while in the shadow of these giant peaks. The town is composed of one long street of wooden houses, wandering from mountain base to mountain base; it has a trio of country stores; a cozy and delightful little hotel, nestling under the shade of a huge tree; an old wooden church perched on a hill, with a cemetery filled with ancient tombs, where the early settlers lie at rest; and an academy. There is no whirl of wheels; the only manufacturing establishments are flour-mills located on the various creeks and rivers, or a stray saw-mill; here and there a wealthy land-owner is building an elegant home with all the modern improvements. By nine o'clock at night there is hardly a light in the village; a few belated horsemen steal noiselessly through the street, or the faint tinkle of a banjo and the patter of a negro's feet testify to an innocent merry-making. The court-house of Haywood County, and the jail, both modest two-story brick structures, are the public buildings; the jail has only now and then an inmate, for the county is as orderly as a Quaker community. The Marshal, as in most of these tiny Western North Carolina towns, is the law preserver

and enforcer; no liquor is sold within a mile of the town's boundary; some lonely and disreputable shanty, with the words "BAR-ROOM" on a clearing along the highway, is the only resort for those who drink "spirits;" the sheriff, the local clergyman, the county surveyor, and the village doctor, ride about the country on their nags, gossiping and dreamily enjoying the glorious air; nowhere is there bustle or noise of trade. The county court's session is the event of the year; the mail, brought forty-five miles over the mountain roads from the nearest railroad, is light, and the stage-coaches bring few passengers from the outer world. But what a perfect summer retreat; what chances for complete rest; what grandeur of mountains; what quiet rippling of gentle rivers; what noble sunsets; what wealth of color and dreaminess of twilight; what breezy mornings, when the mists fly away from the deep ravines in the mountain chains, and shadow and sun play hide and seek on the dense masses of the Balsam tops! Waynesville, so goes the story, was named in honor of "Mad Anthony" Wayne; and the stranger wonders that some of the peaks have not been named in honor of the old hero.

The great counties of Haywood, Jackson, Macon, Cherokee, Buncombe, Henderson, Madison and Yancey, contain the principal

portion of the mountain scenery of Western North Carolina. The mighty transverse chains of the Nantahela, Cowee, Balsam and Black Mountains, run across these counties from the Smoky range to the Blue Ridge, and the traveler wandering from county seat to county seat must constantly climb lofty heights, pass through rugged gaps, and descend into deep valleys. Western North Carolina is not only exceedingly fertile, but abounds in the richer minerals, and needs but the magic wand of the capitalist waved over it to become one of the richest sections of this Union. Occupying one-third of the entire area of the State, and possessing more than a quarter of a million of inhabitants, its present prospects are by no means disagreeable; but its prominent citizens, of all walks in life, are anxious for immigration and development of the rich stores of gold, iron, copper, mica, and other minerals now buried in the hills. Let no one fancy that this mountain region is undesirable as an agricultural country; there are few richer and better adapted to European emigration. The staple productions of Haywood county are corn, wheat, rye, oats and hay; all vegetables grow abundantly, and the whole county is admirably fitted for grazing. The level bottom-lands on Pigeon River and its numerous tributaries are under fine cultivation; the uplands and the slopes produce rich wheat; the ash, the sugar maple, the hickory and the oak, are abundant; and white pine is rafted down the Pigeon River in large quantities yearly. But the exceptional fertility of most of the ranges throughout all the counties mentioned is the great pride of the section. The sides and tops of the mountains are, in many cases, covered with a thick, vegetable mould,\* in which grow flourishing trees and rank grasses. Five thousand feet above the sea level one finds grasses and weeds that remind him of the lower region swamps. Cattle are kept in excellent condition all winter on the "evergreen" growing along the sides of the higher chains. Winter and summer, before the ravages of the war thinned out their stocks, the farmers kept hundreds of cattle on the mountains, feeding entirely on the grasses. In the spring the herds instinctively seek the young grasses springing up on the slopes, but with the coming of winter they



A MOUNTAIN FARMER.

\* Testimony of Prof. Richard Owen, of the Indiana State University.

return to the tops to find the evergreen. The balsam tree can easily be banished, for, after being felled for a few months, it will burn easily, and in its stead will spring up thick coats of evergreen. On some of the mountain farms corn yields one hundred bushels to the acre, and wheat, oats, rye and barley, flourish proportionately. In the "deadenings," where the large timber has been girdled and left to die, and the under-growth has been carefully cleared, timothy and orchard grass will grow as high as wheat. The native grape, too, flourishes on all the hill-sides, within certain thermal lines established by observation of the elder mountaineers; and varieties of grapes can be selected, and so planted as to ripen at different periods of the autumn. The negro population is not numerous in Western North Carolina. Wherever the black man is found, however, he is industrious, faithful, and usually quite prosperous. In some of the small towns, as at Waynesville, we found a gentleman's valet of other days officiating as village tailor, barber, errand boy, coachman and "factotum."

It is sometimes said that Western North Carolina is shaped like a bow, of which the Blue Ridge would form the arc, and the Smoky Mountains the string. Within this semi-circle our little party, now and then increased by the advent of citizens of the various counties, who came to journey with us from point to point, traveled about six hundred miles on horseback, now sleeping at night in the lowly cabins and sharing the rough fare of the mountaineers, now entering the towns and finding the mansions of the wealthier classes freely opened to us. Up at dawn, and away over hill and dale; now clambering miles among the forests to look at some new mine; now spurring our horses to reach shelter long after night had shrouded the roadways, we met with unvarying courtesy and unbounded welcome. As a rule, the younger men with whom we talked were hopeful, very much in earnest, generally free from the mountain rustic dialect; took in one or two newspapers, and were interested in the outer world and general legislation; but their fathers, the farmers of the "befo' the war" epoch, were discouraged and somewhat discontented at the new order of things; looked upon mineral hunters and railroad route surveyors with coldness or contempt; and were wont to complain

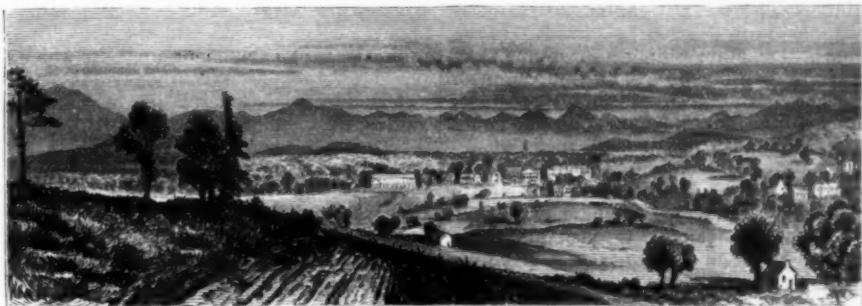
of their own lot and of all the results of the war. The young and prominent men in most of the counties were good companions and enthusiastic friends; they had none of the artificial manners of the town, none of its guile.

Wherever we went we found the "rock-hunters" had been ahead of us, and a halt by the wayside at noon would generally bring to us some denizen of the neighborhood, who would say, "Good mornin', gentlemen. After rocks?"—and would then produce from his pockets some specimens which he was "mighty certain he didn't know the name of." Many a farmer had caught the then prevalent mica fever, and some had really found deposits of the valuable mineral which were worth thousands of dollars. There is no danger of overestimating the mineral wealth of this mountain country; it is unbounded. There are stores of gold, silver, iron, copper, zinc, corundum, coal, alum, copperas, barytes, and marl, which seem limitless. There are fine marble and limestone quarries whose value was unsuspected until the railroad pioneer unearthed it. The limestone belt of Cherokee County, a wild and romantic region still largely inhabited by Cherokee



ONE OF "THE BOYS."





ASHEVILLE, FROM DEACATCHER'S KNOB.

Indians, contains stores of marble, iron and gold; Jackson County possesses a vast copper belt; and the iron beds of the Yellow Mountains are attracting much notice. The two most remarkable gold regions are in Cherokee and Jackson Counties. The Valley River sands have been made, in former times, to yield handsomely, and now and then good washings have been found along its tributaries. The gold is found in veins and superficial deposits in the same body of slates which carries limestone and iron. Before the war liberal arrangements had been made for mining in Cherokee, but since the struggle the works remain incomplete. It is supposed that the gold belt continues southwestward across the country, as other mines are found in the edge of Georgia. The gold of Jackson County is obtained from washings along the southern slopes of the Blue Ridge, near the mountains known as "Hogback" and "Chimney Top;" and Georgetown Creek, one of the head streams of the Toxaway, yielded several hundred thousand dollars a few years ago. In this wild country, where the passes of the Blue Ridge rise precipitously eight hundred and a thousand feet, there lie great stores of gold. Overman, the metallurgist, unhesitatingly declares that he believes a second California is hidden in these rocky walls. The monarch mountain "Whiteside" is also said to be rich in gold.

It is possible that the iron ore of these mountains will not be speedily developed, as capital is now so powerfully attracted to Missouri, and other States, where remarkable deposits exist; but there is no denying the richness of Cherokee, Mitchell, Buncombe, Haywood, Jackson, and Macon Counties. In Cherokee the

hematite ores outcrop in immense quantities along the Hiawassee and Valley Rivers, and, when wrought in the commonest county bloomeries, have yielded an astonishing per cent. Large rivers flow directly through the iron regions in this section, furnishing every needed facility for transportation; and limestone and forest fuel abound. Magnetic ores are freely found in Madison, Haywood and Macon Counties; and there are large outcroppings of hematite in Buncombe.

Our expedition grew rapidly after we left Waynesville, and our group of horsemen, followed by "the baggage train," toiling along the mountain roads, caused a genuine excitement at the farms by the way. It was a memorable journey from Waynesville to Whiteside, and down the valley of the Tuckaseege, returning; one so filled with rare and delightful experiences of some of Nature's greatest works, that I must tell you even its details.

Upon this beautiful country through which we now wandered, the Indian lavished that wealth of affection which he always feels for nature and never for man. He gave to the hills and streams the soft poetic names of his expansive language—names which the white man has in many cases cast away, substituting the barbarous commonplaces of the rude days of early settlement. The Cherokee names of Cowee and Cullowhee, of Watauga, of Tuckaseege, and Nantahela, have been retained; and some of the elder settlers still pronounce them with the charming Indian accent and inflection. The Cowee Mountain range runs between Jackson and Macon Counties; and the Valley of Tuckaseege, walled in by four crooked, immense stretches, includes all of Jackson County which lies north of the Blue

Ridge. The river itself, one of the most picturesque in the South, "heads" in the Blue Ridge, and swelling into volume from a hundred springs of coldest, purest, most transparent water, which send little torrents down all the deep ravines, it goes foaming and dashing over myriads of rocks, sometimes leaping from dizzy heights into narrow cañons, until it comes to, and is lost in, the Tennessee. Where the Tuckasee forces its way through the Cul-lowhee Mountains there is a stupendous cataract.

The little inn at Webster, the seat of justice of Jackson County, was none too large to accommodate our merry cavalcade. We came to it through the Balsam Mountains from Waynesville, along a pretty

flocked to see it from all the section round about. That episode, and the search for minerals, kept excitement up. As we reposed on the porch in the evening, the village physician regaled the judge with stories of mountain life forty years ago. The colonel placidly received the statements of the mineral men, who had come in weary and footsore from their adventurous tramps in the mountains. Sunset came with a great seal of glory, and before the coming of the dawn we were once more in the saddle, *en route* for the Cowee range. Just below Webster we crossed the Tuckasee river at a point where once there was a famous Indian battle, and wound up the zig-zag paths to the very top of Cowee, now and then getting a glimpse of



NEAR WEBSTER.

road bordered with neat farms and giant mulberry trees. In the valleys we saw the laurel and the dwarf rosebay, the passion flower and the Turk's-cap lily, and on the mountain sides the poplar or tulip tree, the hickory, ash, black and white walnut, the holly, the chincapin, the alder, and the chestnut in profusion. Webster is a little street of wooden houses, which seems mutely protesting against being pushed off into a ravine. For miles around the country is grand and imposing. A short time before our arrival the residents of the county had been edified by the execution of the only highwayman who has appeared in Western North Carolina for many years. The hanging occurred in front of the jail in the village street, and thousands

the noble Balsams left behind. Now we could look up at one of the "old balds," as the bare peak tops are called. (The Indian thought the bare spots were where the footsteps of the Evil One had pressed, as he strode from mountain to mountain.) Now we stopped under a sycamore, while a barefooted girl brought a pitcher of buttermilk from the neighboring house; now a group of negro children, seeing a band of eight horsemen approaching, made all speed for the house, evidently thinking us Ku Klux or "Red Strings" resuscitated; and now a smart shower would beat about our heads, and die away in tearful whisperings among the broad leaves. The mile-stones by the roadside were notched to indicate the distance; and from hour to



VIEW ON PIGEON RIVER.

hour, in the mountain passes, stops were made to "whoop up" the laggards, and the horses were breathed until the answering halloo was borne back echoing along the ravines. In the rich coves in Jackson County the black mold is more than two feet in depth, and the most precipitous mountain sides are grazing pastures, from which thousands of fat cattle are annually driven down to the sea-board markets. In the ranges, too, where the winter grass grows luxuriantly from November until May, great numbers of horses and mules are raised. Fruit grows with Eden-like luxuriance; the apple is superb, and on the thermal belt in all this section the fruit-crop never misses. Scientific culture introduced there would give grand results. The chances for settlement in this pearl of counties may be judged from the following figures: In 1869 there were but five hundred farms within its limits, and, while 46,000 acres were under cultivation, 775,000 acres remained unimproved.

Near Franklin, close to the site of an old Indian fortification, we crossed the "Little Tennessee" (a stately river, along whose banks are noble quarries of marble, never worked as yet). The chief town of Macon County was fair to look upon, seated amidst well-cultivated fields, and in the immediate vicinity of a grand grazing country; but we pushed on into the mountains once more, anxious to pass the Blue Ridge and climb the ribs of "Whiteside." Three hundred thousand acres still remain unimproved in Macon, and at least one-third of these are rich in minerals. We were now approaching the extreme western border of the State. A little beyond lay "Cherokee" and Clay Counties, a territory taken from the Indians by treaty no later than 1835-6. They lie in the valley of the Hiwassee, which is famous as the place where the

first successful treaty was made. We pushed on until dark, and our little party was dispersed at the various farm-houses on the road, with instructions to gallop up and meet in the morning before reaching the foot of the Blue Ridge.

One of the wonders of the landscape in this comparatively uncultivated region is, that it seems to have been cultured for centuries, so symmetrical is the foliage, so beautiful are the vines trailing over the trees, and the rivers wandering in their willow-fringed channels. As we rode by the Sugar Fork River in the still evening, with the swarms of fire-flies frolicking in the shadows all around us, it was difficult to believe that we were not in the suburbs of a great town, and that the rich clumps of foliage did not conceal villas and country arbors.



LIEUT. COL. FAGG—OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

The stream along whose banks we were now ascending the mountain is known as the "Sugartown Fork" of the Tennessee River, and comes foaming down the wild slopes of the Blue Ridge through some of the most romantic scenery in America. Beautiful as the Rhone in the Alps, majestic in its tremendous waterfalls, and the wild grandeur of the passes through which it flows, it is strange that few travelers from other States have ever penetrated to its upper waters.

It was not without difficulty that our party re-assembled the next morning. The Colonel and the sprightly Jonas came galloping from a town ten miles away, where they had been compelled to remain over night, and the others came straggling to the rendezvous. The village physician from Webster, who knew every foot of the way for forty miles around, the cheery landlord from Waynesville, and the writer climbed the steep hill-side slowly under a broiling sun; the artist, hungry for sketches, browsed lightly on the delicate vistas afforded by every turn in the road; and the Judge, who had enlisted in our service that genial and venerable mountaineer, Silas McDowell, was actively hunting for the obscure pathway leading to the lower falls; while the colored servant guided an overloaded buggy along the rocky road.

As we reached the crest of the hill a sound as of the sweep of the wind through the forest in autumn, or the distant echo of the rush of a railway train, drifted to our ears. Now it was swept away, now came back again powerfully. It was the voice of the fall in the cañon below, and old Mr. McDowell, reining in his horse and placing his hand to his ear, listened intently a minute, then announced that the pathway to the falls was not far, between Lamb and Skittles Mountain, from that spot. So we began

to search for it, some one, meantime, volunteering the information that the ravines abounded with rattlesnakes, and that one must tread carefully.

"What do you think of that?" said one, turning to the gray-haired guide. "Had we better go down this way?"

"Sir," said he, fiercely, "I have a contempt for snakes, sir. I kick them out of my way, sir. I kill them before they have a chance to bite me, sir."

Cold comfort, but no alternative; and, Indian-file, we began the descent. After a walk of two hundred yards through a pleasant grass-grown space, we came to the hill's abrupt sides, broken by ledges and clothed with tangled vines and underbrush. A tiny and scarcely perceptible trail led along the dizzy height, but now and then was lost, as one came to a rock, over which he was compelled to crawl and drop cautiously into black-looking caves and dens, out of which the only sortie was another still more difficult scramble.

Bears are often seen in these mountains now-a-days, and "hard times" will bring them into the vicinity of the farmers' cabins. The bear of this region is black, grows somewhat larger than in the swamps of the Eastern part of the State, and has a glossy fur-like coat of hair. One sometimes



A MOUNTAIN FISHERMAN.

comes upon the wallows in the moss, where Bruin has been taking his siesta.

Half-way down the mountain we could hear the roar of the fall, and sometimes, through an opening in the trees, catch a glimpse of the white foam as it poured over the rocks. Guided by the Judge's cheery halloo, and the occasional crack of a revolver, we reached the valley, swinging down by branches of trees, and tearing our hands against the rough rocks. The Colonel suddenly disappeared. Many a halloo failed to bring him, and I waded through the cold pool at the foot of a great ledge, staggered out of the knee-deep, chilly water on to a shelving platform, clambered over a half-rotten tree trunk, and reached a pinnacle mid-stream, from whose jagged summit I could see the top of the falls and the twin pine-trees leaning over the huge chasm as if awed at the spectacle. Around the pinnacle ran a whirlpool, which made a fierce eddy at the very base of the projection on which I stood. Forcing myself up among the extending boughs of another pine tree, with my boots in one hand and my staff in my mouth, I was just reaching the top when a limb gave way, and I slid rapidly down twenty feet directly towards the pool. A desperate wrench at a knot on the tree stopped me, however, and I finally reached my perch in safety.

To the right was a ledge, a hundred feet high, down which trailed moss and vines, and along which grew tiny white blossoms in dense masses. Far below this ledge on a rock, which he had reached by a dexterous drop, sat the artist, sketching. In the distance was Jonas, clambering on all fours up a wet stone directly under the shadow of the fall, and now and then turning to whoop at the others. No judge, no doctor, no landlord, no colonel visible! but now and then a faint halloo proclaimed them still struggling in the glens.

A gap in the mountains, high up, was pierced by a rapidly flowing stream, which boiled into whitest foam as it sprang down the sides of a great rock, from a shelf jutting out of the mass. At the right grew tall trees and infinite small foliage, clothing the walls, which descended hundreds of feet, with living green, and with blue, white, and red blossoms; on the left the ledge ran up into a peak in front, then receded toward the crest of the hill which we had left. Eighty or ninety feet below the shelf from which the foam leaped, it

encountered opposition, and springing into blinding clouds of spray, which at times filled the cañon for some distance, it ran to the right and formed a second fall, extending thirty feet down to the lower channel. On the left, across the face of the bottom part of the cliff, ran minor torrents, bubbling and seething, and everywhere the current was swift, strong, and musical. Landing as I did 'mid stream, and facing the fall, there seemed no exit from the valley save by balloon. On every side the walls appeared to rise perpendicularly, and, indeed, the trail was found only after vexatious buffeting among the rocks. When I reached the top, the others had departed, and I overtook them at a log-cabin, where they had halted for dinner. The Colonel smilingly presented himself.

"I got a fall from a high rock," he said, "and lost the antidote for rattlesnake bites, which I carried for you others, out of my pocket. It took me a good hour to find it again; besides, I have seen the falls once before."

The cabin where we rested stood on a very steep hill-side, and was composed of two solidly-constructed square log buildings, connected by a porch. The furniture was of the simplest character. There was a fireplace, a rough board-table, with benches around it, a spinning-wheel, and a quilting frame, at which three tall girls were busily working. The rude walls and the plank floor were bare. In the other room stood one or two high bedsteads, of simple pattern; a mirror, a few inches square, hung near them; there was a Bible and some musty books on the little stand, and a rustic bureau pushed against the wall. The venerable matron of the household, with her gray hair combed smoothly back under her sun-bonnet, which she kept on, stood guard over the table, with a fly-brush, and served buttermilk from an earthen jar, while she gossiped with the doctor.

"Jeems—Jeems is my youngest son's name, doctor. He'll be eighteen this year; 'n he's a right smart boy."

Although sixty, at least, the matron was strong and hearty; had reared a huge family, and never felt the need of anything more than she possessed. "Reckoned them folks that was huntin' for rocks better tend to ther corn, *she* did."

A little higher up the mountain, in the mica lands, our artist was confronted by the belle of that region. She was pretty.



She had evidently been informed as to our coming by the cunning mischief of the urbane Colonel, and approached the man of pencils with a delightful bashfulness, while she said :

"I want you to take my picture."

Imagine him trying to explain.

"Well, they said anyway that you'd



LOVER'S LEAP—FRENCH BROAD RIVER.

take all our pictures, 'n my sisters' waitin' up t' our house's, 'n law! how fur'd you uns come this mornin'? Jim Lawson! ef you don't keep that horse's heels away from me!" to a North Carolina cavalier anxious to show us his horsemanship by plunging down a steep bank.

Straightway she led the gentle artist captive,—the pretty mountain girl with her hair combed smoothly down over her cheeks, and with her comely form robed in green.

By and by, in the afternoon, the reunited party, as it crept skyward, plunged, Indian file, into the forest, and took its way to the "Dry Falls." A silence, not of gloom but of reverence, seemed to fall upon all as we entered the aisles of the grand wood, and climbed the knolls which rose like whales' backs every few hundred yards. We were already well upon the Blue Ridge, and crossing towards its south side, in which the monarch rocks

"Whiteside," "Black Rock," "Stooly," and "Fodder Stack," are rooted. Here and there the "surveyor," who had joined us, stopped to look for his mark on a tree, and his sturdy little horse seemed by instinct to find his way athwart the furze. After two miles of climbing, sometimes where the hills were so steep that in descending a misstep of the horse would have cost one broken limbs, we came to a long line of laurel thicket. Here, taking our oil capes, we scrambled into the bushes, and stooping, worked our way to a cliff, down which rugged steps were cut, and stood where we could overlook the cañon into which the upper fall of the Sugar Fork sent its leaping water.

It was a Hibernianism to call this glorious cascade the "Dry Falls;" but the name was suggested by the fact that one may pass beneath the giant shelf, over which it pours, without receiving a severe wetting, although the spray is at times blinding. The river, coming to a dizzy height, leaps with such violence that the water is projected far from the rock, and the beholder seems to see a lace veil, at least sixty feet long, dependent from the hoary walls of the cañon. Passing under it, along the slippery rocks, one comes out upon another stone under beetling precipices, from which little streams run down, and around which the mist and spray rise, and can note the changing gleams of the sunshine as they play on the immense mass of foam suspended between earth and sky. Below, the stream passionately clutches at the rocks, and now and then throws them down into the chasm; there are hollows in the stones which have been worn to a considerable depth by the pattering of the spray of hundreds of years upon them. Here a monument of wall rises dozens of feet from the chaos which is huddled at the fall's bottom. Many of the rude figures seem to have human resemblances, and one might imagine them giants rising from the cañon's depths to tear away the veil which has been drawn across the entrance to their cavern. The stream runs on a hundred and fifty feet below the summit of the falls in whirlpools and eddies, now forming into inlets in which reeds, ferns and blossoms flourish, and now making a deep, steady current, cold and crystal clear. The pines and spruces seventy feet high seem but toys by the sides of the immense walls; the light, too, in the cañon through the mountain, is strange and fantastic, and seems to cast a

glamour over every minute object. Even the pebbles, and the ferns and tiny grass-sprouts in the soil beneath the shelf over which the fall pours, are purple.

Then the voice—the voice of the fall! Heard from the laurel thicket, it seems to come from the very ground under your feet; heard from the cavern into which you pass, it is somber and complaining, like the winter wind about the house chimneys; and its echoes from the foot of the rapids, to which you may descend if you have firm nerves and a quick step, are like those from some unseen choir in a cathedral gallery,—some chant of priests at High Mass, monotonous, grand, inspiring; “the height, the glow, the gloom, the glory,” all blended, shock and awe the soul. Here is a fall upon whose virgin rocks no quack has painted his shameless sign; whose precipices have not been invaded by the mob of the grand tour; whose solitary magnificence thrills and impresses you as if in some barren land you came upon the dazzling luster of a priceless diamond. But to this, and its brother a few miles below, the feet of thousands of the curious will hereafter wander.

The shadows were creeping over the mighty hills as we hastened back across the wooded slopes, and leaving the main road a little farther on, entered a narrow trail, obstructed by swampy holes and gnarled tree roots. Three miles brought us to “Wright’s”—the little farm-house in a deadening from which we obtained a view of “Short Off,”—and the forest which hid the approaches to “Whiteside.” For some time we had felt the exhilarating

effects of the keen, rarified air, and had noticed the exquisite atmospheric effects peculiar to these regions. The figure of the distant mountain stood out with startling clearness against the heavens; it seemed near at hand, whereas it was in reality miles away. The good farmer and his sons had built a pleasant house on the slope. If every would-be immigrant could see what they have done in a very few years, he would hasten to this fertile section, where more than forty thousand acres are awaiting purchasers. The land is of surprising fertility; even the imperfect cultivation which it has received in the clearings gives surprising results; and the timber is magnificent. All the land is suitable for small grains and roots, gives fine pasturage, and there are numerous quartz veins running through the hills, indicating the presence of gold in large quantities. The Indians once mined successfully for silver along the slopes of the Blue Ridge, near “Whiteside”; but, although they left the region only thirty years ago, and search has often been made for their riches, no traces of them have yet been found.

The Spaniards once prospected for minerals, and with evident success, in all these regions; and in Cherokee county immense excavations, supposed to be the work of De Soto and his army, have been discovered. Some years ago copper crucibles, with traces of white metal still remaining in them, were unearthed at a place where a vein of lead, silver and gold may be noted.

The summit of Whiteside is perhaps five thousand feet high, but its peculiar loca-



VIEW NEAR WARM SPRINGS—ON THE FRENCH BROAD RIVER.

tion enables one to gain from it the most striking prospect in North Carolina. It overlooks a country of peaks and projections, of frightful precipices, often of naked rock, but generally fringed with delicate foliage; a country dotted with fertile clearings set down in the midst of forests; of valleys inaccessible save by narrow passes; of curious caves and tangled trails; of buttes and knobs, reached only by dangerous passes, where one finds the bluff's base thousands of feet down in some nook, and as he looks up sees the wall towering far above him.

At dawn of next day we plunged into the woods beyond "Wright's," and wound through a trail whose trace we of the cities should soon have lost, but in which our companions of the neighborhood easily kept until we reached a wooded hill-side, whence we could see the "Devil's Courthouse," and catch a glimpse of "Whiteside's" top. The former is a grand rocky bluff, with its foot planted among the thickets, and its brow crowned with a rugged castle-like formation. The ragged sides are here and there stained like the walls of an old building, and it is not difficult to imagine that one is beholding the ruined walls of some giant castle. The "surveyor" urged us forward, and our stout horses soon brought us to the clearing, where we were compelled to leave them and climb the remaining distance on foot.

Here, more than four thousand feet above the ocean level, the sun beat down with extreme fierceness, and was reflected back from the hard white of the rocks with painful intensity. The horses lariat-ed, the judge sprang up the narrow pathway, and regardless of rattlesnakes, we clambered on all fours, clinging sometimes to roots, sometimes to frail and yielding bunches of grass and ferns; now trod breathlessly a path in the black dirt on the edge of a rock sixty feet high; now hung, poised by our hands, from one ledge while we swung to another; and now dug out foot-holds in the stone when we ascended a perpendicular wall.

Finally we came to a plateau covered with a kind of gorze, and with laurel bushes scattered here and there; pushing through this, we wound, by a gradual ascent, to the summit of Whiteside, and the edge of the precipice. There we were face to face with the demon of the abyss.

Let me tell you how the surveyor saw him.

"One day," said the surveyor, seating himself with admirable carelessness on the dreadful slope of a rock overhanging the awful depths, "I was taking some levels below, and at last thought I would climb Whiteside. While I was coming up, a storm passed over the mountains, and when I reached the top, everything was hidden in such a dense mist, fog, or cloud, that one could hardly see his hand before his face. I strolled on until I reached a spot which I thought I recognized, and sat down, stretching my feet carelessly.

"Luckily enough, I didn't move; I was mighty still, for I was tired, and the fog was solemn like; but pretty soon it blew away right smart, and dog my skin if I wasn't perched on the very outer edge of this line of rock, and about two inches between me and twelve hundred feet of sheer fall.

"I saw the trees in Casher's Valley, and the clearings, and then the sky, for I didn't look twice at the fall below me; but I flattened myself against the rock, and turned over; and I never want to come up here in a fog again."

Imagine a waterfall two thousand feet high suddenly turned to stone, and you have the general effect of the Whiteside precipice as seen in the single, terrified, reluctant glance which you give from the top. There is the curve and the grand dizzy bend downward; were it not for occasional clumps of foliage down the sides, the resemblance would be absolute.

The mountain itself lies rooted in the western slope of the Blue Ridge. The veteran McDowell has compared it to the carcass of some great monster, upon whose head you climb, and along whose mammoth spine you wander, giddy with terror each time you gaze over the skeleton sides.

The main rock stands on a hill sixteen hundred feet high, and its upper crest is twenty-four hundred feet above the branch of the Chattooga River, which runs near the hill's base. From top to tail of the mammoth skeleton the distance is eight hundred feet. Viewed at a proper distance, in the valley below, from its southeast front, it is one of the sublime natural monuments in the United States. The sunshine plays upon walls which are at times of dazzling whiteness, and the sheer fall seems to continue to the very level of the valley, although it is here and there broken by landings.



THE GUARDIAN ANGEL—EAGLE HOTEL, ASHEVILLE.

But the outlook! It was the culmination—the finishing stroke of all our rich and varied mountain surprises! When we were seated on the white crag, over which a fresh breeze perpetually blew, the wrinkled world beneath us literally “crawled.” Everything seemed dwarfed and insignificant below. Even the brother crags—to the southwest, Fodderstack and Black Rock, and Stooly, to the northwest—although in reality rising nearly to the elevation of Whiteside, seemed like small hills. To the northeast, as far as the eye could reach, rose a multitude of sharply defined blue and purple peaks, the valleys between them, vast and filled with frightful ravines, seeming the merest gullies on the earth’s surface. Farther off than this line of peaks rose the dim outlines of the Balsam and Smoky Ranges. In the distant southwest, looking across into Georgia, we could descry “Mount Yonah,” lonely and superb, with a cloud wreath about his brow; sixty miles away, in South Carolina, a flash of sunlight revealed the roofs of the little German settlement of “Walhalla”; and on the south-

east, beyond the precipices and ragged projections, towered up “Chimney Top Mountain,” while the “Hog Back” bent its ugly form against the sky, and “Cold Mountain” rose on the left. Turning to the north, we beheld “Yellow Mountain,” with its square sides, and “Short-Off.” Beyond and beyond, peaks and peaks and ravines and ravines! It was like looking down on the world from a balloon.

The wealthy citizens of South Carolina have long known of the charms of this section, and many of them annually visit it. In a few years its wildness will be tamed; a summer hotel will doubtless stand on the site of “Wright’s” farm-house, and the lovely forests will be penetrated by carriage roads; steps will be cut along the ribs of Whiteside; and a shelter will be erected on the very summit. A storm on the vast rock, with the lightning playing hide-and-seek in the crevices of the precipice, is an experience which gives

one an enlarged idea of the powers of Heaven.

There is one pass on Whiteside which, though eminently dangerous, is now and then essayed, and Jonas, and one of the woodmen of our party, resolved to try it. While we commoner mortals drank in the wonderful view, and hob-nobbed with the clouds, these adventurers climbed down the precipice’s sides, and coming to a point not far from the Devil’s Court House, where the pass begins, launched themselves boldly forward. To gain a cave which is supposed in former times to have been the abode of an Indian sorcerer or medicine-man, they were compelled to step out upon a narrow ledge running along the very side of the cliff, and turning a corner with no support above or below. The ledge or path is, at its beginning, two feet wide, and, as it nears the cavern, not more than eighteen inches in width. A single misstep, or a failing of the nerves would have precipitated them a thousand feet into the valley, and above them the comfortless rock rose three hundred feet. Hugging the wall, and fairly flattening themselves against it, they

calmly went forward and reached the cavern in safety. Returning, with their eyes blinded by the shadows of the rocky crevice, the demon of the abyss seized upon Jonas, and prompted him to look down. One glance, and the awful depths seemed to claim him. He shrank towards the wall, dug his finger nails into the crevices,



FIRST PEEP AT FATTON'S.

uttered a faint cry, looked up, and was saved. His companion, following imperceptibly behind, did not trouble himself about the depths, and striding coolly forward, with his hand filled with mineral specimens, came out upon the plateau unmoved, while Jonas seemed to have seen specters. From time to time "Indian ladders,"—huge trunks of trees with the boughs so chopped off as to form steps, have been found on Whiteside, indicating that the savages frequently visited the mountain, and the tradition that it was the scene of some of their superstitious rites seems well authenticated. Now-a-days a few young men wander about its hills and ravines, inspecting their bear-traps, and sometimes are fortunate enough to encounter a shaggy bruin, wallowing in moss or ensconced near a tree.

At evening, as we reposed at Wright's, the thunder broke along the sky, and the lightning struck among the rocks on the adjacent hills. The storm was mighty and beautiful; a strange, rushing wind came with it, bending the saplings in the forest like chaff, and then the clouds covered the mountain top, and a fine mist fell. The

sky was luminous, the lightning seeming to rend it in twain, and we were mute and frightened before the terrific grandeur of the battling elements.

"Whiteside" stands near the extreme southeastern border of Macon county. We descended from it down the Tuckaseege Valley into Jackson. Through both these counties runs an extensive copper belt, the ore in Jackson county being mainly bisulphuret or green carbonate of copper. Throughout this region the advantages for the location of grazing farms are superb, because the high mountains arrest the passing clouds, and condense them into rain so often that the lands are never parched or dry. Snow rarely lingers long there, and even in a hard winter the mountain herbage and ferns are readily made into hay.

On a bright Sunday we descended towards the course of the Tuckaseege, and a violent storm delayed us at a lowly cabin, near the path by which now and then a visitor penetrates to Tuckaseege cataract. According to the custom of the country, we hastily carried our saddles into the porch and sat down on them to talk with the residents. The tall, lean, sickly farmer, clad in a homespun pair of trousers and a flax shirt, with the omnipresent gray slouched hat, minus rim, drawn down over his forehead, courteously greeted us, and volunteered to direct us to the falls, though he "was powerful afraid of snakes." Butter-milk and biscuit were served; we conversed

with the farmer on his condition. He cultivated a small farm, like most of the neighbors in moderate circumstances; only grew corn enough for his own support; "didn't reckon he should stay thar long; warn't no schools, and he reckoned his children need-ed larnin'; schools never was handy; too many miles away." There was very little money in all the region round about; farmers rarely saw fifty.



A SPECTATOR.

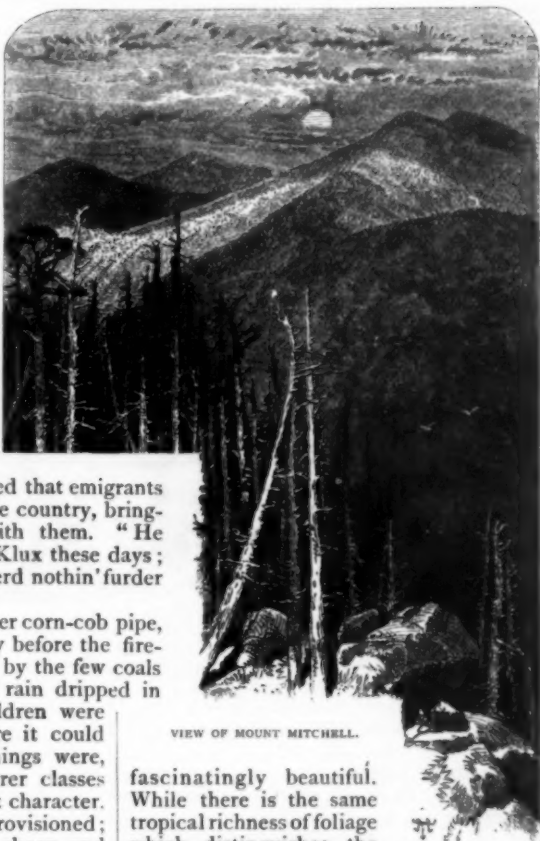


dollars in cash from year to year; the few things which they needed from the outside world they got by barter. The children were, as a rule, mainly occupied in minding the innumerable pigs about the cabin, and caring for the stock. The farmers thought sheep raising would be "powerful peart," if folks had a little more capital to begin on; thought a man might get well-to-do in a year or two, by such investment. He welcomed the mineral movement gladly; reckoned maybe we could send him some one to buy his farm, and let him get to a more thickly settled region; but seemed more cheerful when we suggested that emigrants might come in and settle up the country, bringing a demand for schools with them. "He reckoned there warn't no Ku-Klux these days; never knew nothin' on 'em. Heerd nothin' furdur from 'em sence the break-up."

The housewife was smoking her corn-cob pipe, and sitting rather disconsolately before the fireplace, warming her thin hands by the few coals remaining in the ashes. The rain dripped in through the roof, and the children were huddled mutely together where it could not reach them. The furnishings were, as everywhere among the poorer classes in the mountains, of the plainest character. But the log barns were amply provisioned; stock looked well, and a few sheep and goats were amicably grouped under the shed.

The rain had so submerged the country that we gave up a visit to the cataract, said to be superior to the two other falls we had seen; and, as we rode on, there came a pause in the shower. Presently we overtook a party of mountaineers going to church. The women, perched on the horses behind the men, peered curiously at us from beneath their large sun-bonnets, and the men talked cheerily. The church, which we passed, was ruder than Parson Caton's in Tennessee. It was merely a log-cabin, inside which benches were placed. The congregation was singing a quaint hymn as we rode by, and a few men, for whom there was no room inside, lounged near the saplings where their horses were hitched, listening intently.

The copper region of Jackson County is



VIEW OF MOUNT MITCHELL.

fascinatingly beautiful. While there is the same tropical richness of foliage which distinguishes the other counties, there is a greater wealth of stream-side loveliness; there are dozens of foamy creeks and byways, overhung with vines. The hills are admirably fertile in the vicinity of the Way-ye-hutta and Cullowhee copper mines, and many of the vineyards were exquisitely cultivated. The Cullowhee Mountain is charming; no region in the South can furnish stronger attractions for emigrants. "Look at that valley," said an English resident to me, "a few farmers from England, with their system of small farms and careful cultivation, would make this an Eden." And he did not exaggerate. Give all that section immigration now, and railroads cannot be kept out of it, even by the rascality of such gigantic swindles as have been forced upon North Carolina. The copper mines in Jackson were worked extensively before the war, and Northern



THE JUDGE HANGS ON.

capital and shrewd English mining experience are once more developing them. The ore is "hailed," as the North Carolinians say, more than forty miles over a wagon road. The Blue Ridge tracts and the lands in Jackson County demand the attention of such men as Joseph Arch and other English agitators of the agricultural revolution in Great Britain. Vast tracts of the lands in Western North Carolina can be sold to colonists or capitalists at from one to two dollars per acre.

Some days later, the judge enthusiastically pointed out to us the beauties of Asheville, the Mecca of the North Carolina mountaineer. We had journeyed thither down the valley of the Pigeon River,—a tranquil stream, with flour mills here and there, perched in cozy nooks along its banks. A thirty mile wagon ride from Waynesville; landed us at the great white "Eagle Hotel," from whose doors the Asheville stages ply over all the roads west of the Blue Ridge. In the valley where Asheville lies the capricious "French Broad" receives into its noble channel the beautiful Swannanoa, pearl of North Carolinian rivers. Around the little city, which now boasts a population of twenty-five hundred people,—are grouped many

noticeable hills; out of the valley of "Hommony Creek" somber Mount Pisgah rises like a frowning giant, and from the town the distant summits of the Balsam range may be faintly discerned. From "Beaucatcher Knob," the site of a Confederate fort, overhanging Asheville, the looker towards the southwest will see half a hundred peaks shooting skyward; while in the foreground lies the oddly-shaped town, with the rich green fields

along the French Broad beyond it. Asheville Court House stands nearly 2,250 feet above the level of the sea; and the climate of all the adjacent region is mild, dry, and full of salvation for consumptives. The hotels, and many of the cheery and comfortable farm-houses are in summer crowded with visitors from the East and West; and the local society is charmingly cordial and agreeable. Buncombe County, of which Asheville is the central and chief town, was named after Col. Edward Buncombe, a good revolutionary soldier and patriot, and its name has become familiar to us in the quaint saying so often used in the political world, "He's only talking for Buncombe," when a legislator is especially fervent in aid of some local project. At Asheville, we were once more in a region of wooden and brick houses, banks, hotels and streets; and, although still some distance from any railroad, felt as if we had a hold upon the outer world.

Asheville has heretofore, to the world at large, been unknown. Enthusiastic invalids, who there regained their health, have from time to time sung its charms, but the little town, situated two hundred and fifty miles from the State capital, had only a fleeting fame. The war brought

it now and then into notice; Gen. Stoneman with his command, fought his way through the passes to Waynesville, and at a short distance from Asheville the last Confederate battle east of the Mississippi occurred. The town has grown steadily and remarkably since the war, and now has banks, good churches, well-furnished stores, three newspapers, and ample hotels; while in the vicinity the tobacco which grows so abundantly in Buncombe is prepared for the market, and great quantities of cheese are annually manufactured. Beautiful natural parks surround it; superb oaks cast their shadows on greenest of lawns, and noble maples, ash and walnuts border the romantic roadway. But a few miles from the town's center are excellent white sulphur springs, from which a variety of exquisite views are to be had, and only nine miles north of the town are the so-called "Million Springs," beautifully situated in a cave between two ranges of mountains, where sulphur and chalybeate waters may be had in profusion.

The town of Asheville will in future be the railroad center of Western North Carolina, and must grow to be a large and flourishing city. The present poverty of the section as to railroad communication is largely due to the discouragement consequent on the manner in which the confidence of those subscribing to the principal enterprise has been betrayed. The unfinished embankments, the half-built culverts and arches of the Western North Carolina Railroad, which are to be seen in many of the western counties, are monuments to the rapacity and meanness of a few men in whom those counties placed confidence. The plan of this railroad is a fine one, and would soon develop the noble mountain country into a formidably wealthy section. It proposed to supply a route from Salisbury, N. C. to Asheville, and thence by two lines to give advantageous outlets. One of these was to run down the valley of the French Broad River to "Paint Rock," on the Tennessee line, connecting with the Cincinnati, Cumberland Gap, and Charleston Railroad, leading to Morristown, Tennessee, which would have connections with the through route from New York to New Orleans, at Morristown, and would complete the great air line from Charleston in South Carolina, to Cincinnati in Ohio, by connecting at Lexington or Paris, in Kentucky, with the Kentucky Central road. The other outlet was

to be by the main line passing due west from Asheville through the western counties to Ducktown, in Cherokee County, and thence on to Cleveland in Tennessee, whence it is but a short distance to Chattanooga. Thus the gates of this now almost unknown region would be unlocked, and the best sections penetrated by rail routes. But the work lies incomplete, under the very eyes of the hard-working mountaineers who have been swindled. The money which they subscribed has been spirited away, and still the eastern division of the road has only reached to Old Fort, twenty-five miles from Asheville.

The other routes are few and insufficient. The "Central North Carolina," formerly the Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Railroad, is to run from Wilmington on the coast via Wadesboro', Charlotte, and Lincolnton to Cherryville, and is intended to reach Asheville, but has eighty-five miles yet to build from Cherryville. The Union and Spartanburg Railroad, leading from Alston in South Carolina to the Greenville and Columbia route, twenty-five miles north of Columbia, is to be extended to Asheville, a distance of seventy-four miles, crossing the Blue Ridge at Butt Mountain Gap; and the Laurens and Asheville Railroad Company intends to build a road from Laurensville, via Greenville in South Carolina to Asheville, which will furnish a means of connection with the Atlanta and Richmond Air Line.

The importance of the extension which would give a through direct line from Cincinnati to Charleston, can hardly be overestimated. The links still to be built would develop not only a rich, but a wildly romantic and picturesque country. The valley of the French Broad River conforms with perfect accuracy to the general direction of an air line between the two cities. And what a valley it is! The forty-four miles from Asheville to Wolf Creek form one of the most delightful of mountain journeys. The rugged wagon road runs close to the river's banks all the way to Warm Springs, a charming watering place a short distance from the Tennessee line. As you penetrate the valley the river grows more and more turbulent; its broad current now dashes into breakers and foam-flakes, as it beats against the myriads of rocks set in the channel bed; now swirls and eddies around the masses of driftwood washed down from the sides of the gigantic mountains which rise almost perpen-

dicularly from the tiny stretches of sand at the water's edge; now, deep and black, or in stormy weather yellow and muddy, it flows in a strong, steady current beside banks where the trees are grouped in beautiful forms, creating foregrounds over which the artist's eye lovingly lingers. The Indians named the French Broad "the racing river;" and, as it hurls its wavelets around the corner of some islet or promontory, one sees how faithfully the name describes the stream. Each separate drop of water seems to be racing with every other. A party of American hunters named the stream after their captain, French, during the days of early settlement, and from "French's Broad" the name finally assumed its present form. One can hear the voice of the river always crying among the cliffs, and moaning and sighing as it laps the low banks in the narrow gorge. It was the rare good fortune of our party to journey beside the stream during a terrific storm. As we reached the little town of Marshall,—a few white buildings grouped beneath immense cliffs,—a wild tempest of wind and rain, which snapped the locusts like paper twine, blew down oaks, made "land slides," and prostrated the crops, came through the valley; and then the roar of the river was sublime. Straggling along in the storm, we gave ourselves completely up to the grandeur of the occasion; the creeks which came down from the rocks were so swollen that they would have carried the stoutest horse out into the wild chaos of the dashing and leaping stream, and drowned him in the mysterious eddies. Night came, and we slept in a little farmhouse, with the river singing its delicious songs of unrest and impatience at its mountain bounds in our ears. Skillful fording in the morning enabled us to pursue our journey along the washed-out road, where beetling crags almost shut out the light; where there was not room for two carriages abreast, and some stone monarch of the glen leaned toward the stream's edge as if just about to topple downward. For miles the rocks towered up loftily, and miniature torrents ran down their sides, rippling across the road into the river, upon whose farther bank there was no refuge whatever; only the sheer rock with its coating of foliage; the tangled thickets on the height; the gleam of the streamlet piercing its way athwart the stones fifteen hundred feet in air!

The traveler who is not strongly moved by his first gaze upon this valley, must be indeed *blasé*. The approaches to Warm Springs exceed in grandeur any other portion of the gorge. Pyramidal hills rise on either hand; the soft breeze of the south brings perfume from the borders of little river lakes, where the current has set backward, and is held in place by banks covered with delicate flowers. "Mountain Island," two miles from the Springs, is a hilly islet in the impetuous stream; its shores and its slopes are rich in beauty, carpeted with evergreens, and all the colors of the rich North Carolinian flora. Below it the river becomes smooth, and moves majestically, only to break up anew into sparkling and fantastic cascades. Suddenly leaving the looming mountains, with the famous rock "Lover's Leap" on the right, one finds that the south-west bank of the river recedes, and gives place to a level plain, in whose center is a beautiful grove. From this clump of trees peer out the white pillars of the Warm Springs' Hotel. It is not far from the banks of the French Broad, which there is more than four hundred feet wide, and traversed by a high bridge. The Warm Springs were discovered late in the last century by some adventurous scouts, who had penetrated farther than was prudent into the then Indian country. The springs boil up from the margins of the river, and of "Spring Creek," and have a temperature of one hundred and five degrees. Thither the rheumatic, and those afflicted with kindred diseases, repair yearly in large numbers, and find speedy relief. From a spacious lawn one can look up river at massive cliffs and mountains clad in rich foliage; and for miles and miles around there is a succession of quaint and oddly shaped rocks. Nine miles beyond the Springs the railroad from Wolf Creek gives prompt connection with the through line to New York. Five miles below, on the Tennessee line, is the "Paint Rock," two hundred feet high, a titanic mass of stone whose face is marked as with red paint, and which seems to have been pounded by some terrible Thor-hammer into multitudinous fragments, some of which overhang the highway. Not far from this point one comes also to the "Chimneys,"—the unpoetic name given to jagged stone monuments, rising four hundred feet into the air, serene, awful, gigantic, while the "racing river" cries and caracoles at their bases. Hun-

dreds, nay, thousands of fragments, shaped like diamonds, or squares, of round flint and sandstone, and almost every other kind of stone, lie scattered below, as though hurled down by a thunderbolt; and swarms of turkey-buzzards hover in and out among the crags.

Five thousand square miles are embraced within the limits of Buncombe County, and there are at least four hundred thousand acres still unimproved. The large farms are, as a rule, carefully cultivated; there are several in the immediate vicinity of the town which are models of high culture. The lands are of amazing fertility, and the tobacco has frequently taken the first and second premiums at the Virginia State Fair. The older settlers are beginning to cultivate their land more thoroughly and scientifically, now that new comers have shown them that it is worth while to do it. Throughout Buncombe, as other adjacent counties, the chances for fruit culture are superb; North Carolina can supply the world with apples—gigantic in size and delicate in flavor. Hematite iron ores crop out at various points in the county. The raising of mules and horses is one of the profitable occupations of the well-to-do farmers, and every year immense droves of those animals pass through Asheville on their route to the lower Southern States. Beaufort Harbor will be Asheville's nearest port, and a very convenient one, if ever the Western North Carolina Railroad is completed. Manufacturing is needed, and would find superior advantages, in all the region round about Ashe-

ville. In the valley of the French Broad there are many admirable mill sites, the river at Asheville being quite as large as the Merrimac at Lowell, in Massachusetts. The water power is generally superb, because most of the mountain streams, before they flow out into Tennessee, have a fall of a thousand feet. Timber is abundant, and when the railroad comes, it will run through finely timbered regions.

Our journey along the Swannanoa was a revelation. We missed the noisy grandeur of the French Broad valley, but we found ample compensation in the quiet loveliness of the stream which the reverent Indian named "beautiful." Four miles from Asheville, going north-eastward, towards the Black Mountains, we reached the river, and followed its placid current through a beautifully-cultivated valley. A rich carpet of green covered its banks, and there was the same charming effect produced by the trailing of the vines over the trees, which we had noticed in the mountains. The river was sometimes deeply dark in color; now and then faintly blue or purple, as the sunshine played upon it through the thickets; here and there we came to a place where it had formed a little lake, across which a rustic bridge was thrown, and where one of the long, slender canoes of the country was moored to a sapling; now, where some rich farmer's mansion stood on a lawn, dotted with oaks and hickories; now, where we caught a glimpse of the distant Potato Top Mountain; now, where an old mill was half hidden under clusters of azaleas and the low-laurels.

The summit of the Black Mountains is the highest point in the United States east of the Mississippi river, and the rugged range, clad in its garments of balsam and moss, glorious with its vistas of apparently endless hills and fancifully-shaped valleys, is the chief pride of the North Carolinian mountaineer. Our party left Asheville late one bright morning, sped along the Swannanoa to "Alexander's," a good halting point, seven or eight miles from the mountain's foot, and then pushed on to



SIGNAL STATION AND MITCHELL'S GRAVE—SUMMIT OF THE BLACK MOUNTAINS.



Patton's, the collection of humble cabins, nestled at the very base of the chain of peaks. Our German companion sang his merriest songs that afternoon, and the Judge's cheery halloo was heard at every mile, for the loveliest phases of Nature gave us their inspiration. As we approached Patton's, the long ridges of "Craggy" loomed up like ramparts to the eastward, and the sun tinged the sky above them crimson and purple. The music from the ripples of the fork of the Swannanoa, which we were now ascending, drifted on the evening air; the kalmias, the azaleas, and the honeysuckles, sent forth their perfumes; the wood-choppers, their feet well protected against the snakes by stout boots, were strolling supperward, and gave us hearty good evenings; the cow-bells tinkled musically, and in a corner of Patton's yard a mountain smith was clanging his hammer against his anvil, seemingly keeping time with the refrain to which all Nature was moved. The evening was still and warm, even in that elevated region. While some of us remained in the cabin below, and listened to tales of Black Mountain adventure, the aspiring Jonas, with a companion, pushed on, a few miles beyond, that he might see sunrise from the heights, even though he had to sleep in a crazy and decaying house on the edge of a dizzy cliff, with the floor for his bed, and his saddle for a pillow.

It is twelve miles from Patton's to the summit of Mitchell's Peak, and the ascent, which is very arduous, is usually broken by stop at the "Mountain House," four miles from the foot, and another at the point where the government once maintained an observatory, on a rock six thousand five hundred and seventy-eight feet high, and three miles from the topmost height, which rises suddenly from the range, a mass of ragged projections, covered with deadened tree trunks. At early dawn we were on our road to the Mountain House, at first through thickets, then along a creek bed, where the cautious mountain horses walked with the greatest difficulty;



THE MOUNTAIN HOUSE—ON THE WAY TO MT. MITCHELL'S SUMMIT.

now fording a creek twenty times in half an hour, now bending as we came to tree trunks half fallen across the trail. The road wound snake-like upon the hillside, until at last we were compelled to clamber up perpendicular ascents, and ahead could see the Judge's figure, bent to the horse's neck, with his hands clinging to the mane, and his venerable head dodging the malicious boughs which now and then threatened him with the fate of Absalom. A slip upon a smooth stone frightened one of the horses so that he stood still and trembled for a moment, so well did he realize the result of a fall or roll backwards; sometimes the animals would stand and listen, with their ears ominously cocked as if watching for snakes; often they paused as if in mute despair at the task before them.

But after an hour and a half of this laborious climbing, during which we had ascended at least fifteen hundred feet, we heard the halloo of Jonas and his companion, and, scrambling up the track of a little water course, came out upon the plateau on whose edge stood the Mountain House.

The "house" is a small Swiss cottage, once solidly built of stout beams, but now

fast decaying. It was built by William Patton, a wealthy citizen of Charleston, and before the war was often the resort of gay parties, who dined merrily on the cliff's verge, and saluted the sunset with champagne. It stands but a few yards from the edge of the Balsam growth, where the vegetation changes, and the atmosphere is sensibly different. It is five thousand four hundred and sixty feet above the sea level, at the point in front of the Mountain House where one looks down into the valley, and sees the forest clad ridges creeping below him for miles; notes the twin peaks of Craggy, and their naked tops; then turns in mute wonder to the wood above him, and searches in vain for the peaks beyond. While at the windows of the Mountain House we seemed to be gazing from mid air down upon the Blue Ridge. The illusion was perfect. Below us the mists were rising solemnly and slowly; peak after peak was unveiled; vast horizons dawned upon us; we seemed to overtop the world.

We turned from this view of the valleys and entered the balsam thickets, pushing eagerly forward to Mount Mitchell.

And now we came into the region of the pink and scarlet rhododendrons. Whenever there was an opening in the trees the hill-side was aflame with them. Masses of their stout bushes hung along our path, and showered the fragile red blossoms upon us. The white mountain laurel, too, was omnipresent, but the scarlet banner usurped the greatest space. When we came to a narrow trail, where slippery rocks confronted us, and ragged balsam trunks compelled us to clamber over dangerous crags, we found the way strewn with a crimson carpet after our horses had struggled through. Here, too, were masses of evergreen, and red-pointed mosses, and the azaleas again, along the border of streamlets, and the purple rosebay and the tall grasses in the clearings, in whose midst nestled timorously tiny white blossoms and ground berries.

To climb Vesuvius is no more difficult than to scale the Black Mountain, for although one can reach the very top of the latter on horseback, he is in constant danger of breaking his limbs and those of his horse on the rough pathway. By the time we had reached "Mount Mitchell," and seated ourselves upon its rocks, our horses were as thoroughly enthusiastic as we were, and peered out over the crags with genuine curiosity.

From Mount Mitchell we saw that we were upon a center from whence radiated several mountain chains. To the south we could see even as far as the Cumberland line, and could readily discern the "Bald Mountain," and our old friend the Smoky; while nearer, in the same direction, we noted the Balsam range. Sweeping inward from the north-east coast were the long ridges of the Alleghanies; on the north the chain of the Black culminated in a fantastic rock pile; while on the south the ridges of Craggy once more stood revealed. To the east we could overlook the plains of North and South Carolina; on the north-east we saw Table Rock and the "Hawk Bill," twin mountains, piercing the clouds; while beyond them rose the abrupt "Grandfather Mountain," and the bluff of the Roan. On the south were the high peaks of the Alleghanies, the Pinnacles, Rocky Knob, Gray Beard, Bear Wallow, and Sugar Loaf.

Another hour and a half of climbing, then dashing through a clearing, we suddenly saw above us a crag two hundred feet high, with a stone-strewn path leading up it. Our horses sprang to their risky task; they rushed up the ascent,—slipped, caught against the edges of the stones, snorted with fear, then laid back their ears and gave a final leap, and we were on Mitchell's High Peak, utterly above Alleghanies, Blue Ridge, or Mount Washington. Our horses' ears brushed the clouds. In a few moments we were at Mitchell's grave.

Here we were above the rhododendrons, and only a gnarled and stunted growth sprang up. The trees were nearly all dead; those still alive seemed lonely and miserable. The rude grave of the explorer, with the four rough slabs placed around it, recalled the history of the man, and the origin of the peak's name. The Rev. Dr. Elisha Mitchell, a native of Connecticut, graduate of Yale, and a professor of prominence in the University of North Carolina, established the fact by measurements, made from 1835 to 1844, that the Black was the highest range east of the Rocky Mountains in the United States. He grew very much to love the work of studying these heights, and spent weeks in wandering alone among them. The rough mountaineers learned to revere him, and he became as skillful a woodsman as any of them. In June, of 1857, after accomplishing some difficult surveys, and, as it is supposed, having ascended the pinnacle



VIEW ON THE SWANANNOA RIVER, NEAR ASHEVILLE.

which now bears his name, he was descending into Yancey County, when, overtaken by night and a blinding storm, he strayed over a precipice on "Sugar Camp Creek," and was discovered some days afterwards, dead at the bottom of a waterfall, his body perfectly preserved in the limpid pool. His friends, the mountaineers, who mourned his loss bitterly, buried him in Asheville; but a year later his remains were carried to the mountain tops and there placed in a grave among the rocks he had loved so well.

Near the grave the government has established a signal house, where two brave fellows dare the storms which occur almost daily. The anger of the heavens, as witnessed from this stony perch in mid air, is frightful to contemplate, and many a day the lonely men have expected to see their only shelter hurled down into the ravines below. The view from the topmost peak is similar, in most respects, to that from lower Mount Mitchell; but the effect is more grand and imposing, and the mountains to the south and east seem

to stand out in bolder relief. A tremulous mist from time to time hung about us; the clouds now and then shut the lower world from our vision, and we seemed standing on a narrow precipice, toward whose edges we dared not venture.

As we descended, that afternoon, the pheasant strutted across our path; the cross-bill turned his head archly to look at us; the mountain boomer nervously skipped from tree to tree; the rocks seemed ablaze as we approached the rhododendron thickets; the brooks rippled never so musically, and the azalia's perfume was sweeter than ever before. Each member of the party, dropping bridle rein on his weary horse's neck, as we came once more into the open space where stands the "Mountain House," and looked down thousands of feet into the yawning valley; as the peace and silence, and eternal grandeur of the scene ripened in his soul, involuntarily bared his head in reverence. Goethe was right:

"On every height there lies repose."



## THE FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

I MET a little maid one day,  
All in the bright May weather;  
She danced, and brushed the dew away  
As lightly as a feather.  
She had a ballad in her hand  
That she had just been reading,  
But was too young to understand:—  
That ditty of a distant land,  
“The flower of love lies bleeding.”

She tripped across the meadow grass,  
To where a brook was flowing,  
Across the brook like wind did pass,—  
Wherever flowers were growing  
Like some bewildered child she flew,  
Whom fairies were misleading:  
“Whose butterfly,” I said, “are you?  
And what sweet thing do you pursue?”—  
“The flower of love lies bleeding!”

“I’ve found the wild rose in the hedge,  
I’ve found the tiger-lily,—  
The blue flag by the water’s edge,—  
The dancing daffodilly,—  
King-cups and pansies,—every flower  
Except the one I’m needing;—  
Perhaps it grows in some dark bower,  
And opens at a later hour,—  
This flower of love lies bleeding.”

“I would n’t look for it,” I said,  
“For you can do without it:  
There’s no such flower.” She shook her head;  
“But I have read about it!”  
I talked to her of bee and bird,  
But she was all unheeding:  
Her tender heart was strangely stirred,  
She harped on that unhappy word,—  
“The flower of love lies bleeding!”

“My child,” I sighed, and dropped a tear,  
“I would no longer mind it;  
You’ll find it some day, never fear,  
For all of us must find it!  
I found it many a year ago,  
With one of gentle breeding;  
You and the little lad you know,—  
I see why you are weeping so,—  
Your flower of love lies bleeding!”

## THE CRÉDIT MOBILIER.

On the 11th day of December, 1865, Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Speaker of the House of Representatives, delivered a lecture at Washington, entitled "Across the Continent." It was subsequently addressed to crowded audiences at so many places, that its delivery is said to have netted Mr. Colfax twelve thousand dollars. The peroration of that lecture was a touching appeal for a railroad "across the continent." The eloquent speaker, who then little dreamed that in coming days his good name and fame were to be so sadly entangled with the financial history of the road, reminded his many audiences that every inhabitant of Oregon and California still looked upon the East as his old home. He pleaded earnestly for the union of the two extremes of the country, asking that they might be wedded together by an iron tie. He pictured in glowing terms the commerce and wealth that would result from the connection of San Francisco and New York. The lecture, so often delivered, and to such large audiences, touched a tender and patriotic spot in the nation's heart.

But, long before Mr. Colfax had begun to lecture, the national Legislature had made the most munificent offers to those who would agree to construct a railroad to the shores of the Pacific. A charter with a capital of one hundred million dollars had been given to "The Union Pacific Railroad," with a land grant of twenty millions of acres attached. For every running mile of the road twenty square miles of land was given to it! and Government further offered to lend it sixteen thousand dollars a mile through all the level of the prairies, thirty-two thousand a mile for three hundred miles on the easterly slope of the Rocky Mountains and the westerly side of the Sierra Nevada; and forty-eight thousand a mile for the distance between these two slopes. By these munificent charters, Government offered the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific roads a loan of over sixty millions of dollars and a land grant of twenty millions of acres; estimating the land at its minimum price of two dollars and a half an acre, it was worth fifty millions of dollars; estimated at the actual selling price of five dollars an acre, it was worth one hundred millions. Yet capitalists declined to

subscribe: the risk of building two thousand miles of railroad through an uninhabited country, where there could be no local travel, was too great. The wealthy men of the country were all patriotic, however; every one wanted everybody else to subscribe. But as no subscriptions came in, a bill, yet richer in government promise, was made by a committee of which Thaddeus Stevens was chairman, and Oakes Ames a member. The companies were authorized to issue their own bonds to the same amount as those issued by Government, and these were to be first mortgage; those loaned by the nation were to be the second mortgage. This princely offer made government take the whole risk of the enterprise. If there was failure anywhere, the bonds of the two companies would be paid before those advanced from the national treasury; and, as if this were not enough, the Union Pacific was authorized to issue its construction bonds one hundred miles in advance of construction! It now seemed as if money might be made by taking hold of it. Two million dollars worth of stock was subscribed, of which ten per cent. was paid in: and Gen. John A. Dix, of New York, was chosen President. A first mortgage indenture was executed November 1, 1865, whereby Edwin D. Morgan of New York, and Oakes Ames of Massachusetts, as representatives of the wealthy capitalists who were to lend it money, took a mortgage of the road-bed of a road not yet commenced, but for which it was necessary to borrow money. The whole available capital of the road, that was ultimately to cost fifty millions, was only \$218,000!

But then there was this paper mortgage to Messrs. Morgan and Ames, on which money could be borrowed as long as anybody could be induced to lend. Mr. Ames's reputation as a financier stood high throughout the monetary circles of the country. His business life had commenced by the manufacture of shovels on an enormous scale; he was the King of Spades for the whole land. The failure of a firm, the largest in the world, engaged in the manufacture of agricultural implements, and on whose stock he held a mortgage, had made him and his firm the fortunate owners of other factories at Worcester and Groton Junction. Starting from



one of the small homes of New England, he had become a millionaire before he arrived at middle age. As years rolled on, and wealth increased, his business reputation lifted him into Congress. In that body he was a prominent member of the Pacific Railroad Committee, and must have been thoroughly cognizant of these great offers, if he did not, as is most probable, actually inspire them. He was honest, as the world reckons honesty; his word was perfectly good, nor were his plans above or below the morality of Wall street. He well knew the commercial value of a reputation for integrity, and made that value his standard. So clear-headed was he that though doing a private business of millions of dollars a year, though guiding the affairs of a large firm, carrying on three separate factories, attending Congress, and building more than one railroad, he kept no books and employed no book-keeper for his private affairs; nothing but dates was ever forgotten by that capacious brain. He had no dread of large sums; no objection to taking a contract for forty-seven millions of dollars, provided the margin for profit was sufficiently large; and he testified that he never once saw the books which kept the account of his contract for that amount. He believed to some extent in the integrity of men, but acted on their selfishness; and he worked for profit rather than for patriotism. He would have the road built for the good of the nation; but he took hold of it for his own advantage.

Mr. Ames was too clear-sighted a man not to see all the difficulties in the construction of the road. The consummation of this enterprise involved building a railroad for a thousand miles through a desert country, crossing three mountain ranges, through a district swarming with hostile Indians, by whom engineers and laborers were repeatedly killed and scalped. While one part of the construction force was digging, another part, armed with Sharpe's rifles, was watching and fighting. A large part of the route was destitute of water, which had in some cases to be transported a hundred and fifty miles on horseback. All the iron, all the cars, much of the timber would have to be brought from five to fifteen hundred miles before it could be used. And more difficult than all else, capital to a large amount was needed; capitalists were to be so convinced of the money to be made some-

where, or somehow, that they would invest to a large amount.

The first object of Mr. Ames and of the other gentlemen who prophetically saw that government was offering more than was sufficient to build the road, was the discovery of some scheme by which the great profits that would ensue from building the road might be diverted from the road itself into the pockets of its stockholders. Government was asking somebody to take twenty-seven millions of dollars for the Union Pacific Road alone, besides as much more for the construction of its continuation, the Central Pacific. It was authorizing them to borrow twenty-seven millions more on a first mortgage; and giving them lands that would ultimately sell for fifty or sixty millions. Liberal as were these offers, the directors did not find it enough. The road has since issued land-grant bonds to the amount of ten millions of dollars and income bonds for over nine millions more. But even on the original offers, it was evident that here were some fifty millions of dollars floating round, waiting to be pocketed. It is not probable that Mr. Ames considered that there was much, if any, practical dishonesty in devising some scheme to this end. Stock-dealings in Wall street are not favorable to delicate notions of honor, nor was Mr. Ames's mental composition such that he would be likely to strain at any financial gnat. But it should be distinctly understood by every reader of this article that as an investment of money in railroad stock, to be repaid from the future earnings of the road, not a dollar would have been subscribed for a road to the Pacific. The only possibility of that construction arose from the profit to be made out of the liberal offers of Government. It was well known to a few men, to Mr. Ames and his confidential friends, that the road could be built for a much smaller sum than Government was offering. Mr. Dey, the Chief Engineer of the road, had already estimated that the first hundred miles could be built for thirty thousand dollars a mile, while Government was offering thirty-two thousand, and the land-grant besides. It was known that the road through the mountains could be built along their gradually ascending slopes nearly as cheaply as in the level valleys, and that the cost would not exceed forty or fifty thousand dollars a mile. Government offered sixty-four thousand a mile

for a large part of the way, and ninety-six thousand for the remainder, the land-grant to be thrown in as additional. The great question, therefore, was how to transfer this excess of values over cost of construction from the treasury of the United States to the private purses of the builders; and this device was agreed upon: a corporation of a different name, but owned by the same parties, should build the new road. That other corporation should receive all these vast profits and divide them among its stockholders, who were also stockholders in the Union Pacific, but who as such could not legally receive them. Should Congress subsequently make inquisition for its hundred millions, the stockholders of the Union Pacific road would reply: "We have no bonds or moneys; we paid them over to the Crédit Mobilier for work that that corporation did for us." To the same inquiry of the other company the reply would be: "We are not a United States corporation, and, therefore, are not amenable to Congress. We contracted to do so much work for so much money, and have done it. Now, what are you going to do about it?" Such was the ingenious plan devised and subsequently carried out. By it Oakes Ames, Cornelius S. Bushnell, John B. Alley, T. C. Durant, and their associates built the road, and divided among themselves all funds not used in its construction.

The corporation they used for this purpose was first chartered as "The Pennsylvania Fiscal Agency." It was a corporation modeled after the *Crédit Mobilier* of France, and to this corporation came a cosmopolitan gentleman, widely but not favorably known as George Francis Train. He introduced himself as the financial agent of Dr. T. C. Durant, of New York, who was desirous of purchasing some manageable corporation; and he speedily bargained for the moribund charter of the Fiscal Agency for \$26,645. Removed to New York, this company soon divested itself of its old name, as not sufficiently pretentious, and was baptized anew as "The *Crédit Mobilier* of America." The stockholders of the Union Pacific Railroad now subscribed for the same amount of stock in the *Crédit Mobilier* that they held in the railroad. Among others, Thomas C. Durant took six thousand and forty-one shares, involving an investment of \$604,100; Oliver Ames took 3,125 shares; Oakes Ames, 900; and S. Hooper

& Co., and H. S. McComb each 500. By this action the Pacific road was transferred, bound hand and foot, to the *Crédit Mobilier*. Henceforth that road only drew the breath of life for the profit of the stockholders of the *Crédit Mobilier*.

The first step taken by the stockholders of the *Crédit Mobilier* under this understanding was to make the right kind of a contract with the Union Pacific. For this purpose Dr. Durant, of New York, the vice-president of the road, brought forward a confidential man of his own, H. M. Hoxie. Mr. Hoxie proposed to build and equip one hundred miles of road on certain specified terms. The proposal soon ripened into a contract, not signed by Hoxie, but by "H. C. Crane, attorney," Crane being the confidential clerk of Dr. Durant. So that an impecunious friend of a confidential clerk of Dr. Durant, not known to any one in the financial circles of the country, proposed to expend two millions of dollars in building and equipping this first hundred miles; but with this further agreement, that he should, when requested, assign this contract to Durant, or to such persons as Durant should designate. And this assignment was made within sixty days; so that, in fact, Durant, vice-president, contracted with himself to build this hundred miles of railroad. But this was not enough; it was hardly the beginning. Within five days more this contract for one hundred miles was extended to one hundred and forty-six miles farther, and then anew assigned to Durant and his associates. By this contract, as it now stood, Hoxie agreed to expend over twelve millions of dollars in building two hundred and forty-six miles of road, and to subscribe one million dollars to the capital stock of the road, at par, which, when paid up, was not worth over thirty per cent. The real intent of the contract was that by this assignment, Durant, Bushnell, &c., should build the road out of the large loans offered by government, and should at least pocket the million of stock. This contract cost the road in stock and bonds, valued at par, \$12,974,416 24; it cost the *Crédit Mobilier* \$7,806,183 33. The odd five millions, or so much thereof as was not absorbed in selling the bonds, remained for division among the stockholders. That amount may not have been large; but it was sufficient to prove that the road could be built from the offers of government, and without calling on the stockholders for

money. Yet even this large amount was not enough. Nearly two hundred thousand dollars was demanded and paid on a change of the location of the track. That these assignees of Hoxie's knew that they were acting fraudulently is evident from the following facts.

Mr. Peter A. Dey was the engineer who surveyed and located the first hundred miles of the road. He estimated its cost at not over thirty thousand dollars a mile. When this estimate was shown to the Directors, it was returned to him with orders to re-touch it with higher colors, to put in embankments on paper where none existed on earth, to make the old embankments heavier, and to increase the expense generally; and then he was requested to send in his estimate that it would cost fifty thousand a mile. When Mr. Dey found that this part of the road was to be let to Hoxie at \$50,000 per mile, for work which he knew could be done for \$30,000,—this difference of \$20,000 a mile, amounting to two millions of dollars on the first hundred miles, and to five millions on the two hundred and forty-six miles,—he resigned his position as chief engineer, with a noble letter to John A. Dix, president of the road. He closed that letter with this statement:—"My views of the Pacific Road are, perhaps, peculiar. I look upon its managers as trustees of the bounty of Congress. \* \* \* You are, doubtless, informed how disproportioned the amount to be paid is to the work contracted for. I need not expatiate on the sincerity of my course, when you reflect upon the fact that I have resigned the best position in my profession this country has offered to any man!"

It was the necessity of procuring funds to carry on this Hoxie contract that had led to the purchase of the Crédit Mobilier. To this company the Hoxie contract was now transferred, and the construction of a road to unite the Atlantic and the Pacific was fairly begun. The two brothers, Oakes and Oliver Ames, gentlemen of high financial reputation, of large wealth, and of great business capacity, were induced to invest, and Oliver was subsequently chosen President. Two and a half millions of dollars were subscribed to the stock of the Crédit Mobilier—not to the road that was to be built with the money. The bonds advanced by Government were sold for what they would bring, and three or four millions of the company's bonds were hypothecated

at from fourteen to fifteen per cent. interest. But by degrees the funds from all these sources were exhausted. A meeting of the stockholders of the Crédit Mobilier was, therefore, called at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York, and there it was decided to increase the capital stock of the company fifty per cent; and, to induce the old stockholders to enlarge their subscriptions, it was voted to give to the holders of old stock a one thousand dollar Pacific Railroad bond, for every thousand dollars they should subscribe to the stock of the Crédit Mobilier. Every subscriber was to pay in one thousand dollars, and receive therefor one thousand dollars worth of stock in the Crédit Mobilier, and another thousand in the bonds of the Union Pacific road. At that time the latter were selling in the market at from ninety to ninety-five per cent; so that this new stock in the Crédit Mobilier, subsequently so valuable, was obtained for five or ten cents on the dollar. Nearly all the stockholders accepted this generous offer, and paid in their thousand dollars to the Crédit Mobilier, and this company at once handed over the whole amount to the Union Pacific road. For it had been distinctly agreed between Ames, Bushnell, &c., of the Union Pacific, and Ames, Bushnell, &c., of the Crédit Mobilier, that whenever a contract should be made for the construction of the railroad, it should be given only to such persons as would hold it for the benefit of the stockholders of the Crédit Mobilier; and by this time the Hoxie contract had made known that such a contract would be tremendously profitable. Ten millions of the bonds of the road were at once put on the market and sold at over ninety cents on the dollar. It was determined to press the construction of the road with vigor.

The first two hundred and forty-six miles of the road now being fairly under way, an agreement was made by Dr. Durant, the Vice-President of the Union Pacific Road, with a Mr. Boomer, for the construction of one hundred and fifty miles further west at about \$20,000 per mile; but this price was not to include a bridge, nor the equipment of the road. This agreement was never legally ratified by the corporation, but under it fifty-eight miles were built and formally accepted by Government. These fifty-eight miles, when the bridge was built and the equipment completed, cost about \$27,500 a mile; but this was actual cost. To convert this cost into

profit, the Board of Directors, against the protest of Dr. Durant, extended the Hoxie contract at \$50,000 a mile, over the Boomer contract, already built at \$27,500 a mile; thereby presenting to their stockholders in January, 1867, a New Year's gift of \$22,500 a mile, or an aggregate of \$1,104,000 paid by the Crédit Mobilier for work it had never done, never contracted to do, but which had been done by some one else, and was all paid for. And now the Hoxie contract had done its work. It commenced with an agreement for the construction of one hundred miles of road for \$50,000 a mile, which cost \$30,000; here was a profit of two millions of dollars. It was then stretched one hundred and forty-six miles farther at \$50,000 a mile, and with another profit of three millions. It closed with swallowing up the Boomer contract with fifty-eight miles already built, on which was a profit of over another million. Truly, it was a most valuable and elastic contract.

The great profit to be derived from the construction of the road was now hastening the action of a formidable rival. By the act of 1866, the Central Pacific road, starting from California, was authorized to come eastward to meet the Union Pacific, and the same liberal offers were made to both corporations; and now commenced the most remarkable race in the construction of railroads the world has ever known. Here were nearly one thousand eight hundred miles of road to be built under offers which made it certain that great profits awaited the constructors. The more miles built the greater the profit. This competition between the two roads was so keen that, in the last year, it led to the construction of one thousand miles of railroad in a single season, through an uninhabited country, upon a route beset with unparalleled obstacles, and a largely unnecessary cost. For it was now known to both corporations that however great the expense of construction, the profit would be greater still; and it was evident that what one company did not build, the other would.

Mr. J. M. S. Williams, a wealthy merchant of Boston, and a large stockholder in the Crédit Mobilier, appears as the next contractor. It was probably new business to him; for he agrees to assign the contract, as soon as executed, to trustees chosen by the Crédit Mobilier. He offers to build and equip two hundred and sixty-seven miles of road at \$50,000 a mile.

Ninety-eight miles were already built and paid for; but this was a trifle; he wanted, and the company granted, as much pay for that portion of the road already finished as for that not yet commenced. His offer was therefore accepted. It was a gift of over two millions of dollars from the corpulent treasury of the Union Pacific Road to the hungry pockets of the stockholders of the Crédit Mobilier. But the consummation of this project was defeated by legal proceedings instituted by Dr. Durant. To accomplish the same project in another way and on a larger scale, without individual liability, and with the consent of Dr. Durant, the "Oakes Ames contract" was made—probably the largest and most profitable contract ever made by one man. Drawn up under the advice of Gen. Butler, who thought that advice worth \$6,000, if not \$10,000, it was as strong as it was profitable. This contract began at the hundredth meridian and extended westward six hundred and sixty-seven miles, for which the railroad was to pay as follows:

For first 100 miles,	\$42,000 a mile,	\$4,200,000
For next 167 "	45,000 "	7,515,000
" 100 "	96,000 "	9,600,000
" 100 "	80,000 "	8,000,000
" 100 "	90,000 "	9,000,000
" 100 "	96,000 "	9,600,000
667		\$47,915,000

But of this 667 miles, 138 had already been built and paid for. It was now included in this new contract, as if nothing had been done on it; so that the railroad agreed to pay Mr. Ames five and a half million dollars for nothing. The average contract price of these 667 miles was \$72,000 a mile; deducting the 138 miles already finished, it was \$89,000 a mile; the actual cost was less than \$40,000 a mile, or not one half of what was now offered. It was made by Oliver Ames, President, with his brother and business partner, Oakes Ames, stockholder, and with the distinct understanding, which was subsequently carried out, that it was for the benefit of all the stockholders; and a very handsome benefit it proved to be. This contract was executed in August, 1867, and within sixty days was assigned to the Crédit Mobilier. Hereby, Oliver Ames, President, contracted with himself and others, to take all the funds of the road, and after its construction to divide the remainder among the stockholders of the Crédit Mobilier "in proportion to the number of shares which

said stockholders now severally hold and own."

Under this agreement stockholders of either railroad or Crédit Mobilier could get no benefit from their stock or from this contract unless they gave an irrevocable proxy to Oliver Ames, and six associates, to vote on six-tenths of their railroad stock; in other words, unless they constituted them a majority of the stockholders, to remain such forever; and every director or stockholder who should "knowingly hinder, delay, or interfere with" this great fraud, should receive none of the enormous profits made by the Crédit Mobilier. Every stockholder, therefore, subscribed to this agreement; for its whole object was for their benefit, and at the expense of the United States.

As we have said, the contract thus made included one hundred and thirty-eight miles, already built, accepted, and paid for. Here were five or six millions of dollars made by signing the contract, and from these millions, and within sixty days from the execution of the contract, a dividend of one hundred and twenty per cent. was declared! Sixty per cent. of this was paid in first mortgage bonds of the Union Pacific Railroad Company; amounting to \$2,244,000. Sixty per cent. was paid in stock of that company, amounting to another \$2,244,000. Sold at the market rate on the day of its declaration, this dividend would have amounted to \$2,917,200, equivalent to a cash dividend of seventy-seven per cent., from the profit of a contract not two months old, and under which work had hardly commenced! But this amount was derived from the construction of the first one hundred and thirty-eight miles alone; the great profit was yet to come.

Before this contract was made the stock of the Crédit Mobilier was selling at five per cent. below par; when made, the stock jumped at once to sixty per cent. premium. In December, 1867, it was worth one hundred per cent. above par; and in January and February, 1868, it sold for three or four times its par value; in fact, there was none to be had. Nobody could afford to name a price for stock paying dividends of over five hundred per cent. a year! But the Oakes Ames contract did not extend the whole length of the line. One hundred and twenty-five miles yet remained between the end of the portion constructed by Mr. Ames, and the begin-

ning of the Central Pacific Road. This was now put under contract to one J. W. Davis, a man without the requisite pecuniary responsibility for so large a contract, and who was not expected to fulfill its covenants. It was made under the same implied understanding as the Ames contract, and, like that, was no sooner made than it was assigned to the same trustees. Under this contract the Crédit Mobilier constructed the last remaining portion of the road at a cost to themselves of \$15,629,633.62, and at a charge to the road of \$23,431,768.11. This gain of nearly eight millions of dollars was speedily located in the same pockets that had received the previous profits. And now the whole length of line had been contracted for and was rapidly built amid the applause of a waiting nation.

Arithmeticians, who love the truths that figures always tell, may now see what it cost the nation to build the Union Pacific Road, and what it cost the stockholders of the Crédit Mobilier:

## WHAT IT COST THE NATION.

Hoxie contract . . . . .	\$12,974,416 24
Boomer " . . . . .	1,104,000 00
Ames " . . . . .	57,140,102 94
Davis " . . . . .	23,331,768 10
Total . . . . .	\$94,650,287 28

## WHAT IT COST THE CRÉDIT MOBILIER.

Hoxie contract . . . . .	\$7,806,183 33
Boomer " . . . . .	0,000,000 00
Ames " . . . . .	27,285,141 99
Davis " . . . . .	15,629,633 62
Total . . . . .	\$50,720,958 94
Profit . . . . .	\$43,929,328 34

These figures, however, estimate stock and bonds at par. Taking for an instant the figures of the trustees as correct,—incorrect as we know them to be,—we find the cash value of this profit to have been as follows:

From sale of bonds . . . . .	\$12,276,150 00
" " stock . . . . .	8,744,169 81
Divided in cash . . . . .	2,346,000 00
Total . . . . .	\$23,366,319 81

The great rapidity with which these immense profits were divided among the stockholders borders on the marvelous; doubtless it made them marvelously joyful. Mr. Oakes Ames's contract was executed October 15, 1867; the first dividend



of one hundred and twenty per cent. was made in December, 1867, and the sixth dividend of two hundred per cent. was made in December, 1868; so that under the Ames contract alone, and within one year, dividends were declared and paid, amounting to five hundred and forty-five per cent. on the par of the stock, and to an aggregate of over twenty millions of dollars! What other company on this continent has ever divided a profit of twenty millions of dollars a year? These dividends were:

Dec., 1867,	120 p. ct. in stock and bonds,	\$4,438,000
Jan., 1868,	20 " " "	748,000
June, 1868,	100 " in cash and bonds,	3,750,000
July 3, 1868,	75 " " "	2,791,500
" 8, 1868,	30 " in cash	1,095,168
Dec., 1868,	200 " in stock	7,599,000

Total, \$20,471,668

This last dividend of two hundred per cent. was made in December, 1868. In 1869 was made what they called a division,—verily, division appears a more appropriate term than dividend,—of about thirteen millions of stock, as profits, under the Davis contract for the last 125 miles. The payment of these thirteen millions of stock appears to have closed both dividend and construction accounts; and we think no one can read this true history and not see that these enormous dividends were an enormous fraud on a generous country.

But while everything was thus outwardly prospering, inwardly the company was subject to great divisions and searchings of heart. Duff Green had brought an action, substantially asking for the disfranchisement of the Crédit Mobilier; but this had been successfully resisted. John B. Alley testifies that the whole amount of property Green had ever invested in the company was two old office-chairs, an old desk, and a bogus check on a broken bank, drawn by an individual who had failed! Mr. Durant was the most active stockholder of both companies. He was president of the one, vice-president of the other; and as president he made large and valuable contracts with himself as vice-president. He thought himself entitled to guide the affairs of both corporations by his sole direction. But Ames and Alley, who were his superiors in shrewdness and business reputation, wanted the same governing power, and they rested not until they had turned Durant out of office and put themselves in. When once installed, they professed to find great irreg-

ularities. Enormous amounts of money had been disbursed as a secret fund, for which no vouchers had been filed. Subsequently Oliver Ames, president, and John J. Cisco, treasurer, were appointed a committee to investigate these expenditures, and it was voted that "their statement that the facts in the premises are satisfactory to them shall end all further discussion." A more public investigation might develop ugly facts; all secrets were, therefore, to be locked up in the breasts of these two gentlemen. They reported that \$435,724.21 had been properly paid out, mainly by Dr. Durant; and that amount was, therefore, charged to *Suspense*. The purposes, legal or illegal, for which nearly half a million of dollars was thus paid out is not known, nor is it probable it ever will be. We only know that the directors thought it not best to put the objects of this expenditure on their books. At another time Dr. Durant protested against extending the Hoxie contract over a portion of the road already built and paid for; one payment he thought enough. A second time he protested against the J. S. M. Williams contract; and his protest not receiving that attention his importance warranted, he sued out an injunction and restrained the board from carrying out any such contract. Mr. Isaac P. Hazard, of Rhode Island, brought two suits in equity to restrain too large payments. Hon. John B. Alley voted against the first dividend; to secure a change of his vote, Dr. Durant gave him a call for two hundred and fifty shares at 160; then, or in a day or two, worth 200. As soon as Alley received the stock, he voted for the dividend.

The extent of the quarrel among the stockholders is also shown by the fact that Dr. Durant mailed a letter to Hon. Elihu B. Washburne, exposing the rascalities of the two companies of which he had been so prominent an officer,—*quorum pars magna fuit*; but Mr. McComb had sufficient influence to procure from him a letter to the postmaster withdrawing the letter before it reached Mr. Washburne. If Durant had only been permitted to peach, what knowledge of these frauds should we not have received?

General Granville M. Dodge, M. C., C. E., was Engineer-in-Chief of the construction corps of the Union Pacific road. He had made some speculative operations in the stock, and had thereby lost seventeen thousand five hundred dollars. In the

course of events it became necessary to have additional Congressional legislation concerning the bridge between Council Bluffs and Omaha, and Dodge was telegraphed to come to Washington to procure it. Mr. Bushnell, then running the road, promised to make up all his losses and pay him for his trouble, if he would only procure this legislation. He came, saw, and conquered Congress, and the needed law was passed. He then sent in his little bill of \$24,500, made up of the two items of \$17,500, lost in stock speculations, and \$7,000 bonus, or expense. Happily he, being a director, wanted his money at a time when Bushnell, another director, wanted \$80,000, and Col. Scott, president, wanted \$20,000. A meeting of officers was therefore called, composed of Scott, president, Dodge and Bushnell, directors; and these gentlemen voted to themselves \$126,000, of which Durant took \$83,500, Dodge \$24,500, and Scott \$19,000! The \$126,000 thus divided was charged to "special legal expenses."

But the deepest and sharpest thorn in the directorial side was Mr. H. S. McComb, of Wilmington, Delaware. It was his refusal to take stock at one time, and his suit to obtain the stock he once refused, as soon as it became profitable, that brought the company and its measures so prominently before the public. Had it not been for H. S. McComb, the history of the *Crédit Mobilier* had never been written; for so much the world is indebted to him. There is no reason to believe that the Central Pacific road divided smaller profits among its stockholders than the Union Pacific; but they had no McComb in California.

Alarmed at the demands of the Washburnes for an investigation and fixed rates of fare, the *Crédit Mobilier* had intrusted Mr. Ames, then a Member of Congress, with 343 shares of stock, to be distributed at par among members of both Houses after the Ames contract had been signed, and when the stock was therefore worth one hundred per cent. premium.

It was to McComb that Ames wrote that he had "assigned 4 from Mass.; 1 from N. H.; 1 Delaware; 1 Tenn.; 1 Ohio; 2 Pa.; 1 Ind., and 1 Maine." And his publication of this letter amidst the controversy of a Presidential contest, first gave a political bearing to the affairs of a private company. He claimed to be entitled to 250 shares, and to 125 more by the dividend of fifty per cent.; and these were the

very shares that Ames divided among members of Congress. He was to be the victim at whose expense others were to be enriched. No wonder this thought disturbed his pugnacious soul. To obtain these shares, therefore, he commenced a suit in the Courts of Pennsylvania. That suit began five years ago, and yet remains unsettled. At one time he threatened to publish Mr. Ames's letters; at another he sent Jerry Black to threaten their publication; but the company refused to be coerced into giving him his stock. At last, three years after his first threats, the letters were published, and the public attention was aroused. It is due to Mr. McComb's action, therefore, that the third session of the Forty-second Congress was almost wholly given up to investigation.

It was while thus disquieted by Mr. McComb's pugnacity and suits, and while fearing any future Washburnian investigation, that the session commenced. Mr. Ames had come to Washington laden with his 343 shares, which he desired to place "where it will do the most good to us." That place he believed to be in the pockets of influential members, who, once pecuniarily interested, would ever after defend that interest. It is worthy of notice that he did not go to wealthy gentlemen of strict business habits, who would have investigated before they invested; but he offered his stock to poorer but influential members, like Dawes, Wilson, Kelley, and others, who took his word for the value of the stock. What he now wanted was, not large investments, but high Congressional character. After he had partly unladen himself, giving the stock freely to those who would take it without the payment of a dollar, but who would repay him from the dividends he knew would soon be divided, he met Mr. McComb in February, 1868, and gave him the names of those to whom he said he had sold the stock. For three years Mr. McComb patiently waited; at last the names were published. In the heat of the Presidential contest of 1872, prominent gentlemen were publicly arraigned for receiving bribes, or at least for owning enormously profitable stock, which, as honest legislators, they should never have touched. Each and all denied the charge, or at least "they all, with one consent, began to make excuse." Most of them had indeed owned stock, but had kept it in Mr. Ames's name as trustee. They therefore denied owning it at all, carefully

hiding the fact of their actual ownership under the twin fact that the stock did not stand in their name. Through all the Presidential contest the accusations grew fast, and were denied faster; the public knew not what to believe; and it was under this uncertain cloud of assertion and denial that Congress commenced.

It was an extraordinary session—the most extraordinary in our Congressional history. On its first day, the Speaker of the House, descending into the arena, rose to “a question of privilege—of the highest privilege.” Alleging that his good name and fame had been dragged into the recent political contest, and had been sullied by false accusations of enormous profits in the *Crédit Mobilier*, he demanded a Committee of Investigation, the majority of that committee to be taken from his political opponents. From that day till the close of the session scandal held high carnival in Washington. The Vice-President of the United States, the Vice-President elect, the Speaker of the House, eminent Senators, were accused of giving or receiving bribes, of lying, or at least of distorting the truth till it became a lie. No man's character was safe. The first inquiry had been who owned the stock, but in a short time its ownership was admitted, and the great question became—who lied the most about it. Truth compels us to admit that on this point Mr. Ames did not come off second best. And when the fourth of March arrived and the session had closed, it was found that many had fallen from their high estate, who, at its commencement, had possessed the undoubted confidence of their constituents and of the nation.

The legislators thus accused may be divided into five leading groups. The first and happiest group is composed of Blaine, of Maine; Elliott and Boutwell, of Massachusetts; Conkling, of New York; Bayard, of Delaware; and Fowler, of Tennessee, who were offered stock, accompanied with Mr. Ames's guaranty of its value, but who refused it. The smell of fire never touched their garments. Then comes a smaller group: Wilson and Dawes, of Massachusetts; and Logan, of Illinois, who, learning that lawsuits were hanging over the company, returned the stock and received back their money with interest, neither making nor losing by the investment. Then come Hooper and Alley, of Massachusetts; Bingham, of Ohio; and Grimes, of Iowa, who bought the stock and

received its dividends, but who never denied the ownership. How gentlemen, who, as legislators, must have been thoroughly conversant with the source of their profits, and, as financiers, were equally conversant with modes of business and how money is made, could receive five hundred per cent. per annum from an investment in building a railroad, and yet not know that somebody was being plundered, is a matter of mystery; but it is a mystery between them and their constituents. Following these gentlemen come Garfield, of Ohio; Schofield and Kelly, of Pennsylvania; Allison and Wilson, of Iowa, who took the stock, but early became frightened and returned it. How far some of these gentlemen returned or retained their dividends is subject to such opposition of testimony that we decline to enter upon that subject. It is perfectly safe to say that their character did not stand as high at the conclusion of the session as at its commencement. Last and saddest of all in this procession come Colfax, of Indiana; Patterson, of New Hampshire; and Brooks, of New York, who took the stock, received its profits, but denied or explained away its ownership. Two Committees of Investigation were appointed by the House, and one by the Senate. That Committee of the House, of which Judge Poland was chairman, chiefly attracted the attention of the country, for its investigations concerned the personalities of the case, and the public mind looks more to concrete personalities than to abstract justice. That committee, of which Hon. J. M. Wilson was chairman, inquired after the property of the nation, the franchise of the company, and the use made of government bonds. Both committees were composed of able lawyers, and spent the whole winter on this work. The Senate Committee,—Morrill, of Maine; chairman,—examined the charges against Logan, Conkling, Wilson, Harlan, and Patterson, and reported a resolution “that James W. Patterson be and he hereby is expelled from his seat as a member of the Senate.” Fortunately for Mr. Patterson, the pressure of public business was so great that no vote was reached. He remained a Senator till the conclusion of the session, when his term expired.

The House Committee, of which Judge Poland was chairman, reported the facts in the several cases, and recommended votes of expulsion against Oakes Ames, of Massachusetts, and James Brooks, of New

York. It was a thoughtful and honest report, and was happily fortunate in its freedom from party politics, for it was unanimously signed by members of both political parties. The report found that there could be no doubt that Mr. Ames intended to bribe. He sold or promised stock to gentlemen at par, which he well knew to be worth a large premium. His letters were produced showing that he dreaded investigation. "We want more friends in this Congress," and, therefore, he put his stock "where it will do the most good to us." This was bribery. Yet it does not seem to have affected his general character. No one could have listened to his testimony before the committee without seeing that throughout the examination, and in the opposition of his testimony to that of other members, he had the ear of the committee. They believed his statements, and so does the community. His neighbors in Easton, who must be supposed to know him best, gave him a complimentary dinner, where the chief sauce was the praise of that noblest work of God—Oakes Ames. Up to the time of his death he was the controlling mind in the councils of the Union Pacific road, and the owners of that thirty-six millions of stock preferred him as the leading director of that great corporation.

In the case of James Brooks, of New York, the Committee reported that he, being a Government director in the Union Pacific Railroad, and, therefore, incapable of holding stock therein, being the guardian of his country's interests, and the medium through whose report large sums were to be obtained from the Treasury of the United States, and being also the leader of the Democratic side of the House, and, therefore, exercising great political interest, demanded of the officers of the *Crédit Mobilier* two hundred shares in the stock of that corporation. This demand was made just after a dividend of eighty per cent. had been declared; and he wanted both stock and dividend. These shares were not to be had just then, and Durant, therefore, appeased the powerful director by letting him have one hundred shares at par, and also \$5,000 in bonds and \$20,000 in stock. These shares were at that time worth double their par, and soon after became still more valuable. It was, therefore, a clear bonus of twenty thousand dollars, with the expectation and result of a farther gain of many times twenty thousand. When this agreement was ready to

be carried out by the delivery of stock and bonds, Brooks, observing that as Government director, he could not hold the stock, ordered it to be transferred to his son-in-law. But this large payment did not content him. He soon claimed fifty shares more, and received them, together with eighty per cent. in bonds and one hundred per cent. in stock, as dividends made just before his claim. To be able to buy at par stock worth one hundred per cent. premium, and to receive at the time of purchase one hundred and eighty per cent. more in dividends is a privilege only granted to Government directors. This stock was issued to Mr. Brooks himself, but his name was quickly erased, and that of his son-in-law scratched in; but he received all the dividends. He had, therefore, bought one hundred and fifty shares of the *Crédit Mobilier* at par, then worth one hundred per cent. premium, and received with them \$6,000 in bonds of the Union Pacific Railroad and \$25,000 in stock. It was a clear case of betrayal of trust and of the reception of bribes. The Committee, therefore, unanimously recommended his expulsion.

Had the vote on the expulsion of Ames and Brooks been taken the day the report was made, both would unquestionably have been expelled. But the consideration of the report was put off till the following week; and before that time, the virtuous courage of the House found time to cool. The day before the vote General Butler astonished the House by smuggling in a report from the Judiciary Committee, denying the power of Congress to expel for acts done prior to the last election. It is evident that this question does not affect the guilt or innocence of the parties; it merely pleads the Statute of Limitations. In this case it would so operate that Mr. Ames, of the House, who bribed, and who had been elected two years before, would be acquitted, while Mr. Patterson, of the Senate, who had been bribed and had been elected six years before, would be found guilty. The report of the Committee, recommending expulsion, made a strong plea for justice and honesty. The report of General Butler, opposing expulsion, made no allusion to those great principles; it discussed the question solely as a matter of precedent. It is worthy of notice also, that if their constituents condoned these gentlemen their offense by electing them anew, it was most unwittingly



done; for one and all at the time of the election had solemnly denied all connection with the *Crédit Mobilier*. The fact that General Butler had taken a fee of six thousand dollars from the company, and was popularly considered the counsel of Mr. Ames, had some effect in diminishing the weight of his report and his subsequent speech.

The Committee of the House, of which Hon. J. M. Wilson was chairman, chiefly occupied its sessions with an investigation of the relations of Government to the road, as the creator of its charter and the lender of its bonds; and especially with the use its stockholders made of those bonds. After full examination of the legal reports of the way in which the stocks and bonds had been emptied by millions into the pockets of the stockholders, the Committee recommended that suits in equity be instituted by the Attorney General against the Railroad Corporation; against all who held its stock that had not been fully paid for; against all who had received its dividends on capital stock contrary to equity; and against all who had received as profits the property which equitably belonged to the road. These broad provisions included almost all who were connected with the *Crédit Mobilier*, and the House promptly passed the Bill. The Attorney-General as promptly commenced the actions; but it may be doubted whether moneys salted down into private properties half a dozen years ago can ever be recovered.

We have said that the Committee, of which Judge Poland was chairman, had recommended the expulsion of Ames and Brooks. The debate on these recommendations opened on Tuesday, February 25, and continued two days and evenings and part of the third day. A very powerful argument in behalf of Mr. Ames was touchingly read by the Clerk, during the reading of which Mr. Ames was more than once seen in tears. The House was evidently divided between the straightforward rectitude of Judge Poland's report, the strong and ingenious pleas of General Butler against expulsion, and consideration for fellow members, who had been of their number for ten and more years. At length, on motion of Mr. Sargent, of California, the House of Representatives, by a vote of 181 yeas to 36 nays, entered on its records, that it "absolutely condemns the conduct of Oakes Ames, a member of this House, from the State of Massachusetts, in seeking to

procure Congressional attention to the affairs of a corporation in which he was interested, and whose interest directly depended on the legislation of Congress." By a similar vote of 174 yeas to 32 nays, the House voted that it "absolutely condemns the conduct of James Brooks, a member of this House from New York, for the use of his position as Government Director of the Union Pacific Railroad, and as member of this House to procure the assignment to himself or family of stock in the *Crédit Mobilier*."

Attempts were also made to censure Messrs. Kelly, Hooper, and others; but it was generally conceded that virtue should be lenient; and so the Congressional curtain dropped upon the scene. Mr. Colfax returned home to South Bend, Mr. Ames to North Easton, both to be feasted by admiring neighbors. Nobody was expelled; no money was returned to the Treasury. The character of two members of the House and one Senator was politically ruined; that of a few others badly damaged; that of others yet more slightly scorched; and then the flames expired for lack of fuel. Strangely enough both of the censured members died soon afterward, within a few days of each other.

Before the Forty-second Congress had adjourned, it passed a special act, summoning the stockholders of the railroad and of the *Crédit Mobilier* into the courts of the United States, there to give some account of the moneys and bonds intrusted to their keeping. The underlying idea of that legislation is, that the nation advanced those fifty-four millions of loans, and authorized those ten millions of Income Bonds, and ten millions of Land-grant Bonds, that the corporation might become a strong and powerful road, binding the East and West together, as the Mississippi binds the North and the South; strong enough always to transport the food of the nation in times of peace, and whole armies with their munitions in time of war. Instead of this, the stockholders have divided among themselves a large part of these many millions of dollars. The road, thus financially weakened, is so heavily burdened with debt, that it cannot meet its interest. Its stock is of so little value in the market that the whole corporation was captured, one year, by Col. Thomas A. Scott as a feeder to his Pennsylvania railroads; a year later, by Horace F. Clark, as an ally to the Harlem and the New York



Central. The road itself is not able to stand alone.

It is a well-settled principle of law that a railroad cannot divide its capital among its stockholders; it must apply its moneys to the purpose for which those moneys were subscribed. A court of equity can at any time follow that money into the pockets of the stockholders, order its return, and see that it is applied to the purpose for which it was intended. If the law has this power, when stockholders divide their own money among themselves, how much more can a Government that has loaned a very large amount for the construction of a public highway, see that its money be applied to this purpose. The *Crédit Mobilier* subscribed fifteen millions to the stock of the Pacific Railroad; Congress now proposes to make it pay its subscription.

At the Fall term of the District Court of Connecticut, the case came up for argument. The numerous defendants filed their demurrers that the act was unconstitutional in summoning them from all parts of the United States to attend at one Court. They were scattered from Texas to California, and were now summoned to appear

at one Court in Connecticut. They also contended that the suit was multifarious in grouping together in one action so many who had no common connection. If Government had a legal claim on any one of them, let him be sued in his own district; but let not other debtors in other districts be joined in the same suit. Nor had there been any breach of contract with Government. The Pacific Road had loaned certain large sums of money, payable thirty years hence; if that money, with all accrued interest, was not repaid at the end of thirty years, then would be the time to commence the suit.

The Court decided that Government had no interest in the case, and could not, therefore, bring any action. From this decision of a single judge, the Attorney-General has appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, sitting at Washington. This appeal will probably be reached by the winter of 1875-6; and if decided in favor of Government, will be sent back to Connecticut for a trial on the facts. It is somewhat to be feared that those who borrowed the money, may not live long enough to be sentenced to repay it.

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TO CHRISTINE NILSSON.

WINTER has come, the birds have fled,  
Their leaves the red-lipped roses shed;  
But in thy liquid throat, Christine,  
Perpetual Summer lurks unseen;  
And sleeps therein, in shine or hail,  
The perfect-throated nightingale;  
While on thy lips the roses lie,  
That live when all their sisters die.

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## FOLLOWING FOOTSTEPS.

Dewy droops the green sweet-brier,  
Dewy hangs the rose,  
As I follow where her footstep,  
Lightly printed, goes.

Sun, that cometh up to meet me,  
Was there aught to see  
Down beneath that gray horizon  
Half so fair as she?

Down this path she careless wandered  
Where the lilies drooped;  
Here her garment brushed the dew off  
As she, gathering, stooped.

Here she turned and paused, uncertain—  
Ah, I hear it now!—  
Over stones the full brook singing  
Faintly, far below!

Leading on to greet the roses  
Run the footsteps free;  
Red, and white, and pink she gathered,—  
Dropping one for me!

Then to where the honeysuckle  
Climbs to scent the air—  
No, she stopped and left it climbing,  
Turning elsewhere.

Where then? Oh, adown this pathway,  
Where her heliotrope  
Makes the air with perfume heavy,  
Purpling all the slope.

Sun, that maketh shadows shorter  
As I follow still,  
Where were you at early dawning  
When she climbed the hill?

Shall she climb to wait your coming,  
She, my own, my sweet,  
When her gracious presence only  
Makes your day complete?

Here she left her blossoms lying  
In a hawthorn's care,  
And the dewy steps go springing  
Up the rocks so bare.

Higher, higher ever leading,  
Follow I and Hope—  
Sunny hair lit up with sunshine—  
Ah! my heliotrope!

"AJELLAK ALLAH;" OR, THE WOMEN OF THE ARABS.

THERE is an Arabic proverb which says: "A man can bear anything but the mention of his women." Perhaps in no language on the face of the earth has hard public opinion been more densely crystallized, or more sparklingly expressed, than in this single utterance. If any true Moslem is obliged to allude to a female, he invariably prefaces her name with the deprecation, which is chosen as the title of this article.

"*Ajellak Allah*" means—May God elevate you! That is, in this connection—May divine grace or power put you out of reach of being contaminated by what I am now going to say! Hence it resembles that quaint Celticism, employed when one has a disagreeable subject to mention: "Saving your presence, sir!"

It is related that there once came to the study of Dr. Van Dyck in Beyroot, a Mohammedan Mufti. One of his wives was ill, and he wished for medical advice. But all the conventional good-breeding he possessed was at risk, if he should insult the good physician by alluding to a female. So he commenced with the usual innumerable salutations, multiplying them all the more copiously by reason of the peril: "Good morning—may your day be happy—may God grant you help"—until he thought he had by compliment sufficiently paved the way to business. Then he proceeded: "Your Excellency must be aware I have a sick *man* in my house. May God give you blessing! Indeed, peace to your head! *Inshallah*, it is only a slight attack!" The amused missionary inquired what was the matter. "*He* has headache, pain in *his* back, and *he* will not eat." Of course immediate attendance was engaged: "I will come and see *her* this afternoon; who may it be?" The man fumbled, and out with it: "*Ajellak Allah*, it is my *wife*! May God increase your good! Good morning, sir!"

The concentration of fastidious contempt could seemingly go no farther than this. I am informed that it would not be genteel Arabic for one to begin, without using the same apologetic formula, if he intended to speak of a shoe, a dog, a hog, a donkey, or a woman. The whole notion of the female sex in Egypt and Palestine is degrading and ignoble. Fathers rejoice if a son is given them to keep up the family name; but one of their poets has

sung, what the people contentedly repeat: "The threshold weeps forty days whenever a girl is born."

A RECOGNITION AT LAST.

Just now there has been issued from the press a most admirable volume, written by Rev. Henry Harris Jessup, D. D., for nineteen years an honored and useful American Missionary in Syria. It is entitled *The Women of the Arabs*, and is published by Dodd & Mead of New York. It contains, within the compass of a duodecimo of nearly four hundred pages, a singularly interesting and valuable account of the actual condition of females among the Arabic-speaking races of the East, as well as of the worthy and efficient efforts, which from time to time have been made to relieve it.

It is hard to say which makes most impression in this book, its information or its pathos. So long have these poor, downtrodden women been without a defender or a friend, that now when one appears, the sensibilities are touched with the sincerity of championship. Day by day, in those desolate lands, the maiden bears her pitcher, and the matron turns the heavy stone of the mill. Nobody knows them; nobody cares for them. Uneducated, and without a chance, an opening, or a hope, they cannot get in an appeal. It makes one think of the amended verse about the stars: "No speech, no language—their voice is not heard." All that toil can attain, all that thrift can save, goes to the inevitable taskmaster to pay taxes, or is iniquitously seized by the Bedouins. Beaten, impoverished, worn and weary, this part of the Sultan's empire is the basest of kingdoms, and there the women are slaves.

It is interesting to know, as one of the most significant of all illustrations, that some years ago the attempt was made, by a famous musician in Europe, to represent in an orchestral composition what he intended to call "Souvenirs of the East." He introduced the many sounds which he heard in those countries. But so unutterably sad and wild were the strains, that the piece was rejected. One lonely and unchanging creak was evermore present in the windings of the harmony, the sound of the terrible instrument in Egypt for the

lifting of water, as the rude wheel turned upon its unoiled axle; and with it another, low and murmuring, from Palestine, as the mill bruised the corn for the thin loaf.

If one listens as he journeys, out in the fields where the men would be likely to be most jocund, and the women feel freest, he might at times hear the fellahin singing. The best tune they have is one called "The Song of the Harvest." But even this is a mere plaintive melody, the intervals of which are all minor. It is impossible for our voices, trained to the musical scale, to catch the strains so as to reproduce it. Digging, planting, rowing, the laborers will chant roughly; but the sound is like that of grown people crying. The land seems to weep and wail, as if under a divine visitation.

#### THE COMMON HUMANITY.

I once spent some curious and industrious days in Beyroot. I met the multitudes of common people face to face, at the exact point where they came most closely in contact with our forms of Christian civilization. We heard the daughters of heathen parents sing our American Sunday-school songs in their own language, to our tunes, and repeat the same prayers we had taught our little ones on the other side of the world. Of course, we had to rely on others much for interpretation, but we certainly saw with our own unbiased eyes.

I instituted somewhat diligent and extensive inquiries, seeking explanations of what I could not myself understand. I made frequent visits to the Christian schools there. And I feel quite ready to pronounce that men, women, and children are there, precisely as here, singing all the music of ordinary life with eight notes to the octave. They are debased, as all bad people are debased; they can be uplifted, as all enlightened good people are uplifted.

The countenances of the children are at times full of sprightliness and intelligence. Many of the girls in the schools had learned to speak English fluently, and so were accessible to conversation. I say soberly, there appeared no reason why these creatures in human form should not be considered human, precisely like the rest of our race. Degraded they are, but degraded they need not remain. A wealthy native merchant in that city once remarked: "The Europeans have a thing in

their country which we have not; they call it *ed-oo-ca-shion*, and I am anxious to have it introduced into Syria."

Some few little touches of nature interested me very much in the children. They have some of the same games we have in our own land. The girls play "puss, puss in the corner," and "pebble, pebble, (button) who's got the pebble?" and the boys play leap-frog, and the ordinary rings of marbles, as well as "tag" and base-ball.

But they seem deplorably poor, and it is a fact that they defy all description as to filthiness. It is a sage comfort sometimes to hear a missionary make a facetious remark. Good Mr. Williams, of Mardin, is recorded as having said that some of the children who came to him were so ragged and tattered that there was hardly cloth enough to their garments to make borders for the holes! And my own eyes can bear witness that the type of utter dilapidation in garments certainly resides somewhere in Egypt or Northern Palestine.

The very first effect of this wild, half vagrant life is to destroy self-respect. We do not need to cross the ocean to find that out; for do we not know what "street Arabs" are? Add to this the notion of abandoned hopelessness which the women have, and one can see where it leads the girls. One of the most pathetic instances of pure Orientalism that ever came to my knowledge is related as a positive fact. While the children of the Abeih school were playing together one day at recess, two small girls fell into pleasant dispute as to the size of a certain object—plaything, perhaps. One said, "Oh, it was so *very* little!" and the other asked, "How little?" Then the missionary looked out of the window, and heard her answer, "Why, a little wee thing." Then the other pressed her still further, "Well, *how* little?" to which the girl replied, unconscious of the poetry or the pathos of her comparison, "As little as was the joy of my father on the day I was born!"

#### THE VICES OF THE PEOPLE.

The general thriftlessness of all the aborigines in Oriental countries is noticeable to everybody who passes through. On our first visit to Jerusalem we were most surprisingly benefited by an instance of this sort. The entrances of the city are closed at sunset; we had been around on the Mount of Olives, and were belated. But we remembered that the Jaffa gate had



BLIND MEN BEGGING BY THE WAYSIDE.

experienced some affliction or other, so that it would not shut. Four years later, while we stood waiting in the rain, disconsolate and damp, for a most provoking season of delay, trying to get passage out to our tents, we recalled the preparations for repairs we had noticed so long ago. Now the trouble was that the old portal would not open on the new hinges only on one side. We drew the innocent conclusion that it might be possible this triumph of eastern enterprise would be witnessed at its full completion by some one even of this generation of old beggars sitting there to watch for alms in their pails.

For that is exactly the way in which they do sit—by generations. We know, for instance, that Bartimeus means "Son of Timeus," and some people say Timeus means *blind*; and it is very easy to make out three degrees of the Timeus descent, with the one Jesus healed for a start; he was "Son of Timeus, son of Timeus;" and so it would seem that they had the family stand a good while there at the gate of Jericho.

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There is a laziness indescribable which controls everybody. The white foot-paths through Syria are hedged in often with a dense growth of cactus and young pomegranate trees, beneath the scanty shade of which the inhabitants sit, squat like the letter N inverted, their knees drawn up till they fairly touch their chins, precisely as if their lean bodies were roughly hinged at only two points, and would fold up in the shape of what printers call "condensed type."

Of course the filthiness of some of these creatures matches their indolence. Men, not rarely, wear a single garment for six months without so much as removing it for even a night. And by that time one can conjecture its population is beyond census.

We saw more than once a line of human beings in single file along the narrow way, headed by three or four stalwart men, carrying only their long pipes, while behind them came as many women, young and old, having on their heads such loads of brush-wood, which they had somewhere gathered for fuel, that they actually staggered under the weight; and not one of these lords of creation even so much as cast a glance behind him. We frequently passed the ploughmen in the furrow, scratching the surface with the point of their mere stick for a share. And once we saw a camel and a cow yoked together; and once a woman and a donkey, while a man drove them with a sharpened goad.

How these wives can abide such cruelty, or ever stick to such brutes for husbands, passes ordinary comprehension. Yet there is at times some sort of real affection among them. They take a curious way of showing it also. A suddenly bereaved widow, in a village near Lebanon, refused to allow her house or her clothes to be washed for more than a whole year afterward. It was her own peculiar method of mourning. But one is ready to believe that it proved effective, and



### الصلاة الربانية

ابانا الذي في السموات. ليتقدس اسمك. ليأت ملكوتك.  
 لكن مشيئتك كما في السماء كذلك على الارض. خبزنا كفافنا  
 أعطنا اليوم. واغفر لنا ذنوبنا كما تغفر نحن ايضاً  
 للذين بنا. ولا تدخلنا في تجربة. لكن  
 نجنا من الشرير. لان لك الملك  
 والقوة والمجد الى الابد.  
 آمين

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN ARABIC.

drew around her a line of reserve which few would invade.

A kind of hand-to-mouth life it is that they all appear to lead. They do not cultivate the want of very many things, and a forward look is something they cannot comprehend. One generation succeeds another with no advance. Dr. De Forest once asked some men in B'hamdun, where they all suffered almost unendurably from the sun-glare, "Why do you never plant a tree?" And one extraordinarily illumined individual answered, as he solemnly removed his yard-long pipe, "We should not live till it was grown." "No," replied the doctor, "but your children would." "Let them plant it, then!" was the complacent answer; and the heated crowd of dozing by-sitters grunted a profound acquiescence in such wisdom.

### LYING AND PROFANITY.

An old man in Beyroot once warned the missionaries against trusting anybody in Palestine; for, said he, "if there are twenty-four inches of hypocrisy in this world, twenty-three of them are in Syria!" One of the nursery tales for children relates how, in the beginning of the world, Satan came down with seven bags of lies, which he intended to distribute in the seven kingdoms of the earth. The first night after he arrived on the planet, he slept in Syria, and opened one of the bags, letting the falsehoods loose. But when he fell fast asleep, some one came and opened all the rest of the bags; so that Syria really got more than her share!

But the most universal, and one would

fain believe, the most unconscious, vice among the Orientals is profanity. The use of God's name in common conversation is almost incredible. Its repetition is introduced, when not even a morbid taste for forcible expletives demands it. The ordinary salutations are only meaningless jumbles of prayer formulas. A more devout people would not seem easy to be found in this terrestrial ball, if one could only have a little confidence in their piety.

There is always something of venerableness in the habits of these Mohammedans. We watched them more closely at the

Mosque of Omar, in Jerusalem, than anywhere else. Their great deliberation in putting their shoes from off their feet, and their repeated bowings and prostrations, inspired reverence. But there is no use in trying to trust it.

"A man may cry church, church at every word,  
 With no more piety than other people;  
 A daw's not reckoned a religious bird,  
 Because he keeps a-cawing from a steeple."

We took one of the missionaries into our confidence, and had a decided *séance* with our dragoman, Mohammed Achmed. He used to pause to pray, with a dreadfully irritating hindrance to our progress, all the way up through Galilee. But in the two midnights, wild with storm, when our tents blew down over our heads so, beside the Sea of Tiberias, oh, how we did hear him pertinaciously swearing at the men outside! We put him to task when we found somebody whom we could trust among the vocables of Arabic. Then, too, we found out some things.

*Allah* means God, and *Yullah* means O God; *Inshullah* means, If God will; *Wullah* and *Bismillah* mean, In the name of God; *Hamdillah*, Praise to God. The rapidity and volubility with which men and women interject these oaths are simply inconceivable; equaled only, however, by the inveteracy with which they cling to them.

Dr. Post once rebuked an old sheikh for swearing so constantly; argued with him closely until the man engaged never to do it again. His choice oath was *Wullah*. But, in an instant more, out it came as usual. "There now," said the shocked Christian, "did you not promise? What is

your word worth? Will you pledge me never to say *Wullah* again?" And the penitent fellow, thoroughly abashed, replied most conscientiously, "*Wullah*, I will!"

Perhaps it is only the part of candor for me to state why I have so much feeling in this connection. I was betrayed on one occasion into a most shameful indiscretion. We started for the usual tourist-trip through the Holy Land, four Christian women, three ministers of the Gospel, one Sunday-school teacher, and a theological student;—all of us, of course, perfect patterns of propriety in our poor way. We were hardly out of the beautiful orchards of Jaffa, on our way to Upper Bethoron, the first day of tent-life, before Mohammed shouted *Yullah* to the beasts that bore us, the cry strained at the very top of his voice, to urge them forward.

Now we had been trying, modestly and by sundry little ingenuities of our own, to exhilarate the horses' spirits, having a vague notion that they might be Arab-ian—it seems they were. But we had long since become convinced that they did not understand the English language at all. The "chirrup," the "click," even the "get-up" of ordinary courtesy to the high-bred animals of our own land, made no more impression than boarding-school French makes in Paris. But the moment Achmed shouted *Yullah*,

and black Abdullah, the cook, repeated it, and our brilliant servant-boy, Hassan, echoed it, (and at the same moment deftly shied a persuasive stone at the leader,) all the cavalcade pricked up their ears, and started into a profound enthusiasm for as much as two minutes; then, of course, it all had to be done over again. But there was present gain and hopeful comfort in understanding we had discovered what was the thing to do in depressing exigencies.

So for thirty days we all rode on, and vociferated *Yullah* whenever things got dull. As we neared Beyroot—oh, how wearied, man and beast, and Mohammed's steed lying dead down just beyond Sidon!—we caught a far glimpse of the author of this new volume, Dr. Jessup himself, coming forth on horseback to meet us. If ever mortals were glad to see a dear friend, we were glad to see him then. We could not consent to be tame under such a welcome. Two or three of us knew him at a distance. Up went hat, and hand, and handkerchief to greet him as he cantered on. Then we put forth every effort to come in in style. Oh, if these jaded beasts would only comprehend the position! We whipped them and spurred—one happy man had a spur—alas! we shouted *Yullah*, like so many agitated Indians. We all shouted *Yullah*,

all the horse-arabic we knew, till the Syrian air quivered. Then we swung our green sun-umbrellas like faded banners, and screamed louder and louder. All this in honor of the missionary!

But it became evident he was not pleased. For he stopped short; he put up both his hands; he waved them deprecatingly; something was wrong. Yet a'! which that excellent mar said then was, "O friends, please stop saying *Yullah*!" And we did.

But we never recall our masterly approach to Beyroot that hot noon without an ignominious sense of profane failure. Dr. Jessup has told us since, with a hushed voice, that he never, before or since, saw such a platoon of whooping, swearing troopers entering the town, as we were. And so



A MARRIAGEABLE MAIDEN.

it may be understood we made that dragoon learn a lesson, when he had taught us to go blaspheming unconsciously, men and women, all the way through Palestine!

There seems little need to go over the rehearsals of particular vices among these Syrian people any further. The ordinary moralities have all given out. The Arabs themselves have a fable, which is just in point. They say a man once asked a camel what made his neck so crooked; and the beast answered—"My neck? Why do you ask me about my neck? Is there anything else straight about me, that led you to notice my neck?"

When the entire people lie debased beneath such degradation, unrelieved and disastrous, what can be hoped for the female sex, that lies lowest of them all! It seems inconceivable to our enlightened minds. One can imagine the shock which that excellent American lady received when the official report was sent her concerning the growth and behavior of a girl she was religiously supporting in one of the schools of the mission. Thus it ran: "She still *lies and swears* awfully; but she has greatly improved during the past two years, and we are much encouraged!"

#### EFFORTS FOR AMELIORATION.

It is the object of the volume to which I seek to call attention, to show what has already been attempted,—already been done,—to uplift the female sex, especially in Syria. The influence of the work done in northern Palestine has been felt in Egypt, and in all parts of the Turkish empire.

There is something inexplicable in the interest one immediately feels for this class of persons in the East. Their mysterious costume, covering them all up like a sheet; their ways of shrinking out of sight, like hunted animals;—everything one sees in them appeals to his sympathy. They do not avoid the men from delicacy, but from fear. It was at Bethany we first saw them at the grave, mourning. They turned their faces straight towards the stone, then flung their garments close over their persons, as if hurrying into a safe concealment. Type action is that of all their lives. They have come to recognize that they have no rights which men are bound to respect.

It seems a pity that sometimes even the endeavors to lift and benefit this depressed and ignorant class of fellow-beings result

at first in their greater suffering. Greediness of gain is the earliest passion invoked. When the Christian teachers, having received the girls into school, begin to become attached to them, the parents are quick to perceive a basis for beggary. They will keep their children away, and maltreat them, so as to force the benefactors to intercede for them with gifts, or be tortured by their pain.

Just so with older females. These avaricious men think they see *back-sheesh* in everything. They fawn upon foreigners for hope of it. Once a missionary noticed that no women were in his congregation upon the Lord's Day. He expostulated with his male hearers, and told them to bring their wives along. The next Sunday there they all were,



AN ARAB FLOWING.



THE WATER-CARRIER. SER ISA. 55: 1.

hosts of women, as meek and quiet as could be wished. The preacher was delighted; but knowing the perversity of the sex, he inquired how their husbands persuaded them so easily to come. And one of the doughty heroes replied,—“We had to *beat* them soundly all of us; then they consented!”

And far beyond this; the very protection extended to these abused creatures exasperates the wretches who have been accustomed to trample upon them with impunity. In this all sects of the male inhabitants unite. Few persons have any real notion of ill-temper, unreasoning injustice, obstinate passion, and cold-blooded cruelty, unless they have studied the character of ordinary Eastern men. Every one of them is naturally a despot. The hardest faces I have ever seen have been those of an oriental Pharisee, with his phylactery on his forehead, and a Mohammedan teacher, his whole figure inflated with pride and bigotry.

Such people instinctively beat women.

If they are restrained from open violence by personal fear, they will seek sneaking opportunity of inflicting injury, when no defender is by. Until a very recent period, woman-killing in Syria was not considered murder. The females could be poisoned, beaten to death, cast into the sea, thrown down wells,—and if no one of their relatives interfered, or commenced suit, the government made no inquisition in the matter. Even when, for the sake of gain, or possible feeling, a prosecution resulted in a verdict, all the murderer had to do was to pay the price of blood, which was fixed by law at thirteen thousand piastres, or about five hundred dollars. When, therefore, by the interposition of foreigners, the authorities are forced to take cognizance of these abuses as crimes to be punished, the old lords of soil feel as if their prerogatives were denied them, and hate women the more.

#### NEED OF CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION.

No one can make himself intelligent in the history of Syria during the last forty years, and then cherish confidence or keep up hopefulness in relation to the people there, with any other end in view than the civilization of the entire countries according to our Christian forms of life. No pressure on the governments will help them; no visit of the Sultan to Paris will raise them. The gospel sun must begin a new day, and rise in the East once more. It is notable how little the customs have changed since Bible times. Seven hundred and twelve years before the new song was heard, ushering in our era, from the Bethlehem hills, Isaiah wrote this verse, repeating the cry of the water-carrier: “Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!”

And there you will hear the same call to-day, as the man, with his skin-bag, claps the metal saucers together like a chime. And that is the call we must

echo there, until man is regenerated, and woman is free.

Meantime these social customs are actually changing. The living presence of families, constructed and maintained on Christian principles of equality between the sexes, becomes an invincible argument at once, and an illustration of a better method of life.

The most lamentable thing of all, in the domestic arrangements of these unhappy people, is the early age at which the girls are married. The Arabic journal, the "*Jenneh*," made a boast one day of having seen a grandmother of *twenty* years, herself having been married before she was *ten*! Dr. Meshakah, of Damascus, that venerable, white-bearded patriarch, with his little wife whom he married at *eleven* years of age, remarked that in his day young girls received no training at home; young men who wanted wives to please them, had to marry them early, so as to educate them to suit themselves. One of the scholars in the Beyroot Seminary came in at *eight* years of age, and remained for two years. At *ten* her parents sent for her, and took her away to be married. And one of the teachers records in a very artless way what carefulness they had getting her off, and sending her dolls with her!

Into all these customs a better notion is beginning to steadily press its way. The Europeans resident there are forcing a healthy public sentiment through all those lands, which must before long do some good to this despised and down-trodden sex. A most interesting incident occurred some time since in the old city of Hums, the influence of which is felt even to the present day.

In 1863 Dr. Jessup was invited up to perform the marriage ceremony of two Protestant young men, the first of the kind in that region. The grooms, Ibrahim and Yunis, came in to make arrangements. When they heard the form, as



WOMEN WEeping AT A TOMB.

read over to them, they expressed much surprise that the brides were going to be asked to say No and Yes in the course of it; indeed, they would need to be very careful, lest they should get the syllables in the wrong places. The minister proposed to go over to the residences of the girls, and give instructions to all at the same time. Against this they violently protested, saying they had never visited either bride's house when she was present, and it would be a grievous breach of decorum, if they were to do so. So Dr. Jessup alone went, with some of the girls' relatives to point out the place. But only the utmost diplomacy prevailed upon the girls to even see him; even then they were partly veiled.

But once in his presence, the women, and with them some married relatives likewise, were voluble enough, "Do you have the Communion before the ceremony?" "No." "Do you use the *Ikleel*, or crown, in the service?" He told them he sometimes used a ring, no crown. One of the



girls, unable to restrain her curiosity, burst out, "I hear that you ask the woman if she is willing to take this man to be her husband!" He answered, "Certainly." "Well, well," interrupted one of the old wives present, "if that rule had been followed in my day, I know of one woman who would have said *No*; but they never give us Greek women any such chance!"

At last each of the young people was made to understand that when, standing beside her groom, she should be asked if she knew any reason why she should not lawfully be united to him in marriage, she was to answer *No*; and then, when she should be asked if she took him for her wedded husband, she was to answer *Yes*. These replies they repeated over and over again, to guard against mistake. And the matrimonial rehearsal concluded with the remark of the before-mentioned irrepressible matron: "I should have put my *No* in the right place," said she, with a suggestive shrug of the shoulders.

All this gave any amount of gossip in the neighborhood. What caused deepest surprise was the announcement that the girl should have a right to say *Yes* or *No*. This was new doctrine for the ancient city of Heliogabalus. As was to be expected, the news soon spread through the town that on the next evening a marriage ceremony was to be performed by a Protestant minister, in which the bride was to have the privilege of refusing the man, if she wished. And what was a still greater affront to ideas of propriety in Hums, it was rumored that the wives were to walk home from the church, *in company with their husbands*! This was too much; and certain of the young men threatened a mob, in case of so flagrant an assertion of woman's rights.

The day arrived, and with it such a crowd as never before filled that dwelling. With the brides came a great train of women, sheeted and veiled, carrying candles, and singing. At last the company got into place, and in a measure into silence. Here occurred a difficulty. The

two brides were all covered up with veils indistinguishably. Ibrahim was slender and tall, at least six feet three; but Yunis was short and thick-set; and one of the young women was tall; and the other even shorter than Yunis. There was no relief from the embarrassment, and Dr. Jessup arranged them symmetrically, tall and tall, short and short, and went ahead.

He says he delivered a practical address, and "improved" on the occasion. No Methodist exhorter ever got more extraordinary responses than he from his Hums audience. "That is so." "That is news in *this* city." "Praise to God," exclaimed a hopeful old crone, "women are something after all, Mashullah!"

After he had concluded his harangue, he turned and began impressively, "Ibrahim, do you take—" when suddenly one of the old women cried out, "Stop, stop, Khowadji, you have got the wrong bride by that man; he is to marry the short girl!" They made a genial interchange, though it destroyed the look of the thing, and went through successfully with the mighty monosyllables without mistake. Then all waited for the crowd to disperse. But the curiosity was too great, and at last the two brother missionaries rigged up



JEW WITH PHYLACTERY.

their lanterns, seized their heavy canes, and walked home, first with Ibrahim and wife, then with Yunis and wife, one on each side. And the crowd were a little afraid of the two Khowadjis with their sticks, and had to be contented with mere jokes and laughter.

Nine years after this, when on a visit to Hums, this same missionary records that these happy Christian families, with their children, met him at the door of the church.

Many are the weddings that now take place in that dull old town. Maidens wear their dowry in rows of silver coins on their foreheads as they used to. But the men that seek them know full well by this time that the lips can say No and Yes, in such ways as that they must abide by the decision, and all Hums keep silence when they speak.

#### GENERAL RESULTS THUS FAR.

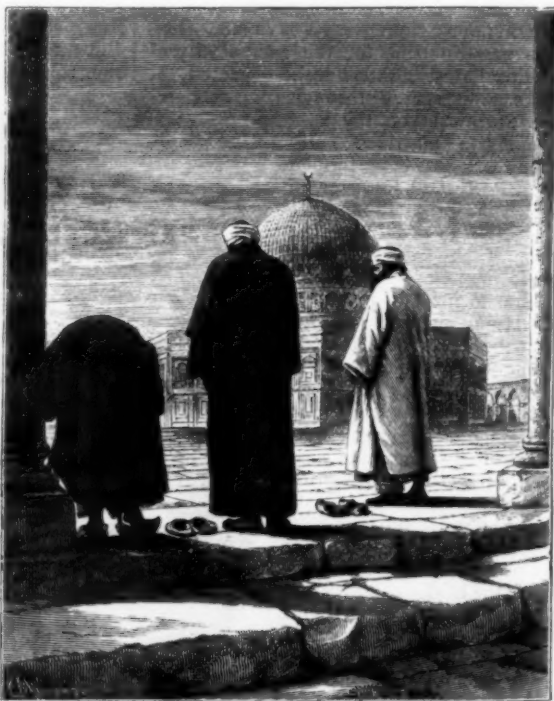
It hardly seems consistent with the limits, perhaps not with the character, of this paper, to attempt to rehearse what has really been accomplished among the women of the Arabs. No one of us, even in politest circles, would be harmed, if he left off now the apologetic, *Ajellak Allah*.

I have been interested beyond the power of expression in the histories of Rufka Gregory, Luciya Shekur, Raheel, and Miriam the Aleppine. It seems a miracle performed when one sees this low, desolate life coming up through the night to the light. On the whole, those photographed groups of Christian families are the most affecting pictures the sun ever traced. The sweet, new life of parents and children; the unmistakable honor and reverence for the mother which the father cherishes; the uncringing, frank face of the small child, nowise humiliated because she must grow up a woman,—these tell their own tale.

My office is performed, if I have succeeded in turning attention to the volume, and awakening a wish to possess it.

Only one more living evidence may be of interest. Raheel Bistany's little daughter died; Werdeh, one of the educated pupils of the Beyroot Seminary, wrote a poem, lamenting the loss. The Arabic version, that is, her own actual composition, is in my hands, electrotyped by the American press in Beyroot. I annex it here, to show at once:—how finely science has driven itself in here with the high appliances of civilized life in a heathen city, where such exquisite work of typography can be produced—and how well an Arab girl (*Ajellak Allah*!) can show her training, give her but a fair chance.

A musical translation (printed below the poem) is given by Dr. Jessup, which he vouches for as literal. The sweet Christian spirit, as well as the literary merit is to be noted.



MOSLEMS AT PRAYER.

قالت ترني سارة بنت المعلم بطرس البستاني

يا بين وبجك هل بقيت في البشر عينا بلا دمة حرّى ولا كدر  
 وهل تركت بذى الدنيا لنا كبنا سليمة وفوادا غير منقطر  
 قطفت زهرة بستان ستنبت في روض الجنان نظير الانجم الزهر  
 وبجي على غصن بان مال منكسرا وائي قلب عايبه غير منكسر  
 يا من مضت وهي عني غير غائبة وخصها لم يفت سمعي ولا بصري  
 تبكي على فقدك الأثر اب دمع دم اغنت ثراك به عن مدبح المطر  
 قد كنت بين بنات العصر جوهرة عطية الشان تريرى اضل اندرير  
 ابن اللغات وابن العلم واسفا لم يترك البين من عين ولا اثر  
 يا وىج قلب أب يبيكي ووالدة حزينه تستعوض النوم بالسهر  
 ان كنت سرت عن الابصار نازحة فان شخصك في الأكباد لم ير  
 لبست ثوب يياض في النعيم كما ألست كل حزين أسود الحبر  
 يا قبر اكرم فتاة فيك قد نزلت كريمة من ذوات الطهر والحفر  
 سارت بغير وداع سارة عجلا فهل سلام لها ياتي من السفر  
 يا نمة مالما من يقطه انا وغيبة مالها في الدهر من حضر  
 ان لم نعد نخونا يوما فنحن غدا نسعى اليها ولو كنا على حذر

WERDEN'S ARABIC FORM, LAMENTING THE DEATH OF SARAH BISTANY.

THE TRANSLATION.

Oh sad separation! Have you left among mortals,  
 An eye without tears, hot and burning with sorrow?  
 Have you left on this earth a heart without anguish,  
 Or a soul unharrowed with grief and emotion?  
 Thou hast plucked off a flower from our beautiful garden.  
 Which shall shine like the stars in the gardens celestial.  
 Who is me! I have lost a fair branch of the willow  
 Broken ruthlessly off. And what heart is *not* broken?  
 Thou hast gone, but from me thou wilt never be absent.  
 Thy person will live in my sight and my hearing.  
 Tears of blood will be shed by fair maids thy companions.  
 Thy grave will be watered by tears thickly falling.  
 Thou wert the fair jewel of Syrian maidens,  
 Far purer and fairer than pearls of the ocean.

Where now is thy knowledge of language and science?  
 This sad separation has left to us nothing.  
 Ah, woe to the heart of fond father and mother,  
 No sleep, naught but anguish and watching in sorrow  
 Thou art clad in white robes in the gardens of glory.  
 We are clad in the black robe of sorrow and mourning  
 Oh, grave, yield thy honors to our pure lovely maiden,  
 Who now to thy gloomy abode is descending!  
 Our Sarah departed, with no word of farewell,  
 Will she ever return with a fond word of greeting?  
 Oh, deep sleep of death, that knows no awaking!  
 Oh, absence that knows no thought of returning!  
 If she never comes back to us here in our sorrow,  
 We shall go to her soon. "Twill be but to-morrow!

## AGASSIZ.

ONCE in the leafy prime of Spring,  
When blossoms whitened every thorn,  
I wandered through the Vale of Orbe  
Where Agassiz was born.

The birds in boyhood he had known  
Went flitting through the air of May,  
And happy songs he loved to hear  
Made all the landscape gay.

I saw the streamlet from the hills  
Run laughing through the valleys green,  
And as I watched it run, I said  
"This *his* dear eyes have seen!"

Far cliffs of ice his feet had climbed  
That day outspoke of him to me;—  
The avalanches seemed to sound  
The name of *Agassiz*!

And, standing on the mountain crag  
Where loosened waters rush and foam,  
I felt, that though on Cambridge side,  
He made that spot my home.

And looking round me as I mused,  
I knew no pang of fear, or care,  
Or homesick weariness, because  
Once Agassiz stood there!

I walked beneath no alien skies,  
No foreign heights I came to tread,  
For everywhere I looked, I saw  
His grand, beloved head.

His smile was stamped on every tree,  
The glacier shone to gild his name,  
And every image in the lake  
Reflected back his fame.

Great keeper of the magic keys  
That could unlock the guarded gates,  
Where Science like a Monarch stands,  
And sacred Knowledge waits—

Thine ashes rest on Charles's banks,  
Thy memory all the world contains,  
For thou could'st bind in human love  
All hearts in golden chains!

Thine was the heaven-born spell that sets  
Our warm and deep affections free,—  
Who knew thee best must love thee best,  
And longest mourn for thee!



## THE HEIRESS OF WASHINGTON.

WHEN Congress, at its second session, held at New York in the mid-summer of 1790, voted to give to George Washington the selection of a site on the Potomac for the national capital, that selection was not only left to the successful General, who had just brought the nation safely through the fires of Revolution, but to the Surveyor, who, as a young man, had spent his early life mapping out the plantations on its banks. Nearly forty years before, young Washington, accompanying Braddock to his sad defeat, had encamped on the very spot where the Washington Observatory now stands. As the young aide-camp looked out from the door of his tent at even-tide, he remarked on the favorable character of such a location for the site of a great city. Since that day, Arlington, so beautiful for situation that de Tocqueville has said that no place in Europe possessed a lovelier prospect, had come into his possession by marriage. No day passed that he did not look across the stately Potomac upon those forest-bearing hills, now crowned by the public buildings of the Capitol, and crowded with the homes of more than a hundred thousand people. Those hills rose just across the river against the lower edge of his own plantation, and the two families that lived opposite each other, often exchanged visits; and on Sundays they always met in the Episcopal church of Alexandria. His daily contemplation of this place made him fully aware of its natural advantages as the site of the future metropolis. The two branches of the Potomac, between which the city is situated, promised ample room for that commerce which the first President always expected to centralize in his favorite city. Alexandria and Georgetown, places of large size for that day of small things, were to constitute its suburbs, and were expected to be, as they have been, swallowed up in the superior greatness of their common center. Nor is it unlikely that that observant mind was at all unconscious of the influence of the proximity of a large city on the



DAVID BURNS'S COTTAGE.

value of the plantation belonging to his wife, on which he then lived, and which was afterwards to descend to his foster-children, the Custises.

During the winters of 1790-91 Washington was busily engaged with the four planters who lived on the left bank of the Potomac, settling the terms on which they would consent that their plantations should become the site of the future capital. It would seem as if no great exertion would be required to induce these gentlemen to agree to exchange their boundless acres of forest and half-tilled plantation for the crowded and valuable squares of what was expected to be the largest city on the continent. But David Burns,—“that obstinate Mr. Burns,” as Washington called him,—who owned the whole of the west end of Washington, was for some time opposed to the arrangement. For three generations, he and his ancestry had lived on that spot and had acquired a wealth that old Scotland had denied them. The place was originally laid out as a plantation of six hundred acres; and so small did that amount of land then seem that it bore the name of the Widow's Mite. But by degrees the place grew and enlarged till it stretched from Georgetown to where the Capitol now stands. In 1790, its owner



was the justice of the peace for the whole neighborhood and somewhat choleric withal. And tradition relates that when the President was one day telling him of the great advantages of the proposed plan, old Burns gruffly burst out—"I suppose, Mr. Washington, you think people here are going to take every grist from you as pure grain; but what would you have been, if you hadn't married the widow Custis?"

The southern border of the Burns plantation was a little stream, still flowing below the Capitol, well-known to every Washington boy as the Tiber, and to every classical scholar there as the Yellow Tiber. During the past winter, that stream has been walled and covered in, so that its waves no longer greet the light till they reach those Botanical gardens where Congressional horticulture flourishes at national expense. On the very spot where the Capitol now towers by the side of that little stream, lived, generations ago, an old gentleman, who was extremely fond of a practical joke. His own name was Pope; his plantation he therefore christened by the name of Rome, and the stream at the foot of the hill where he dwelt he called the Tiber. Very frequently did he bore his guests with the oft-told tale that America, as well as Europe, had its Pope, dwelling at Rome, on the banks of the Tiber! How it would have delighted his honest old heart, could he have foreseen that the ground where he then dwelt would



MARIA VAN NESS. (FROM AN OLD PORTRAIT.)

in other days be known as the Capitoline Hill.

It required some time and much talking to reconcile all the diverse elements; but at last David Burns and his plantation-neighbors consented that their homesteads should be converted into the capital of the nation. One half of the land was to be given up to the public, the old proprietors to retain the other half. For all lands taken for public uses, they were to be allowed one hundred dollars for every acre and a half. Major L'Enfant, a French engineer of note, was selected to lay out the new city. He made his streets run due North and South and named them after the numerals; or else due East and West, designated alphabetically. The French minister of that day remarked to Gen. Washington that his engineer must be an infant in mind as well as name to



THE VAN NESS MANSION.

call his streets A, B, C, and 1, 2 and 3.

David Burns, planter, Justice of the Peace, owner of the many broad acres that lay between Georgetown and the present site of the Capitol, lived in a small cottage, a little back from the river, on the square now lying between 17th and 18th streets. That planter's mansion of the last century still stands, as represented on our page, under the shadow of its overhanging trees, and is still kept in good repair by its present owner. Here Mr. Burns, who had but lately lost his wife, was bringing up his two children, just passing out of their teens, when President Washington insisted on thrusting a great fortune upon them. The old gentleman had dedicated his son to the law, but the young gentleman's health had failed, and he passed away to a better world just as population was beginning to pour itself over the parental plantation. His death left the young lady sole heiress to all that part of Washington, now occupied by the White House, the Treasury, the Observatory, the Patent Office, the Post Office, the Smithsonian, the Agricultural buildings, and the aristocratic mansions of H, I, and M streets. The conversion of this large plantation into the squares of a city that was to be the metropolis of the nation, made Miss Burns the wealthiest *partie* then living in this country. The presence of Congress close by her doors, held in a small place, where there was almost no society, brought to her feet scores of Congressional bachelors. They had not the slightest objection to taking charge of the fair form and large fortune of the rich heiress. Politics was discussed in the Capitol; love, in the cottage of David Burns. For the young lady was just nineteen and very beautiful. Her complexion was one of dazzling fairness, her eyes full of playful fire; but her most attractive feature was the air of goodness that continually dwelt upon her face. Always at ease and always trying to put others at ease, lovely, quick-witted and cultured, Miss Maria Burns would have been the belle of society in any city on the continent; at Washington she was its queen.

It would hardly be fair to the memory of the gay young gentlemen of the Congress of 1802 to state how many of them failed in their attempts to secure the great prize.

It is more to our purpose to relate that among the gallant members of the first Congress that ever assembled at Washington was the Hon. John P. Van Ness, of New York. He belonged to that patrician and aristocratic family that then occupied the magnificent country-seat of Lindenwald, subsequently owned by Mr. Van Buren. Mr. Van Ness had been educated at Columbia College, and had studied for the law, but had been forced by ill-health to give up its practice. He was now a representative in Congress, thirty years of age, of fair talents, and, what is of no less importance in the eyes of young ladies, of handsome



THE MAUSOLEUM.

and commanding appearance. His family and Congressional standing gave him prestige in society: his abilities confirmed the favorable impressions his manly looks created: and he was much aided by the influence of his political friends. The disposition of the greatest fortune then in the matrimonial market was the object of much speculation among those whose thoughts were supposed to be given to legislation. Mr. Vice-President Aaron Burr, then of unspotted reputation, was one of his staunchest supporters. While General Van Ness was closely pressing

the besieged fortress, with some hopes of success, David Burns died, leaving his daughter the sole owner of a goodly number of slaves, and the most valuable piece of rising real estate in the United States. The poor girl was now solitary enough. Father, mother, and brother had all passed away, and she dwelt alone in the little cottage by the river-side. Circumstances forced her to a decision, and on the 9th of May, 1802, the day she attained her twentieth year, she surrendered her name and fortune to her handsome suitor. Mr. Van Ness ceased to represent New York, and became the owner of more than half of Washington.

One of the earliest acts of the new proprietor of the plantation was the erection of a large and costly house, built out of the sales of land that passed to the nation and to individuals. In its day it was the most expensive private mansion in the United States; it was the first in which hot and cold water was carried to all the chambers. Latrobe, the architect of the White House, drew the plans, and superintended the erection. It is said that even Mr. Van Ness, extravagant as he naturally was, was horrified by the continual calls for money for the new building, and at last remonstrated strongly with the architect. Mr. Latrobe coolly replied, "That's your business, to find the money. I have nothing to do but draw the plans, and build the house." Beneath its capacious basements are the largest and coolest wine-vaults in the country; and it was in these dark recesses that it was the original intention of the conspirators who afterwards assassinated Mr. Lincoln, to conceal their captive, had they succeeded in their original plan of capturing him alive.

The house, when built, was consecrated by its owner to hospitality. No other mansion in this country has opened its doors to so many and such illustrious guests. Monroe and Madison, Clay and Calhoun, Webster and Hayne were the friends of her husband, and her frequent visitors. From Washington to Jackson there was not a President of the United States who was not her friend and guest. General Van Ness was fond of display; the sale of the plantation had given him ample means; and nothing pleased him more than to see the political aristocracy of all parties crowded round his ample board. But his wife, while meeting all the claims that fashion and wealth could present, led an inner life

of much religious beauty. The loveliness and simplicity of her original nature remained unchanged until death. Wealth never corrupted her; prosperity never withheld her hand from the wants of the deserving poor. For thirty years her house was the center of Washington's best social life. Her husband's position, as Mayor of the capital, constrained him to a continued hospitality in which he took great delight. But her real happiness was found in other things. Religion, and charity, and the care of the orphan were never forgotten by her; her life was a train of unostentatious charities. In riper years her heart was fixed on the training of her daughter, and she made it her own work to educate that daughter for all the realities of life. It was part of the daily duty of both to read together the Word of God, and together to meditate on its solemn truths. They were congenial minds; and neither the difference of age nor the overflowing happiness of youth ever led the fair daughter away from her mother, or her religious duties. And when marriage came, and Miss Van Ness became Mrs. Middleton, the lonely mother could cheerfully see her daughter depart, for she well knew how fitted was that daughter for all that life or death could bring. Death soon came in the train of childbirth; and when the daughter and her little infant descended into the grave, the mother's heart descended with them. For the family was built one of the most beautiful mausoleums ever constructed in this country;—perhaps, at the time of its erection, the most beautiful. It was the exact pattern of the pillared temple of Tivoli. All that part of H Street, then on the outskirts of the city, now its very center, the mother dedicated to religious uses. At the right of the grave rose the Church of the Ascension, for which she gave the land; on its left the Washington Orphan Asylum, to which she gave not only the land, but four thousand dollars. Between these two buildings, the one consecrated to religion, the other to charity, was erected the mausoleum that was to await her decease.

Death came to her at last, as it comes to all; but not until she had enjoyed all the pleasure that wealth, or society, or fashion can give, and found how frail and worthless they are when compared with religion or affection. She died in September, 1832, when she was just fifty years of age; and she received, what no other woman in the United States has ever received, the honors

of a public burial. Just as the funeral train was about to move, a delegation of the citizens of Washington entered the room, where her remains were lying in state, bearing with them a silver plate, with the following inscription: "The citizens of Washington, in testimony of their veneration for departed worth, dedicate this plate to the memory of Maria Van Ness, the excellent consort of J. P. Van Ness. If piety, high principle, and exalted worth could have arrested the shafts of fate, she would still have remained among us, a bright example of every virtue. The hand of death has removed her to a purer and happier state of existence, and while we lament her loss, let us endeavor to emulate her virtues." The long procession then passed away from her former home to her grave between the church and the asylum. At the gate of the asylum stood its little inmates in line, while the procession passed through the midst of them. After the body had been placed in what should have been its last abode, the orphans came to strew the grave with branches of weeping willow.

"What should have been its last abode?" The place she herself chose between the church and the orphanage. Here were gathered the last remains of her husband, her child, grandchild, and herself. Of all her large estate in Washington she asked only a grave; and her request has been denied. For forty years her body lay in the place of her own selection, but without a friend or relative to guard that sacred dust. In these forty years Washington had grown from a city of eighteen thousand inhabitants to one of one hundred and ten thousand. Land had greatly increased in value, and could not be spared for purposes of sepulture. The tomb was, therefore, left in such neglect that its removal was demanded as a sanitary measure. The bodies were exhumed by strangers, and carried to Georgetown, and the mausoleum removed with them. The pecuniary value of that last resting-place has now returned to stranger heirs, who loved the place of her grave better than her memory or her wishes.

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GABRIELLE.

Now hovering near, now sought afar,  
Beauty is still my guiding star;  
Stirred by a strange, sweet discontent,  
I greet its fair embodiment.

As sparkling-faced Callirhoë,  
Born of the splendor of the sea,  
Uprose to meet the golden morn,  
So was her untold beauty born.

She wins by soft, bewitching smiles,  
Shy glances, sweet, provoking wiles;  
For by some subtle sense the maid  
Knows how, and when, your heart's waylaid.

Foregoing wealth, forgetting fame,  
We bow to one celestial flame,  
Wherewith,—through Love's anointed eyes,—  
On earth we enter Paradise.

Beware, and make no sudden sign;  
When to be bold who shall divine  
Where Nature, storing all her grace,  
Here pours it in one matchless face?

## KATHERINE EARLE.

BY ADELINE TRAFTON.



"I—I AM SURE I WISH YOU WELL," SHE SAID, HESITATINGLY.

## CHAPTER X.

WHERE MORE IS MEANT THAN MEETS THE EAR.

BUT Dacre did not go. The days passed on, heavy yet sweet, like the scent of tropical flowers,—idle summer days beside a summer sea,—and Katey met him continually—sometimes as they rolled along the wide, smooth avenue, themselves no insignificant part of the brilliant pageant spread out here upon a bright afternoon; sometimes as they came like mermaids out of the sea; or more often in the twilight, when they sat in unpremeditated state to receive their visitors, enthroned in the bright red chairs upon the veranda. He was always alone. Where are the friends for whom he has staid? Katey thought, wondering not a little over his forlorn appearance. But at sight of them his dark face would brighten for the moment, the cloud of discontent or ill-humor being dispelled by Delphine's cheerful greeting. Katey was still chary of her smiles. He seemed to her like a dark spot upon the beautiful landscape. "I think he is unhappy," Delphine said. But Katey believed that he moped: and to mope when one is young and strong seemed to her the

height of folly, if not of sin. Often he lingered for a moment beside them; then she would try to be gracious, remembering her promise to Delphine, but utterly failing in the attempt. Her manners had not yet hardened into the crust which we all wear later in life. So far, every emotion, every prejudice would show through.

"You do not like me," he said boldly, one night, finding her upon the veranda alone.

"Why should I?" she replied; then, frightened at herself, she added, quickly, "Why should I not?"

"I commend your wisdom," and he threw himself down upon the steps at her feet, "but I wish you would."

He quite forgot the connection between his sentences, as he raised to her the face which appeared almost boyish in the softening light. There was a laugh upon his lips; but the depth and pleading of his eyes gave it the lie.

Katey stared, the warm color flying into her face. This was not at all as the young men she had met were accustomed to address her. "I—I am sure I wish you well," she said, hesitatingly, and with a quaver of embarrassment in her voice. It



was a stiff, old-fashioned sentence, and sounded prim and strange in her own ears; but the words were the first which came to her.

"So you do your bitterest enemy, I suppose," he replied. "Only you can have no enemy, I know," he added gently.

Then Delphine appeared, with a flutter and sweep of soft muslin and lace, and Katey breathed again. But he bent over her hand when he rose to say good-night. "We are to be friends; you are not angry?" he asked in a low voice.

"O no, no;" Katey replied, hurriedly, drawing her hand away. What if Delphine should see? Which question had she answered? She hardly knew.

They sat here until the darkness enveloped them and the stars twinkled down; but Katey did not tell Delphine what had passed between Dacre and herself. And, indeed, was there anything to tell? But the ice in her heart had begun to melt. What were his boyish pride and superciliousness that she should have remembered them, all these years? she thought, reproaching herself that night, when she was taking off her ornaments and letting down her hair. Once during the evening Dobry had passed the open door with a lamp in her hand; the flaring rays of light had fallen upon his face. How sad it was! Katey forgot that she had said he moped, as she gave him a sigh from the depths of her gentle heart. Yes, the ice was beginning to melt.

This marked the commencement of a new order of events. He began now to appear at the cottage at all hours of the day, and some which verged upon the night. He leaned over the sill of the low bay-window, and drank coffee with them in the morning. He ferreted out an old guitar from some dingy shop in the town, and sang quaint, weird songs in the twilight to a low accompaniment, which set strange chords to vibrating in Katey's heart; he walked, and rode, and bathed in their company; he became, in more senses than one, Katey's shadow. But she made use of every innocent artifice to avoid meeting him alone. What might he not say? After that first evening all dreadful possibilities seemed open to him. She had had no experience with lovers. She did not even question in her own mind if it were love he meant, though she was so shy of meeting him; and yet, after a time, she was conscious of a bond between them.

"You will do this, I know," he said, one day, asking some slight favor, worthless in itself.

"Why will I?" and Katey opened her great eyes upon him.

He bent over the fastening of her glove, "Because—O, I don't know; I wish you would." And she did it.

She was a foolish Katey. So she confessed to herself a little later, when the bond had strengthened more and more, and held her like a chain. Delphine, seeing the play go on after her own heart, rejoiced inwardly, looking farther into the future than Katey, who hardly realized that her feet were snared, so pleasant was the land about her.

"You do not wish him to go away now, —to do well a long way off?" she said archly, one day. The temptation to triumph over the success of her little scheme was too great, for the moment, to be resisted.

Katey's brown cheek flamed crimson. "I wish—I don't know what I wish." She rose hurriedly, and went out of the room. What did Delphine mean? What was it all—the summer, the strange charm, and yet pain, which had stolen into her life? How would it end? For the summer was almost over. Only a few days more, and they would go their several ways—Delphine back to her city home, she to try her own strength, which seemed feeble enough as the time drew near. Reluctantly Delphine had given her consent, and Katey had sought and found a position in a school—three hundred miles, at least, from Delphine's home. Even Jack's unwilling sanction had at last been gained. She was to leave before the others. And Dacre? How little she knew of his life! Why did she doubt him so at times? Where would he go? Should she ever see him again? As the time drew near when they were to separate, his manner became more and more strange and variable, his moods beyond all comprehension. "I am a wretch, Katey," he said one day, in so humble and hopeless a tone that Katey's tender heart was touched with pity for the warm-hearted, wayward boy, whom nobody welcomed, as Delphine had said, and whom nobody tried to save. What was the cloud that hung over him? If she only dared ask! Could it be that there was something in his past life which he shrank from telling,—something which haunted him, and yet of which he could

not speak? To Katey, whose innocent history was like a chained book in an old chapel, the leaves of which any one might turn at will, the thought was too dreadful to be entertained. Who were his friends and associates? Even Delphine confessed that she had failed to learn. Certainly he had none here save themselves. "But he will go home now," Mrs. Estemere said, to ease her mind of a sharp doubt as to the wisdom of the intimacy she had fostered and encouraged; "he will go home to his father's house." It was only a few days before that he had spoken of it.

Dacre and Katey strolled on up the narrow streets of the old town. "Yes, I am a wretch," he repeated. It seemed as though he would say more; but he checked himself.

"One would think you had broken all of the commandments," Katey spoke lightly, but there was an anxious tone in her voice.

"I believe I have forgotten what they are," he replied, with a little bitter laugh.

"Don't," said Katey, "it hurts me to hear you speak so."

Some one turned the corner in their faces at that moment—a gentleman, not young, as girls of twenty reckon youth, of medium height, squarely built, with a strong, frank face, shaded on either side by a heavy, red-brown beard. A pair of keen, gray eyes, under a heavy forehead, were fastened for an instant upon Katey's pained, anxious face, with its frame of pretty, dark hair and soft violet ribbons. Ah! he thought, is it so? reading a story in the sweet, girlish countenance, which wore no mask. As his glance passed quickly to Dacre, his forehead gathered into a frown; he almost checked his steps, then he half bowed, and passed on.

Katey, too, had made, involuntarily, a movement to stop. "Who was it?" she asked, startled into forgetfulness of what had gone before. "He recognized you; I thought he was going to speak."

But Dacre had been too much absorbed to notice. "I don't know;" and he looked back carelessly. "More likely it was you who caught his eye. I only wonder that he passed on."

Katey did not smile over the flattery implied in his words. She was lost in thought. She was haunted by the expression of the man's face. Why had he scowled upon Dacre? Delphine said the world had judged him harshly. How

or why, Katey had never asked. So the world looked coldly upon him! She had never realized what that could mean until now, when she felt her face grow hot. She laid her hand timidly in his arm. "I believe I am tired," she said, by way of excuse.

His face brightened at once. The unhappy mood vanished like the sudden disappearance of a morning fog. They went on up the tortuous streets and broad, shaded avenues, and he at least, was gay as though no care or regret had ever rested on him.

He left her at Josie Durant's door. But Josie had gone over to Mrs. Estemere's cottage; so Katey walked slowly home across the lawn, saddened in spite of herself, and full of vague fears. Perhaps it was old, childish habit revived, perhaps it was one of those strange premonitions which no one can explain, but foremost in her mind at this moment pressed the question, What will Jack say?

As if to answer for himself he met her face to face as she stepped upon the veranda. He had arrived while she was out. Dear old Jack! The freckles were gone now, the forehead was broad, and whiter than Katey's where the short, dark curls shaded it. The eyes still glinted like sparks of fire. Katey's heart warmed with pride and pleasure at sight of him. He seized and kissed her with affectionate roughness, and drew her through the long, open window into the pretty little drawing-room where Delphine sat alone.

"What is this about your going away so soon?" he asked.

"I don't know, only I am going to-morrow," Katey replied.

"Nonsense!" Jack was still chary of words; but there is force as well as wit in brevity.

"So I tell her," Delphine hastened to add. Though in truth, Delphine had never uttered so brief a sentence. "It is a foolish whim; I supposed, of course, she would stay with us until she married."

"But if I shouldn't marry?"

"Everybody marries," Delphine replied, "except women with spheres, and those who are born to be old maids."

"I wonder if Elsie Bird was born to be an old maid?" said Katey thoughtfully. "Delphine, how lovely she was in spirit and in all her ways!"

"Her lover died, I believe," Delphine answered.

Jack had thrown himself into an easy

chair and lit a cigar, for the cozy little drawing-room was smoking-room as well, unbounded liberty being the rule in Delphine's home. "For Heaven's sake, Katey," he broke in now, "don't be a woman with a sphere, or I'll disown you."

"I have no desire to be a woman with a sphere," returned Katey, "and I have been very happy with Robert and Delphine, and I should like to come and stay with you and Josie by and by, I am sure, only I should like to do something for myself first. Do let me try it for a little while. Delphine has been too kind. I do nothing but dress and fold my hands, and try to look pretty, and I believe I am tired of it. I want to do a bit of real hard work, as—as I used to," she added, with a little quaver in her voice, thinking of the old home and the cares which had rested upon the girlish shoulders.

"Well, but why can't you work here?" persisted Jack. "Where are all the fold-erols women busy themselves about? Where's your sewing?"

"Delphine puts out our dresses, and the seamstress in the house does the rest. I do sew, just to make myself busy sometimes; and sometimes I dust the drawing-room, though she says one of the servants could do it as well. Jack!" Katey turned upon him suddenly, "How should you like to saw wood, for instance, simply for the sake of doing something, when no one wanted the wood?"

"Wouldn't do it," returned Jack. Then removing his cigar, "but some one always does want the wood. You can give it away, you know."

"Yes," assented Katey, slowly. "And I could work for charity, I suppose. But,—I can't. I don't feel called. I don't know any poor people, and I don't enjoy societies; I cannot attend meetings—women's meetings, I mean. Perhaps I am wicked, but I want to laugh always. And as for holding an office—"

"But some one is obliged to," interrupted Delphine, who was herself vice-president of a benevolent society.

"Yes, I know," replied Katey, "but they enjoy it. They feel it a duty as well, but they like it. Indeed, that is one sign of a true call to any work, I think. And I haven't it, Jack,—I haven't it at all." And Katey, upon the hassock at his feet, clasped her hands around her knees in childish fashion, and turned so sorry a face to him with this confession that Jack laughed

aloud. The idea of Katey sitting gravely in committee or presiding over a meeting of any kind was too absurd to be considered.

Delphine, however, viewed the matter more seriously. "But you need not attend societies in order to exercise charity," she said. "There is Janie Home who visits regularly the families in the lower part of the village where she has gone to live; sees that their houses and their families are neat, and—"

"What impertinence!" exclaimed Katey. "Think of walking into people's houses without right or invitation, and advising in family affairs, simply because their doors are narrower and dirtier than ours!"

Jack laughed again.

"It is so; is it not?" Katey went on, appealing to him. "I took Delphine's place one week last winter and went with one of her friends down through the back streets of the town as a visiting committee. We were to ring each bell and call upon every family if possible, find out if they attended church, and if their children were in Sunday-school. I don't know how the others proceeded, but I apologized at every door for the intrusion, and felt that it was only natural and just when a tall, raw-boned woman barred our entrance to one house, and said, with a kind of enraged self-respect, 'An' what if I don't, Miss?' in answer to our question."

"But you should not have done so," said Mrs. Estemere. "I always make some excuse, or ask permission to go in. Then I speak to the children, give them candy, and if there is a pot of flowers or a print to ornament the room, notice that, and so gradually approach the object of my visit."

"But Delphine, dear, what if a stranger should walk into your drawing-room, admire Launce, feed him with chocolate-creams, which you know always make him ill, criticise your Gérôme, comment upon the weather, and crown all with a modest hope that you were using these blessings without abusing them, and were fitting yourself for another and better world, saying that it was to express this hope she had called! I am sure you would ask the servant to show her the door."

"But that is different," laughed Delphine. "They do not often resent our visits."

"Then they can have no self-respect," persisted Katey

Delphine shook her head. "It may be so sometimes," she said, "but we often find poor, forlorn, broken-spirited creatures, who are only too glad to hear a kind word from any one."

"Yes, perhaps so," assented Katey slowly, remembering at least one such experience of her own.

"I shall yet boast of my sister, who is laboring among the heathen," laughed Jack, pinching Katey's ear.

"O, never," she replied, gravely. "I am not good enough, and I am ashamed to say I do not feel drawn towards the heathen—that is, foreign heathen," she added, remembering Dacre. "I am only a little restless and proud," she went on, with a laugh. "I want to do something for myself. So Robert and Delphine say I may try. I wrote you about the advertisement, and Robert went to La Fayette to see the school, and use his influence to gain the position for me. I am engaged to teach the younger children, and I go tomorrow," she concluded, with a quick gasp, which might have been due to breathlessness after her hurried speech, or fright at the prospect so near.

"You are not fit to take care of yourself," was Jack's final comment. "You'll do something foolish or unheard of away off there."

"O, no," said Katey, quickly. She was much more likely to do so if she remained here, she thought. What would he say if he knew about Dacre Home? If she only dared tell him! And yet, what was there to tell?

Delphine mentioned Dacre's name casually as they were going out to tea. "What is he doing here?" said Jack, sharply, making Katey's heart cease to beat for the moment. O, how thankful she was that he had not come before! Or did she wish that Delphine and she had never been left to themselves?

Josie Durant, who had staid to tea, gave her a sharp little glance as Jack uttered the question, to which no one replied. Launce, hanging upon his mother's chair, would have spoken, but Delphine checked him. This was not the time to open the subject, she saw, and she let it pass.

Katey felt Josie's glance as she bent over her plate. Josie's clear little head had taken in everything,—Delphine's scheme, Katey's doubt and hesitation, and surrender at last,—though there had been no confidence between Katey and herself.

How could there be when there was no sympathy? Josie had disapproved of it all from the first. She would have interfered if she had dared. But she was not yet one of the family, and how could she set herself in opposition to Delphine, or act the part of a tale-bearer and write to Jack?

There was to be a gathering of their summer friends at the Durants that evening, too informal to be called a party, though there would be music and dancing, and Josie had offered to return and spend the night with Katey, who chafed against it all—this last evening! And Dacre would not be at the party. All through the summer Miss Durant had quietly ignored him. He had received no invitation, Katey knew, and she had said nothing to him of the engagement for the evening. Should she see him again? The train she was to take left at an early hour in the morning,—almost at day-break. Even if he came to the cottage to-night, it might be only to find her gone, or, more dreadful still, to meet Jack face to face. It was a relief to see Jack cross the lawn with Josie while she still lingered over her toilet. Delphine followed them presently. "You will come over soon, I suppose," she called to Katey, "I have promised Josie to help her arrange some flowers." She had marked Katey's nervous manner, and divined something of the truth. She quaked inwardly, remembering the tone of Jack's voice when she had mentioned Dacre's name; but it was too late to go back now. She would give them one more chance to meet, and she hastened over to the Durant's cottage strong in the determination to keep Jack well employed for the next hour, so that he should have no opportunity to return for Katey.

## CHAPTER XI.

### PITY'S AKIN TO LOVE

THE pale violet ribbons had been laid aside; but the scarlet geraniums in her hair were not more vivid than the red on Katey's cheek as she stood fluttering and faint-hearted just within the open window when they had all gone, listening to every step upon the gravel before the door. Perhaps he would not come. It would be better for her, she knew, if he never came again. A spasm of sense and reason had seized her in the midst of the excitement of the moment. And yet she waited.

He came at last. She ran down the stairs to meet him. He must not stay. It would not do for Jack to return and find him here—Jack who was hot-headed and rash, and would say—she knew not what. Dacre had heard nothing of his arrival. She told him now as they stood in the doorway, showing all her apprehension in her face as she made the announcement, with a fearful glance over the way, where a soft light shone from the open windows through the closed shutters. The high, wide veranda was peopled with moving shadows already. The first strains of the music rose upon the still air, mingling with the gentle sweep and fall of the surf over the deserted sands. "I must go," Katey said at last. "There is company at the other house; they will miss me." She offered no excuse for his having been left out. They had reached a point beyond conventionalities.

He walked beside her, across to the other cottage. They passed the broad flight of steps leading up to the veranda, and reached the side door in silence. Katey held out her hand. It was to be like the parting of ordinary acquaintances then? What had she expected? What had she hoped for? It was better so, yet something in her throat choked the words she tried to say. All the past summer, bewildering and sweet, rose before her at that moment. Where would he go, from her, and to whom? She felt as they stood that one instant with clasped hands in the soft darkness, the laughing voices coming out to them through the closed shutters, they two alone—that beyond the shadows enveloping them an awful gulf yawned and waited for him. O, if she could but hold him back!

He bent his head as she stood above him, and laid his cheek upon her hand. So like a boy he was! Would nobody try to save him?

"It is only 'good-bye,' Katey," and there was a strange, hoarse tone in his voice. "I like you too well to say anything else. I ought to have gone before; I knew it all the time."

His lips touched her hand. Then she was alone. "Dacre!" Her voice, shrill and sharp, rang out into the night. In a moment he was beside her. "O, where are you going? What will become of you?" She had forgotten the open windows. Some one pulled up a blind. "I thought I heard a cry," said a voice. He

drew her into the shadow of the doorway as Josie Durant leaned out to listen. "It is nothing," Josie said calmly, addressing some one behind her, and dropping the blind noisily. But Katey knew that she had seen them.

There was a general movement within. It was only the cessation of the momentary stillness, but to Katey the voices drew near. "They are coming; I must go;" she exclaimed in a frightened whisper. He caught her in his arms. "Katey! Katey! I shall come to you—I shall see you!" Then he was gone.

The music had begun again when she entered the drawing-room. They were forming a set upon the veranda. "Where did you hide yourself?" asked Jack, leading her out, "or have you but just come? I was going over to look you up, but Delphine thought you must be here somewhere."

Fortunately there was a flourish of trumpets at this moment, the dance had begun, and in following its mazes, with a lugubrious air, droll to see, Jack,—who still hated parties and everything pertaining to them,—forgot his question. It was a long tiresome evening to Katey, in spite of the music, the pleasant, softly-lighted rooms, and cheerful company. She stole away at last to the shelter of a deep window. Here, with her elbow upon the sill, her cheek in her hand, her face turned towards the sea, across which streamed a faint line of light from the white moon overhead, she dreamed her dream undisturbed. "Katey! Katey!" she heard again, above the gay voices floating in upon her, above the hushed roar of the surf which filled in every pause. O, she would trust him; forgetting that the truest trust is involuntary.

Josie sought her out. "What are you doing here?" she said. "Do try and rouse yourself, Katey. What will people think? That strange gentleman has been staring at you for the last ten minutes."

"Who is he?" and Katey forgot her momentary resentment at Josie's tone, to stare in turn after the broad, square figure vanishing through the doorway. She had caught a glimpse of a red-brown beard, and a pair of deep-set gray eyes. Where had she seen them before? Then she remembered. It was the gentleman who had recognized Dacre Home upon the street that afternoon.

"I don't know," Josie answered carelessly. "Some friend of the Fosters, I



believe. I have forgotten his name. But I must go; I have to sing."

The Fosters were already making their adieus when they returned to the drawing-room. Once more Katey felt the searching eyes fixed upon her as their owner behind Mrs. Foster's broad shoulders awaited his turn. It almost seemed as though he would speak to her. A shadow of irresolution crossed his face, he turned to Miss Durant, but Katey had moved away, something very hot and fierce rising within her at the recollection of the scowl he had bestowed upon Dacre. When she looked again the whole party had left the room.

Jack took her home before the company finally broke up, and Delphine soon followed. Josie came later, mounting the stairs with a slow step which set Katey's heart to beating with apprehension. She had watched the lights go out over the way after the last guest had departed. She had seen the musicians with their queer distorted burdens steal out like robbers and vanish among the trees. Even Jack had crossed the lawn, and the odor of his cigar came up to her now from below. She had watched them all through the parted curtains, hoping, yet hardly daring to hope, that Josie would not come after all. But Josie, it seemed, had only lingered to make some change in her dress. She came in now as Katey stood before the glass brushing out her hair; a little white sacque tied by the sleeves loosely about her neck, her arms with their pretty cream tint, bare and raised above her head, as she went on without turning from the glass, shaking out the heavy braids into shining waves, which fell over her shoulders and about her face.

"Well, Katey?" and Josie threw back the little shawl wrapped around her, and settled herself in an arm chair with a judicial air. She did not intend to appear severe, she even tried to make her tone gentle and conciliatory, but she had failed, she knew as soon as the words passed her lips.

"Is it about Dacre?" Katey's eyes were very bright and full as she faced her friend.

"Or say for thee I'd die—or say for thee I'd die?"

sang some half-drunken reveler, strolling up from the cliff. "I can't tell you," she went on; "don't ask me, please." She had made up her mind while Josie was slowly mounting the stairs. She could not deny what her friend had seen with her own eyes, and yet what was there to acknowledge?

"O, very well," Josie replied coldly. "Of course I do not wish to force your confidence."

"But don't look at me so," cried poor Katey, who desired, like the most of us, to be trusted, even though blindly. She stooped suddenly, and kissed her friend. But Miss Durant had little appreciation of enigmas, and none whatever of impulsive ways. Her gentle emotions were all reducible, and could be explained upon fixed principles. "I don't understand you;" and she moved away from Katey's caress; speaking as though it were a matter of surprise that she did not,—the surprise always awakened in people by new developments in the friends they have weighed and passed judgment upon,—a surprise not unmingled with displeasure, as though an unfair advantage had been taken of them by these untimely revelations. But Katey did not think it strange. She by no means understood herself. Her mind so far seemed made up of questions which later years would perhaps answer. "I think you might trust me," she said slowly.

"Why how can I when you tell me nothing?" exclaimed Miss Durant.

"That wouldn't be trusting; that would be knowing," Katey replied. Then she went on brushing out her hair, and preparing for the night, and nothing more was said. She wondered if Josie would tell Jack; but she would not ask. That would look as though she were afraid or ashamed.

The next morning, when she leaned out from the window of the railway car to exchange last words with her friends, her eyes were searching the dusky length of the great, dark station, imagining every dimly-defined form to be that of Dacre. He might be very near, if she did but know it. He might even be in the seat before her. For in the darkness no one could recognize his neighbor, and the shooting out of the train presently into the light of day would be like unmasking at a ball. It was a dull, wet day. The rain dripped outside and overhead upon the dingy panes of glass far up in the mammoth roof. She could not hear it for the shrieking of the trains and the hurried tread of passing feet; but the figures huddled together in the dim light, half hidden by the cloud of smoke and vapor, which, settling down, added to the gloom of the place, were wrapped against the chill and wet out of all individuality.

Katey watched them with something

more than idle curiosity as they darted hither and thither, pressing in turn close to the windows of the car, discerning friends by some subtle intuition, rather than by the exercise of the outward senses; then falling back, to stand motionless, a solid phalanx, as the train moved slowly out and away. There were a few dim lights burning through the cars, some had flickered and gone out; but one still shone brightly over Katey's head, bringing out, like a picture in strong colors, the slight figure bent towards the window, wrapped in a little bright shawl, the mass of dark hair pushed back, the absorbed, questioning eyes; and it threw a line of light across the faces being left slowly behind, making strange, unexpected revelations in the countenances whose owners believed them hidden still by the darkness—the inner thought creeping out. And there were people who had bade their friends adieu in mock sorrow, being really glad for them to go, and the gladness showed now. And there was a lover, who had not dared say all he wished to his mistress at parting, but she might read it in his face now if she would only look. And there was sorrow, and disappointment, and even anger, if Katey could have read them all. But she searched for Dacre alone. He was not there, nor in the train when they had moved out into the dull daylight, and were speeding on their way. She was doubly sure when an hour had passed, and still he did not appear; and with a sense, if not of relief, at least of cessation of the strain of eager, painful expectation, she curled herself into the corner of the seat she shared with no one, and prepared to take the rest she needed so greatly. She might doze through all the long day, if she chose; it would be late in the afternoon before they reached the junction where she was to change cars for La Fayette. So with every tense nerve relaxed, and her cheek pillowed upon the little red shawl, she sank into a profound sleep.

## CHAPTER XII.

## NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

SHE awoke after an hour or two, rested and refreshed; and still lying back in her corner, began to scan the passengers within the range of her vision, with the curious eyes of one who has seen little of the world. They were all uninteresting, even to her active fancy, with the exception of a party just before her, and a jumber-jawed

woman in a black bonnet, over the way, who had come from New Hampshire alone, and was pouring the story of her troubles in regard to some error in her ticket, as well as various side issues, into the sympathizing ear of a questionable-looking young man, who occupied the seat before her. Various bits of this confidence floated into Katey's ears, as well as the amused "just so, just so, ma'am," of the young man. The woman had a flurried, nervous manner, and grasped with both hands a very large paper parcel lying in her lap; but though her story went on in a shrill, penetrating voice without cessation, she had eyes yet and ears for every thing about her, and was constantly being overcome with gratitude for what she considered personal favors. "No, I thank you, my dear;" to the itinerant ice-water boy. "But how very kind it was of him to think of it!" she soliloquized. She apologized to the vender of books for not buying his wares, assuring him that they looked "very pretty, but you see, I don't find much time to read, any way, and I expect to be tolerably busy where I am going." She exhausted the patience of the meek-faced conductor by her repeated questions, assuring him at the end of each colloquy, that she had traveled all the way from New Hampshire alone. There came a change however; the meek-faced conductor disappeared at some cross-road, and an official of enormous proportions and a decidedly military air took his place. He slammed the door after him as he entered the car with the mildness of a clap of thunder. He ejaculated "tickets!" like a startling sneeze. Every sleepy eye opened wide. Every hand involuntarily grasped its bit of pasteboard, offering it abjectly at his approach. Not so the jumber-jawed woman. She raised her voice above the noise of the train as he drew near, and began her story:

"I've come all the way from—"

He seized her ticket, gave it a violent and vicious punch, thrust it into her hand again, and was half way down the aisle before she had succeeded in uttering "New Hampshire."

"Well!" She stared after him in a bewildered way, straightening the black bonnet, which had become displaced as though it had shrunk back of its own accord at the approach of this awful personage. But she was neither discouraged nor dismayed. She bided her time. He came

again. There was a perceptible hush through the car, a spasmodic clutching of tickets at that resounding slam of the door. Then the jimber-jawed woman rose and leaned forward, a feeble simper called up by some instinct of feminine consciousness spreading over her countenance. "Snap, snap," the great mogul drew near. She opened her mouth as he turned towards her with an outstretched, impatient hand. "I've come all the way—" Suddenly he seemed to swell and fill the place. His face was awful to contemplate. He raised one finger, "Sit down!" he ejaculated in a voice of thunder; and a confused heap of black bonnet and brown paper parcel dropped speechless upon the seat. The jimber-jawed woman was conscious of the real presence at last.

There was a hastily suppressed laugh just before her, and Katey, turning her face quickly, was struck by a pair of bright eyes, as well as by the odd appearance of the whole party, who had from the first attracted her attention and aroused her curiosity.

They were four in all; a father, son, and two daughters, she judged, from a certain resemblance among them. There was a similarity as well in their rather fantastic attire; in which short braided jackets and knee-breeches upon the men, with deep pointed collars and a profusion of flowing hair, were most conspicuous. The costume of the two girls,—one of whom was extremely delicate in appearance,—was not less singular. Their bright blue jackets were more elaborately braided than were those of their father and brother, which were of a coarser fabric. Their short black petticoats just revealed the neat little boots, oddly laced over bright red stockings, and their long, abundant hair was braided, and hung down in the simple fashion obsolete enough to have been remarked a dozen years ago.

The whole party wore queer, high-pointed hats, from each of which hung a variegated cord and tassel, and attracted naturally not a little attention. The dreadful conductor alone gave them no second glance.

There was something singularly open and winning in their faces, especially in that of the sick girl, who had removed her hat, and lay back upon a pillow improvised from cloaks and wraps, tenderly, almost anxiously, watched over by the others.

Katey wondered at their strange appearance; who and what were they? Actors,

perhaps; but certainly no actors ever traveled about in so strange a garb. Her curiosity increased as the day wore away and they neared the junction where she was to change cars and leave her odd companions. But no; they, too, were gathering up wraps and parcels as the last station before the junction was passed. There was a movement through the car,—the rising and stretching of benumbed forms, the hasty gathering of detached belongings, the bustle of near departure or change; even the jimber-jawed woman had recovered speech again, and Katey had folded the little red shawl over her arm and replaced the book in her satchel which she had been too idle to read, when all at once there came a strange, jarring shock, throwing those already upon their feet to their seats again, followed by what would have been utter suspension of sound or motion but for the exclamations and confusion suddenly awakened. Katey, recovering herself as the crowd pressed by, spoke aloud involuntarily, "O, what is it? what has happened?"

"There is no occasion for alarm."

It was the little old gentleman in the high-pointed hat who answered her. He was raising the sick girl in his arms. He bore her out, followed by the others of the family, with whom Katey found herself.

"She has fainted," he said, laying his charge down tenderly in the shadow of the high bank beside the road. But even as he spoke the sick girl opened her eyes and smiled upon Katey who was bending over her. "It is nothing; do not be alarmed;" she said in a gentle voice which quite won Katey's heart.

The young man of the odd party had followed the crowd up the road. He came back now to say that there had been a slight accident which would probably detain them for an hour or two, or until assistance should arrive from the junction.

"We are to stop there," volunteered the bright-eyed girl who was holding her sister's hands in her own.

"Yes; we sing there to-night," the little old gentleman added.

"Oh!" Katey said, wondering more and more, especially as a dim recollection or some fancied resemblance flitted through her mind, making all at once the strange company strangely familiar. She sat down beside the two girls, to await the tardy progress of events and the slow process of deliverance. This moment of fright

and mutual helpfulness had drawn them together as such times will the most incongruous elements, until when the train, having arrived at last from the junction, moved off, she still formed one of the odd group who would, at another time, have attracted no little attention, but were now scarcely noticed in the general excitement.

"You will pardon me, young lady," said the little old gentleman, with quaint formality, "for not having properly introduced myself and my family, but the occasion is unusual, to say the least,"—to which Katey assented.

"These are my children," he went on with the air of presenting them to an audience; indeed there was something histrionic in all the little old gentleman's speech and manner, as though he had been accustomed to bestow much care upon both.

Katey murmured something of having imagined as much, as an affectionate smile was exchanged between the father and his family.

"You recognize us, perhaps?"

She was obliged to own that she did not.

"Ah!" said the little old man, with an air of astonishment. Then opening his arms as though by this gesture he were revealing himself to the world, "We are the Hauser family!"

If the little old man had announced his party as the lost Ten Tribes or the last of the Huggermuggers, he could not have displayed a prouder or more self-satisfied countenance.

A light burst upon Katey's mind. She had seen the name in staring letters, and even the oddly-costumed figures pictured upon posters in the town where Delphine resided, though their simple programme had tempted neither Delphine nor herself to hear them.

"O, yes; I remember now," she said, really interested, "but I have never heard you sing." "No!" The surprise in the little old man's face made his eyes for the moment quite round. He hastily searched in his pockets, and brought out at last a package of tickets, soiled and broken; choosing the most presentable he gave it into Katey's hand. "That will admit you and a friend. Yes," examining it carefully to see that there was no mistake, "you and a friend to any concert we may chance to give at any time in your life in any city in the world."

Katey hesitated about placing herself under so tremendous an obligation. But the little old man insisted. "Perhaps you will favor our poor performance with your presence this evening, if you remain at the junction."

"O, thank you," she replied, "I should be happy to do so; but I shall not stay there—that is, I don't know what I am to do. My name is Earle,—Katherine Earle," she added, remembering that she had failed to accomplish her part of the introduction, "and I was to have gone on to La Fayette to-night. Do you think I have missed the train?"

"I should say so, certainly;" and at that moment the train rushed into the station. Immediately all was confusion about them. "I am sure I don't know what I can do," began Katey, bewildered.

There was a whispered consultation among her new friends. "At least I must leave the cars," she thought, gathering up her belongings. Some one touched her arm. It was the little old man. "If you would come with us, if you would not mind the—the publicity which naturally attends our movements, we could show you an inn close by; not the finest one in the village, but perfectly respectable and neat. We have been there often before. The host and hostess are old friends. You hesitate? That is quite right; it is not safe to trust a stranger, as I tell my daughters."

"But she may trust *you*," said the bright-eyed girl warmly, while Katey tried to protest that it was not from distrust she had hesitated.

"How does she know it?" laughed the little old man. "And, first, you wish to find out about your train. Suppose you go into the station and inquire for yourself. That will be most satisfactory. The ticket-master will tell you; and you can ask about the Lion Inn at the same time. We will wait for you; or, since Christine is so weak and tired, I will go on with her, and Minna and Wulf will stay here until you return;" and the kind little old gentleman moved off slowly with the sick girl.

Katey acted upon his suggestion, and found that the train for La Fayette had indeed gone. There would be no other until midnight, and when the ticket-agent had also corroborated the statement in regard to the Lion Inn, which was kept, he said, by a German family, but was neat and well spoken of, she decided to remain in the village until morning. It would

certainly be preferable to reaching La Fayette at daybreak, with the chance of not being expected at that hour.

So she crossed the open "green," or grassy square of the village, with her odd companions, to the low inn, with its encircling piazza, and a flaming sign of a ferocious lion swinging before the door. The piazza, and even the hall, with its combined odors of smoke and beer and departed diners, seemed quite deserted, but bright-eyed Minna pushed on to a door at the end of the hall opening into what seemed to be the family room, where a very old lady sat knitting in one corner, while a couple of little girls, with their thick, dark locks braided tightly, and bound around their little heads, played upon the floor at her feet. They sprang up with an exclamation at sight of Minna, and raised their rosy faces to kiss her warmly. Even the old lady rose smiling to greet her. "And how do you do, Wulf?" to the flaxen-haired young man, who seemed stiff and constrained in Katey's presence. Then she looked inquiringly at Katey. "It is a young lady who was going on to La Fayette; the accident detained her. But where is Mrs. Sheppard, and what has become of Christine?"

"You will find them in the great front room," the old lady replied. "Poor Christine seems quite feeble."

"She is not well," and Minna's face was clouded for a moment. "And the fright to-day has made her more ill than usual. I think we will go and find her," she added to Katey.

Christine was lying upon the great high-posted bed in the long, low and rather barely furnished chamber to which they had been directed, while the hostess, a smiling, black-eyed woman, with her shining hair braided and tightly wound around her head like that of her little daughters, moved about the room, closing the shutters, re-arranging and dusting the furniture with a bustling, cheerful air. "O Minna!" she exclaimed as the door opened, coming forward and holding out her round, smooth cheeks for Minna's hearty kisses. "And this is the young lady Christine has been telling me about;" her manner changing at sight of Katey's tall and rather stately figure. "We will try to make you comfortable, miss, but the house is likely to be full——" She hesitated. Katey was evidently out of the line of her patrons.

"I am sure I shall be comfortable," Katey hastened to say.

"I may have to put up a cot for you here." Minna looked at Katey, who glanced towards Christine.

"O, it will not annoy Christine, will it, dear?" Minna said quickly.

Christine smiled and shook her head.

"Then I should much prefer it," said Katey.

"It would be so much nicer to be together," added Minna, removing her hat, shaking the dust from her skirts and performing a pirouette.

"Come, come," interrupted Mrs. Sheppard, putting an end to this performance by catching Minna in her arms as she came near her. "Christine must go to sleep, or she will be good for nothing this evening. Perhaps you and the young lady would come down to the parlor. I will open it for you," and with one last motherly arranging of the sick girl's pillows she left the room.

Minna and Katey followed her to the stiff little parlor at the foot of the stairs, with its staring ingrain carpet and line of stiff, black chairs ranged against the wall. Katey consigned herself to the cold charities of the hair-cloth sofa, while Minna pushed open the shutters and let the light strike upon the great portraits covering the walls. There was the innkeeper, his brother, his two sons, his wife, his wife's mother, and the two little girls, all staring down from very dark, wide wooden frames, and very dark, gloomy back-grounds, out of exceedingly surprised eyes. The women, portrayed in very tight black silk dresses, had a nipped, shrunken appearance, which was quite made up, however, by that of the men, who seemed, in their fullness, liable, at any moment, to burst from the canvas and step down in their own proper persons. The effect, when the light was let into the room, was as though the place had been suddenly peopled.

"Yes," said Minna, watching Katey's startled face; "it is as if they had all rushed to a funeral; is it not? But I never tell Mrs. Sheppard so. She likes them. They were painted by an artist who staid here one summer—to pay his bill, I think. But this is best of all." She opened a door at the farther end of the room, put her head out cautiously, and then beckoned to Katey. "The men have not come back," she said, leading the way into the bar-



room. A kitchen-maid had been left in temporary charge of the place. She was leaning across the bar so as to bring her eyes within range of the open door. At their appearance she began vigorously to polish a glass with her apron. Over her head hung the picture. The face was that of the host, round, rubicund, overflowing with good nature, his head surmounted by a gilded crown, a crimson robe, edged with ermine, covering his shoulders, and in his hand, not a scepter, but a brimming, foaming glass of ale.

"Old King Cole!" exclaimed Katey.

"But it is much more like Mr. Sheppard than the one in the parlor," said Minna.

There was the grinding of heavy feet upon the piazza outside, and the girls retreated hastily. The hostess was just entering the little parlor from the other door. "I thought, perhaps, you would prefer to take your tea by yourselves," she said. "You will have more time to dress," she

added to Minna. "So you may come out now."

"That will be nice; thank you," said Minna. "I don't mind, of course; I have been here so many times," she went on as Mrs. Sheppard hastened away, leaving them to follow more leisurely. "And then I know the family. But you are not accustomed to be stared at."

"And are you?" Katey was amused at the girl's frank manner of speech.

Minna laughed. "O, yes; I have sung and traveled about from one place to another ever since I can remember. You don't mind if the sticks and stones in the street stare at you?"

"No; but one does not credit them with eyes."

"Nor do people seem to have eyes after a time. You don't think anything about it. You don't care for them at all;" and then Minna led the way to the dining-room.

(To be continued.)

## THE TACHYPOMP.

### A MATHEMATICAL DEMONSTRATION.

THERE was nothing mysterious about Professor Surd's dislike for me. I was the only poor mathematician in an exceptionally mathematical class. The old gentleman sought the lecture-room every morning with eagerness, and left reluctantly. For was it not a thing of joy to find seventy young men who, individually and collectively, preferred  $x$  to  $XX$ ; who had rather differentiate than dissipate; and for whom the limbs of the heavenly bodies had more attractions than those of earthly stars upon the spectacular stage?

So affairs went on swimmingly between the Professor of Mathematics and the Junior Class at Polyp University. In every man of the seventy the sage saw the logarithm of a possible La Place, of a Sturm, or of a Newton. (It was a delightful task for him to lead them through the pleasant valleys of conic sections, and beside the still waters of the integral calculus.) Figuratively speaking, his problem was not a hard one. He had only to manipulate, and eliminate, and to raise to a higher power, and the triumphant result of examination day was assured.

(But I was a disturbing element, a perplexing unknown quantity, which had somehow crept into the work, and which seriously threatened to impair the accuracy of his calculations.) It was a touching sight to behold the venerable mathematician as he pleaded with me not so utterly to disregard precedent in the use of cotangents; or as he urged, with eyes almost tearful, that ordinates were dangerous things to trifle with. All in vain. More theorems went on to my cuff than into my head. Never did chalk do so much work to so little purpose. And, therefore, it came that Furnace Second was reduced to zero in Professor Surd's estimation. He looked upon me with all the horror which an unalgebraic nature could inspire. I have seen the Professor walk around an entire square rather than meet the man who had no mathematics in his soul.

For Furnace Second were no invitations to Professor Surd's house. Seventy of the class supped in delegations around the periphery of the Professor's tea-table. The seventy-first knew nothing of the charms of that perfect ellipse, with its twin bunches

of fuchsias and geraniums in gorgeous precision at the two foci.

This, unfortunately enough, was no trifling deprivation. Not that I longed especially for segments of Mrs. Surd's justly celebrated lemon pies; not that the spheroidal damsons of her excellent preserving had any marked allurements; not even that I yearned to hear the Professor's jocose table-talk about binomials, and chatty illustrations of abstruse paradoxes. The explanation is far different. Professor Surd had a daughter. Twenty years before, he made a proposition of marriage to the present Mrs. S. (He added a little Corollary to his proposition not long after. The Corollary was a girl.)

Abscissa Surd was as perfectly symmetrical as Giotto's circle, and as pure, withal, as the mathematics her father taught. It was just when spring was coming to extract the roots of frozen-up vegetation that I fell in love with the Corollary. That she herself was not indifferent I soon had reason to regard as a self-evident truth.

The sagacious reader will already recognize nearly all the elements necessary to a well-ordered plot. We have introduced a heroine, inferred a hero, and constructed a hostile parent after the most approved model. A movement for the story, a *Deus ex machina*, is alone lacking. With considerable satisfaction I can promise a perfect novelty in this line, a *Deus ex machina* never before offered to the public.

It would be discounting ordinary intelligence to say that I sought with unwearying assiduity to figure my way into the stern father's good-will; that never did dullard apply himself to mathematics more patiently than I; that never did faithfulness achieve such meager reward. Then I engaged a private tutor. His instructions met with no better success.

My tutor's name was Jean Marie Rivarol. He was a unique Alsatian—though Gallic in name, thoroughly Teutonic in nature; by birth, a Frenchman, by education, a German. His age was thirty; his profession, omniscience; the wolf at his door, poverty; the skeleton in his closet, a consuming, but unrequited passion. The most recondite principles of practical science were his toys; the deepest intricacies of abstract science, his diversions. Problems which were fore-ordained mysteries to me were to him as clear as Tabor water. Perhaps this very fact will explain our lack of success in the relation of tutor and pupil; perhaps the

failure is alone due to my own unmitigated stupidity. Rivarol had hung about the skirts of the University for several years; supplying his few wants by writing for scientific journals, or by giving assistance to students who, like myself, were characterized by a plethora of purse and a paucity of ideas; cooking, studying and sleeping in his attic lodgings; and prosecuting queer experiments all by himself.

We were not long discovering that even this eccentric genius could not transplant brains into my deficient skull. I gave over the struggle in despair. An unhappy year dragged its slow length around. A gloomy year it was, brightened only by occasional interviews with Abscissa, the Abbie of my thoughts and dreams.

Commencement day was coming on apace. I was soon to go forth, with the rest of my class, to astonish and delight a waiting world. The Professor seemed to avoid me more than ever. Nothing but the conventionalities, I think, kept him from shaping his treatment of me on the basis of unconcealed disgust.

At last, in the very recklessness of despair, I resolved to see him, plead with him, threaten him if need be, and risk all my fortunes on one desperate chance. I wrote him a somewhat defiant letter, stating my aspirations, and, as I flattered myself, shrewdly giving him a week to get over the first shock of horrified surprise. Then I was to call and learn my fate.

During the week of suspense I nearly worried myself into a fever. It was first crazy hope, and then saner despair. On Friday evening, when I presented myself at the Professor's door, I was such a haggard, sleepy, dragged-out specter, that even Miss Jocasta, the harsh-favored maiden sister of the Surd's, admitted me with commiserate regard, and suggested penny-royal tea.

Professor Surd was at a faculty meeting. Would I wait?

Yes, till all was blue, if need be. Miss Abbie?

Abscissa had gone to Wheelborough to visit a school-friend. The aged maiden hoped I would make myself comfortable, and departed to the unknown haunts which knew Jocasta's daily walk.

Comfortable! But I settled myself in a great uneasy chair and waited, with the contradictory spirit common to such junctures, dreading every step lest it should herald the man whom, of all men, I wished to see.

I had been there at least an hour, and was growing right drowsy.

At length Professor Surd came in. He sat down in the dusk opposite me, and I thought his eyes glinted with malignant pleasure as he said, abruptly:—

"So, young man, you think you are a fit husband for my girl?"

I stammered some inapity about making up in affection what I lacked in merit; about my expectations, family and the like. He quickly interrupted me.

"You misapprehend me, sir. Your nature is destitute of those mathematical perceptions and acquirements which are the only sure foundations of character. You have no mathematics in you. You are fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils.—Shakespeare. Your narrow intellect cannot understand and appreciate a generous mind. There is all the difference between you and a Surd, if I may say it, which intervenes between an infinitesimal and an infinite. Why, I will even venture to say that you do not comprehend the Problem of the Couriers!"

I admitted that the Problem of the Couriers should be classed rather without my list of accomplishments than within it. I regretted this fault very deeply, and suggested amendment. I faintly hoped that my fortune would be such—

"Money!" he impatiently exclaimed. "Do you seek to bribe a Roman Senator with a penny whistle? Why, boy, do you parade your paltry wealth, which, expressed in mills, will not cover ten decimal places, before the eyes of a man who measures the planets in their orbits, and close crowds infinity itself?"

I hastily disclaimed any intention of obtruding my foolish dollars, and he went on:

"Your letter surprised me not a little. I thought *you* would be the last person in the world to presume to an alliance here. But having a regard for you personally,"—and again I saw malice twinkle in his small eyes,—and still more regard for Abscissa's happiness, I have decided that you shall have her—upon conditions. Upon conditions," he repeated, with a half smothered sneer.

"What are they?" cried I, eagerly enough. "Only name them."

"Well, sir," he continued, and the deliberation of his speech seemed the very refinement of cruelty, "you have only to prove yourself worthy an alliance with a mathematical family. You have only to

accomplish a task which I shall presently give you. Your eyes ask me what it is. I will tell you. Distinguish yourself in that noble branch of abstract science in which, you cannot but acknowledge, you are at present sadly deficient. I will place Abscissa's hand in yours whenever you shall come before me and square the circle to my satisfaction. No! That is too easy a condition. I should cheat myself. Say perpetual motion. How do you like that? Do you think it lies within the range of your mental capabilities? You don't smile. Perhaps your talents don't run in the way of perpetual motion. Several people have found that theirs didn't. I'll give you another chance. We were speaking of the Problem of the Couriers, and I think you expressed a desire to know more of that ingenious question. You shall have the opportunity. Sit down some day, when you have nothing else to do, and discover the principle of infinite speed. I mean the law of motion which shall accomplish an infinitely great distance in an infinitely short time. You may mix in a little practical mechanics, if you choose. Invent some method of taking the tardy Courier over his road at the rate of sixty miles a minute. Demonstrate me this discovery (when you have made it!) mathematically, and approximate it practically, and Abscissa is yours. Until you can, I will thank you to trouble neither myself nor her."

I could stand his mocking no longer. I stumbled mechanically out of the room, and out of the house. I even forgot my hat and gloves. For an hour I walked in the moonlight. Gradually I succeeded to a more hopeful frame of mind. This was due to my ignorance of mathematics. Had I understood the real meaning of what he asked, I should have been utterly despondent.

Perhaps this problem of sixty miles a minute was not so impossible after all. At any rate I could attempt, though I might not succeed. And Rivarol came to my mind. I would ask him. I would enlist his knowledge to accompany my own devoted perseverance. I sought his lodgings at once.

The man of science lived in the fourth story, back. I had never been in his room before. When I entered, he was in the act of filling a beer mug from a *carboy* labeled *Aqua-fartin*.

"Seat you," he said. "No, not in that chair. That is my Petty Cash Adjuster."

But he was a second too late. I had carelessly thrown myself into a chair of seductive appearance. To my utter amazement it reached out two skeleton arms and clutched me with a grasp against which I struggled in vain. Then a skull stretched itself over my shoulder and grinned with ghastly familiarity close to my face.

Rivarol came to my aid with many apologies. He touched a spring somewhere and the Petty Cash Adjuster relaxed its horrid hold. I placed myself gingerly in a plain cane-bottomed rocking-chair, which Rivarol assured me was a safe location.

"That seat," he said, "is an arrangement upon which I much felicitate myself. I made it at Heidelberg. It has saved me a vast deal of small annoyance. I consign to its embraces the friends who bore, and the visitors who exasperate, me. But it is never so useful as when terrifying some tradesman with an insignificant account. Hence the pet name which I have facetiously given it. They are invariably too glad to purchase release at the price of a bill receipted. Do you well apprehend the idea?"

While the Alsatian diluted his glass of *Aqua fortis*, shook into it an infusion of bitters, and tossed off the bumper with apparent relish, I had time to look around the strange apartment.

The four corners of the room were occupied respectively by a turning-lathe, a Rhumkorff Coil, a small steam-engine and an orrey in stately motion. Tables, shelves, chairs and floor supported an odd aggregation of tools, retorts, chemicals, gas-receivers, philosophical instruments, boots, flasks, paper-collar boxes, books diminutive and books of preposterous size. There were plaster busts of Aristotle, Archimedes and Compté, while a great drowsy owl was blinking away, perched on the benign brow of Martin Farquhar Tupper. "He always roosts there when he proposes to slumber," explained my tutor. "You are a bird of no ordinary mind. *Schlafen Sie wohl.*"

Through a closet door, half open, I could see a human-like form covered with a sheet. Rivarol caught my glance.

"That," said he, "will be my masterpiece. It is a Microcosm, an Android, as yet only partially complete. And why not? Albertus Magnus constructed an image perfect to talk metaphysics and confuse the schools. So did Sylvester II; so did Robertus Greathead. Roger Bacon

made a brazen head that held discourses. But the first named of these came to destruction. Thomas Aquinas got wrathful at some of its syllogisms and smashed its head. The idea is reasonable enough. Mental action will yet be reduced to laws as definite as those which govern the physical. Why should not I accomplish a mannikin which shall preach as original discourses as the Rev. Dr. Allchin, or talk poetry as mechanically as Paul Anapest? My Android can already work problems in vulgar fractions and compose sonnets. I hope to teach it the Positive Philosophy."

Out of the bewildering confusion of his effects Rivarol produced two pipes and filled them. He handed one to me.

"And here," he said, "I live and am tolerably comfortable. When my coat wears out at the elbows I seek the tailor and am measured for another. When I am hungry I promenade myself to the butcher's and bring home a pound or so of steak, which I cook very nicely in three seconds by this oxy-hydrogen flame. Thirsty, perhaps, I send for a carboy of *Aqua fortis*. But I have it charged, all charged. My spirit is above any small pecuniary transaction. I loathe your dirty greenbacks and never handle what they call scrip."

"But are you never pestered with bills?" I asked. "Don't the creditors worry your life out?"

"Creditors!" gasped Rivarol. "I have learned no such word in your very admirable language. He who will allow his soul to be vexed by creditors is a relic of an imperfect civilization. Of what use is science if it cannot avail a man who has accounts current? Listen. The moment you or any one else enters the outside door this little electric bell sounds me warning. Every successive step on Mrs. Grimler's staircase is a spy and informer vigilant for my benefit. The first step is trod upon. That trusty first step immediately telegraphs your weight. Nothing could be simpler. It is exactly like any platform scale. The weight is registered up here upon this dial. The second step records the size of my visitor's feet. The third his height, the fourth his complexion, and so on. By the time he reaches the top of the first flight I have a pretty accurate description of him right here at my elbow, and quite a margin of time for deliberation and action. Do you follow me? It is plain enough. Only the A B C of my science."

"I see all that," I said, "but I don't see how it helps you any. The knowledge that a creditor is coming won't pay his bill. You can't escape unless you jump out of the window."

Rivarol laughed softly. "I will tell you. You shall see what becomes of any poor devil who goes to demand money of me—of a man of science. Ha! ha! It pleases me. I was seven weeks perfecting my Dun Suppressor. Did you know,"—he whispered exultingly,—"did you know that there is a hole through the earth's center? Physicists have long suspected it; I was the first to find it. You have read how Rhuyghens, the Dutch navigator, discovered in Kerguelen's Land an abysmal pit which fourteen hundred fathoms of plumb-line failed to sound. Herr Tom, that hole has no bottom! It runs from one surface of the earth to the antipodal surface. It is diametric. But where is the antipodal spot? You stand upon it. I learned this by the merest chance. I was deep-digging in Mrs. Grimler's cellar, to bury a poor cat I had sacrificed in a galvanic experiment, when the earth under my spade crumbled, caved in, and wonder-stricken I stood upon the brink of a yawning shaft. I dropped a coal-hod in. It went down, down, down, bounding and rebounding. In two hours and a quarter that coal-hod came up again. I caught it and restored it to the angry Grimler. Just think a minute. The coal-hod went down, faster and faster, till it reached the center of the earth. There it would stop, were it not for acquired momentum. Beyond the center its journey was relatively upward, toward the opposite surface of the globe. So, losing velocity, it went slower and slower till it reached that surface. Here it came to rest for a second and then fell back again, eight thousand odd miles, into my hands. Had I not interfered with it, it would have repeated its journey, time after time, each trip of shorter extent, like the diminishing oscillations of a pendulum, till it finally came to eternal rest at the center of the sphere. I am not slow to give a practical application to any such grand discovery. My Dun Suppressor was born of it. A trap, just outside my chamber door: a spring in here: a creditor on the trap:—need I say more?"

"But isn't it a trifle inhuman?" I mildly suggested. "Plunging an unhappy being into a perpetual journey to and from Kerguelen's Land, without a moment's warning."

"I give them a chance. When they come up the first time I wait at the mouth of the shaft with a rope in hand. If they are reasonable and will come to terms, I fling them the line. If they perish, 'tis their own fault. Only," he added, with a melancholy smile, "the center is getting so plugged up with creditors that I am afraid there soon will be no choice whatever for 'em."

By this time I had conceived a high opinion of my tutor's ability. If anybody could send me waltzing through space at an infinite speed, Rivarol could do it. I filled my pipe and told him the story. He heard with grave and patient attention. Then, for full half an hour, he whiffed away in silence. Finally he spoke.

"The ancient cipher has over-reached himself. He has given you a choice of two problems, both of which he deems insoluble. Neither of them is insoluble. The only gleam of intelligence Old Cotangent showed was when he said that squaring the circle was too easy. He was right. It would have given you your *Liebchen* in five minutes. I squared the circle before I discarded pantalets. I will show you the work,—but it would be a digression, and you are in no mood for digressions. Our first chance, therefore, lies in perpetual motion. Now, my good friend, I will frankly tell you that, although I have compassed this interesting problem, I do not choose to use it in your behalf. I too, Herr Tom, have a heart. The loveliest of her sex frowns upon me. Her somewhat mature charms are not for Jean Marie Rivarol. She has cruelly said that her years demand of me filial rather than connubial regard. (Is love a matter of years or of eternity?) This question did I put to the cold, yet lovely, Jocasta."

"Jocasta Surd!" I remarked in surprise, "Abscissa's aunt!"

"The same," he said, sadly. "I will not attempt to conceal that upon the maiden Jocasta my maiden heart has been bestowed. Give me your hand, my nephew in affliction as in affection!"

Rivarol dashed away a not discreditable tear, and resumed:—

"My only hope lies in this discovery of perpetual motion. It will give me the fame, the wealth. Can Jocasta refuse these? If she can, there is only the trap-door and—Kerguelen's Land!"

I bashfully asked to see the perpetual-



motion machine. My uncle in affliction shook his head.

"At another time," he said. ("Suffice it at present to say, that it is something upon the principle of a woman's tongue.") But you see now why we must turn in your case to the alternative condition,—infinite speed. There are several ways in which this may be accomplished, theoretically. By the lever, for instance. Imagine a lever with a very long and a very short arm. Apply power to the shorter arm which will move it with great velocity. The end of the long arm will move much faster. Now keep shortening the short arm and lengthening the long one, and as you approach infinity in their difference of length, you approach infinity in the speed of the long arm. It would be difficult to demonstrate this practically to the Professor. We must seek another solution. Jean Marie will meditate. Come to me in a fortnight. Good night. But stop! Have you the money,—*das Geld?*"

"Much more than I need."

"Good! Let us strike hands. Gold and Knowledge; Science and Love. What may not such a partnership achieve? We go to conquer thee, Abscissa. *Vorwärts!*"

When, at the end of a fortnight, I sought Rivarol's chamber, I passed with some little trepidation over the terminus of the Air Line to Kerguellen's Land, and evaded the extended arms of the Petty Cash Adjuster. Rivarol drew a mug of ale for me, and filled himself are tort of his own peculiar beverage.

"Come," he said at length. "Let us drink success to the TACHYPOMP."

"The TACHYPOMP?"

"Yes. Why not?" *Tachu*, quickly, and *pempo*, *pepompa*, to send. May it send you quickly to your wedding-day. Abscissa is yours. It is done. When shall we start for the prairies?"

"Where is it?" I asked, looking in vain around the room for any contrivance which might seem calculated to advance matrimonial prospects.

"It is here," and he gave his forehead a significant tap. Then he held forth didactically.

"There is force enough in existence to yield us a speed of sixty miles a minute, or even more. All we need is the knowledge how to combine and apply it. The wise man will not attempt to make some great force yield some great speed. He will keep adding the little force to the little

force, making each little force yield its little speed, until an aggregate of little forces shall be a great force, yielding an aggregate of little speeds, a great speed. The difficulty is not in aggregating the forces; it lies in the corresponding aggregation of the speeds. One musket-ball will go, say a mile. It is not hard to increase the force of muskets to a thousand, yet the thousand musket balls will go no farther, and no faster, than the one. You see, then, where our trouble lies. We cannot readily add speed to speed, as we add force to force. My discovery is simply the utilization of a principle which extorts an increment of speed from each increment of power. But this is the metaphysics of physics. Let us be practical or nothing.

"When you have walked forward, on a moving train, from the rear car, toward the engine, did you ever think what you were really doing?"

"Why, yes, I have generally been going to the smoking-car to have a cigar."

"Tut, tut,—not that! I mean did it ever occur to you on such an occasion, that absolutely you were moving faster than the train? The train passes the telegraph poles at the rate of thirty miles an hour, say. You walk towards the smoking-car at the rate of four miles an hour. Then you pass the telegraph poles at the rate of thirty-four miles. Your absolute speed is the speed of the engine, plus the speed of your own locomotion. Do you follow me?"

I began to get an inkling of his meaning, and told him so.

"Very well. Let us advance a step. Your addition to the speed of the engine is trivial, and the space in which you can exercise it, limited. Now suppose two stations, A and B, two miles distant by the track. Imagine a train of platform cars, the last car resting at station A. The train is a mile long, say. The engine is therefore within a mile of station B. Say the train can move a mile in ten minutes. The last car, having two miles to go, would reach B in twenty minutes, but the engine, a mile ahead, would get there in ten. You jump on the last car, at A, in a prodigious hurry to reach Abscissa, who is at B. If you stay on the last car it will be twenty long minutes before you see her. But the engine reaches B and the fair lady in ten. You will be a stupid reasoner, and an indifferent lover, if you don't put for the engine over those platform cars, as fast as your legs will carry you. You can run a mile,

the length of the train, in ten minutes. Therefore, you reach Abscissa when the engine does, or in ten minutes,—ten minutes sooner than if you had lazily sat down upon the rear car, and talked politics with the brakeman. You have diminished the time by one-half. You have added your speed to that of the locomotive to some purpose. *Nicht wahr?*"

I saw it perfectly; much plainer, perhaps, for his putting in the clause about Abscissa.

He continued:—

"This illustration, though a slow one, leads up to a principle which may be carried to any extent. Our first anxiety will be to spare your legs and wind. Let us suppose that the two miles of track are perfectly straight, and make our train one platform car, a mile long, with parallel rails laid upon its top. Put a little dummy engine on these rails, and let it run to and fro along the platform car, while the platform car is pulled along the ground track. Catch the idea? The dummy takes your place. But it can run its mile much faster. Fancy that our locomotive is strong enough to pull the platform car over the two miles in two minutes. The dummy can attain the same speed. When the engine reaches B in one minute, the dummy, having gone a mile a-top the platform car, reaches B also. We have so combined the speeds of those two engines as to accomplish two miles in one minute. Is this all we can do? Prepare to exercise your imagination."

I lit my pipe.

"Still two miles of straight track, between A and B. On the track a long platform car, reaching from A to within a quarter of a mile of B. We will now discard ordinary locomotives and adopt as our motive power a series of compact magnetic engines, distributed underneath the platform car, all along its length."

"I don't understand those magnetic engines."

"Well, each of them consists of a great iron horseshoe, rendered alternately a magnet and not a magnet by an intermittent current of electricity from a battery, this current in its turn regulated by clock-work. When the horseshoe is in the circuit, it is a magnet, and it pulls its clapper toward it with enormous power. When it is out of the circuit, the next second, it is not a magnet and it lets the clapper go. The clapper, oscillating to and fro, imparts a

rotatory motion to a fly-wheel, which transmits it to the drivers on the rails. Such are our motors. They are no novelty, for trial has proved them practicable.

"With a magnetic engine for every truck of wheels, we can reasonably expect to move our immense car, and to drive it along at a speed, say, of a mile a minute."

"The forward end, having but a quarter of a mile to go, will reach B in fifteen seconds. We will call this platform car number 1. On top of number 1 are laid rails on which another platform car, number 2, a quarter of a mile shorter than number 1, is moved in precisely the same way. Number 2, in its turn, is surmounted by number 3, moving independently of the tiers beneath, and a quarter of a mile shorter than number 2. Number 2 is a mile and a half long; number 3 a mile and a quarter. Above, on successive levels, are number 4, a mile long; number 5 three-quarters of a mile; number 6, half a mile; number 7, a quarter of a mile, and number 8, a short passenger car, on top of all.

"Each car moves upon the car beneath it, independently of all the others, at the rate of a mile a minute. Each car has its own magnetic engines. Well, the train being drawn up with the latter end of each car resting against a lofty bumping-post at A, Tom Furnace, the gentlemanly conductor, and Jean Marie Rivarol, engineer, mount by a long ladder to the exalted number 8. The complicated mechanism is set in motion. What happens?"

"Number 8 runs a quarter of a mile in fifteen seconds and reaches the end of number 7. Meanwhile number 7 has run a quarter of a mile in the same time and reached the end of number 6; number 6, a quarter of a mile in fifteen seconds, and reached the end of number 5; number 5, the end of number 4; number 4, of number 3; number 3, of number 2; number 2, of number 1. And number 1, in fifteen seconds, has gone its quarter of a mile along the ground track, and has reached station B. All this has been done in fifteen seconds. Wherefore, numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 come to rest against the bumping-post at B, at precisely the same second. We, in number 8, reach B just when number 1 reaches it. In other words, we accomplish two miles in fifteen seconds. Each of the eight cars, moving at the rate of a mile a minute, has contributed a quarter of a mile to our journey, and has done its work in fifteen seconds. All the eight did their

work at once, during the same fifteen seconds. Consequently we have been whizzed through the air at the somewhat startling speed of seven and a half seconds to the mile. This is the Tachypomp. Does it justify the name?"

Although a little bewildered by the complexity of cars, I apprehended the general principle of the machine. I made a diagram and understood it much better. "You have merely improved on the idea of my moving faster than the train when I was going to the smoking car?"

"Precisely. So far we have kept within the bounds of the practicable. To satisfy the professor you can theorize in something after this fashion: If we double the number of cars, thus decreasing by one-half the distance which each has to go, we shall attain twice the speed. Each of the sixteen cars will have but one-eighth of a mile to go. At the uniform rate we have adopted, the two miles can be done in seven and a half instead of fifteen seconds. With thirty-two cars, and a sixteenth of a mile, or twenty rods difference in their length, we arrive at the speed of a mile in less than two seconds; with sixty-four cars, each traveling but ten rods, a mile under the second. More than sixty miles a minute! If this isn't rapid enough for the professor, tell him to go on, increasing the number of his cars and diminishing the distance each one has to run. If sixty-four cars yield a speed of a mile inside the second, let him fancy a Tachypomp of six hundred and forty cars, and amuse himself calculating the rate of car number 640. Just whisper to him that when he has an infinite number of cars with an infinitesimal difference in their lengths, he will have obtained that infinite speed for which he seems to yearn. Then demand *Abscissa*."

I wrung my friend's hand in silent and grateful admiration. I could say nothing.

"You have listened to the man of theory," he said proudly. "You shall now behold the practical engineer. We will go to the west of the Mississippi and find some suitably level locality. We will erect thereon a model Tachypomp. We will

summon thereunto the professor, his daughter, and why not his fair sister Jocasta, as well? We will take them a journey which shall much astonish the venerable Surd. He shall place *Abscissa*'s digits in yours and bless you both with an algebraic formula. Jocasta shall contemplate with wonder the genius of Rivarol. But we have much to do. We must ship to St. Joseph the vast amount of material to be employed in the construction of the Tachypomp. We must engage a small army of workmen to effect that construction, for we are to annihilate time and space. Perhaps you had better see your bankers."

I rushed impetuously to the door. There should be no delay.

"Stop! stop! *Um Gottes Willen*, stop!" shrieked Rivarol. "I launched my butcher this morning and I haven't bolted the—"

But it was too late. I was upon the trap. It swung open with a crash, and I was plunged down, down, down! I felt as if I were falling through illimitable space. I remember wondering, as I rushed through the darkness, whether I should reach Kerguelen's Land, or stop at the center. It seemed an eternity. Then my course was suddenly and painfully arrested.

I opened my eyes. Around me were the walls of Professor Surd's study. Under me was a hard, unyielding plane which I knew too well was Professor Surd's study floor. Behind me was the black, slippery hair-cloth chair which had belched me forth, much as the whale served Jonah. In front of me stood Professor Surd himself, looking down with a not unpleasant smile.

"Good evening, Mr. Furnace. Let me help you up. You look tired, sir. No wonder you fell asleep when I kept you so long waiting. Shall I get you a glass of wine? No? By the way, since receiving your letter I find that you are a son of my old friend, Judge Furnace. I have made inquiries, and see no reason why you should not make *Abscissa* a good husband."

Still I can see no reason why the Tachypomp should not have succeeded. Can you?



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## EARTHEN PITCHERS.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

## CHAPTER XIII.

MR. GODDARD was awake with the dawn that day. He usually hit upon all his plans for life before breakfast; it was the enervating, deliberative evening that shook his faith in them and had postponed them all, an unlaidd meddlesome mob of ghosts, to the present time. This nipping east wind and bright sunshine strengthened his resolution. He would marry Miss Swenson. He lay in his feather-bed at the hotel, looking at the smouldering wood-fire in the stove, and out of the window at the glittering bay and the silent ships, with their bare masts behind the dark bar of the breakwater. He wished that lazy negro would come and kindle the fire; he was glad that he had not been born into one of the indolent, tropical races; the Anglo-Saxon—what if he should go and get a boat and take Audrey out into some of those hushed, dusky coves and there ask her to marry him? Whereupon he sprang out of bed. Before his boots were on he was in a fever of love, and zeal, and energy from head to foot; he could have died, or even worked for her just then, provided fate had been there to hit the nail on its momentary head. But would there be any necessity for working? The farm was good for an easy income, rented on shares. Jenny could tell him how much, no doubt; and the farm was his absolutely, unless some heir of that mythical Elizabeth Cortrell turned up. He was shaving as these meditations passed through his mind, and stopped, razor in hand. No danger of such an infernal chance as that, surely? The fine poetic eyes stared thoughtfully at themselves and the lathered chin in the glass awhile; then he finished shaving gravely. "I'll go and talk to Jane about it first," he said, nodding to himself.

"Bail out that boat," he called, as he went out of the tavern door, to a bare-legged youth who sat on one of the cannon, meditatively throwing pebbles into a skiff on the shore. "I want it in five minutes." He hurried off, leaving the boy to look after him, stunned for a moment by such fiery heat, and then to resume his pebble-throwing with increased thoughtfulness.

Miss Derby was up and dressed; none

of Mrs. Graff's household tarried in bed, well or ill.

Goddard took both her hands in his, and looked fondly into her eyes. He was an affectionate fellow, as everybody knew; his aged mother declared he was the tenderest son ever mother had; and his brother, who supported them both, fancied he found Niel more sympathetic than even a wife would have been. His sympathies were alive to-day as the flock of migrating birds outside, fluttering here and there through the world to find a nest and home.

"You are quite well, Jane?" he said. "You look remarkably well after your terrible night, except for the hollows under your eyes. It was a terrible night to me, I assure you. Looking on and comprehending your danger, I suffered, of course, as you could not do. I feel every nerve frightfully shaken. But I have a plan. I wish to consult you. We'll go and take a row along the beach. You'll go, Jane?"

"Oh, yes; I'll go, Niel." There was an odd submission and humility in her sharp tones which startled him, but he said nothing. He could attend to poor Jane and her case after a while, when his own affairs were settled.

"You shall not go out of the house without a cup of hot coffee and a roll," said Mrs. Graff, coming in as Jane was buttoning her sacque. "Sea, indeed. The sea is there year in and year out, and did any body ever see me bathing or punting about in it, or making a magazine article out of it? Drink the coffee, and be back in half an hour at the farthest, mind."

Jane made no reply, but followed Goddard. She would have followed him as a servant to the ends of the earth, and asked no wages of love, or even notice. She had gone down into the grave last night and shaken hands with death, and it had taught her the actual truth of things—what this man, this red-headed god was to her, must always be to her, and that she was nothing to him. She knew he was going to tell her that he meant to marry Audrey Swenson, and that by a word she could prevent it. She went up to her chamber for a few minutes; and when she came back she carried a little Japanned

case in her hand, inside of which was her own title to the Stone-post farm.

"Going to dredge for specimens?" glancing at the case. "I did not know any of your tastes ran into weeds or fishes, Jane; but I shall require all your attention to-day. I will carry the case, though."

"No!" hiding it jealously under her arm.

Mr. Goddard was unusually silent as they walked down the drowsy village street. His boots were unblackened, the clay of the night before yet stained his fanciful sailor clothes, and he had forgotten to trim his curling, red beard. Such signs were open letters to Jane. In his ordinary friendships and loves he was finical and dainty. "This is a reality to him," thought Jane.

Down the long board-path; past the quaint old houses with their double doors and windows to fend off the fierce wind; their walls green with ivy, and roofs gray with lichen, while the gardens, filled with old-fashioned prince's-feathers and asters, crimsoned and purpled in patches, in the sun; Jane with a dreary sense of humor, thought of herself as of some criminal going to his death, with no chance of reprieve. For so many years the world had meant for her only this little man, walking beside her in his baggy, blue flannel shirt and trousers, and in five minutes more they would be done with each other for ever. Yet it was Jane who, with that reticence with which an ordinary woman is born, armored as an armadillo with his scales, kept up the flow of small talk. She pointed out the beds of oyster-shells on the sands, accumulated by the Indians centuries ago. "They seem of more interest to me than the sand or the sea, because human beings touched them," she said. "Here is a broken stone-hammer which, I suppose, some young chief wore in his belt, and the bone needle with which his squaw mended his moccasin!"

Goddard looked at them and stopped. "Yes, the hammer and needle are here, while they are but lime and clay, and their loves and hates are remembered no more. Yet, no doubt, Jane, their love was deep and real as ours now-a-days."

Jane dropped the needle. "Very likely," she said dryly, and walked on.

She showed him presently a ship's cabin perched close to the sidewalk, with half a dozen children swarming in and out.

"There is Peggotty's house, Niel." But Goddard was one of the school of later critics who smile patronizingly on Dickens. "Burlesque sailors and old mawthers are neither Nature nor Art," he said loftily, "Wait until I have settled down in my new life here and I will write you a story, which will stir the blood of the nation, I fancy. Lewes shall suffice for scenery."

She hurried on. This new life? She had not been mistaken, then? She walked more slowly past an old, weather-beaten house, looking curiously over the garden-fence; Goddard could see nothing worth notice except an enormous turtle's shell, which was turned over and filled with verbenas. But Jane, beyond the gaudy blooms, saw a baby who had crawled out and fallen asleep on the lower door-step, one fat, muddy leg sunken in the soft grass.

"What the deuce is in that to bring the water to her eyes?" Goddard asked himself impatiently as they walked on. "Jane has the most disagreeable habit of unearthing a misery at shorter notice than any woman I ever saw."

Past the high grave-yard, looking down upon the quiet street out of the height of its eternal silence; past the bald, bare hotel with its many windows staring down at the bay, waiting hopelessly for the quiet to be broken; past the solemn group of pilots with their skins and breeches alike of leather color, seated on the old cannon, waiting for the bombardment of their grandfathers to be renewed, down to the edge of the rippling water. Jane wondered vaguely to herself how these things would look when she came back; if, after she had heard those few words of his, anything in the world would seem as it had done before.

Goddard found the boy preparing to go down and bail out the boat; he swore with impatience, snatched the sponge and tin dipper from him, and in a few moments called to Jane to come on, while the pilots and fishermen smiled at each other at his energy, and nodded significantly over their pipes.

"Now, thank God, we are rid of them!" he exclaimed, drawing a long breath, as the boat floated out into the bright ripples of the bay. "Do you, know, Jane, human beings oppress me lately? They rob me of myself,—each a little. I begin to feel like a mirror which has reflected a crowd of people, and is nothing in itself. That is one reason I feel that a strong personality



close to mine would serve to nourish and shield me from these outside influences."

"You know best what you need, Niel."

They drifted down the shore until they were opposite to the Swenson house. Its open windows could be seen behind the cedars. Through one of them they could see a little man in his shirt-sleeves, with a high beaver hat, playing on the violin as anxiously as though he played to save a life. It was Dr. Swenson, who had stopped digging his potatoes to give Audrey an idea from Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, which he thought she had never observed. She stood beside him, attentive, her eyes apparently fixed on the far sea-line, as she did not notice the boat.

Jane was glad at that moment; glad of the simplicity and power of this figure in the window, draped in black; of the delicate, proud head, the royal yet confiding eyes. Were not all these goods for Niel? Ought he not to have the best the world could offer? But—

"She is there, Jane," whispered Niel, with a sort of gasp, and did not speak again for a long time.

"I wonder," said Jane, "if her poor uncle was digging potatoes for his breakfast. Mrs. Graff tells me that Audrey is no better manager than the dog or cat. They fare miserably." She could not resist this thrust of a needle, though she had spent half of the night praying God to bless them both in their marriage.

"I should fancy Audrey would be a poor caterer," said Niel, with a happy indulgent laugh. His face glowed as he stood in the prow, sheltering his eyes to catch a last glimpse of her; his eyes were radiant; the sun brought out the fine red lights in his heavy hair. To Jane he had the strength of a man, and the tenderness and pure fire of a young girl. When she thought of his marriage with Audrey it was like a poem,—a saga of the loves of the Norse youths and maidens in old times, when drops of the blood of the gods ran in their veins. What she said was:—

"Kit's mother tells me that she had but little education and knows nothing of home duties; she can actually neither sew a seam nor cook a beefsteak. You see yourself how she flings money about."

"You must teach her, then, Jane. You will always be a welcome visitor at the Stone-post Farm,—be sure of that. I shall not give up my friends for my wife. Audrey will have no little jealousies

either; her mind is too largely built for that."

"You wish me to come as a guest to that farm?" said Jane slowly. She was stooping over the side, and letting the water pass through her fingers. "Your guest and Audrey Swenson's?"

"Yes, Jane; certainly. It will be pleasant for you in peach-season, when you are off the paper. And I really would take more holidays, Jenny," tenderly. "I cannot bear to think of you moiling over proofs and cooking those hashies of letters, when I shall be one of the 'Lords High Proprietors' of the soil, as the old Delaware records would have had it."

That word or two of kindness saved him. Jane's brain had been gathering up a bitter store against him. Why should she spare him? He cast her away as indifferently as he would a half-burned cigar. He was going to take this woman to his breast in order that they might take their ease for the rest of their lives on her money—her farm. But, at this first careless, affectionate touch of interest in her, her face relaxed. She said quietly, "Newspaper work is tiresome in summer, that is true; but it is my work, Niel, after all. I suppose I'll die in the harness."

They drifted on and on. Goddard, all fire and zeal about his love, appeared quite content to spend the morning in dreaming about it, and to leave its realization until afternoon. Jane, stiff little martinet always over herself, tried to turn away from the sea and from him, and to go back to the old newspaper work, the office, to her receptions, and Parr Chalkley and Sturm and Shively. How wretched a sham it all was! The tasteless tea and the chaffy toast; the huckster notions of art and authorship! The morning was sunny, the sea air full of vitality; but Jane, in that half-hour, felt that she was no longer a young woman. Nothing was left to her in life but the newspaper jobbery, and to fight off neuralgia from back and head. She went wearily back to think of the Indian woman, who, hundreds of years ago, sat in the sand yonder by the heap of shells. She wondered if her one chance of love was lost to her—and was that bone needle as wearying to take up again as the pen in her inkstand at home would be to-morrow?

"You can command a view of the sea from the porch at the Farm,—did I tell you, Jane? I was just thinking that may save Audrey an attack of calenture."

She did not speak for a moment. "You have quite determined on this marriage, Niel?"

"Why, no. Certainly not until I have your advice. Why, that is what I brought you here for. But I have regarded this step seriously. It is no sudden whim with me. Audrey is necessary to me. I feel as though Providence had designedly planned her for my support and comfort. There is a fund of original power about her which—other women exhaust, drain me; but she would be as a fountain of life ready to my hand." He waited a moment for a reply, but Jane was looking down through the pale, brown water at the shadows of the ripples on the sand below. "Well," with an embarrassed laugh, "you know I told you she had largesse for mankind, so you cannot blame me if I try to claim it all for myself."

"No. Push out into deeper water, Niel. These shimmering shadows blind me."

"I feel,"—after a few vigorous strokes which shot the boat out beyond the breakers,—*"I feel, Jenny, at times an intolerable solitude about me, a lack, a want of something which I have never had in life. Do you understand what I mean?"*

"Yes, I understand."

"God knows whether love will satisfy this longing, but I hope it will."

Jane spoke at last, after her silence had made him look curiously at her.

"If you had not the Farm—"

His face sank into blank disappointment, but he answered firmly, "I could not marry without the Farm. I am no more fit to earn beefsteaks than Audrey to cook them."

On and on over the rolling water, each time coming nearer to shore. Oh, to stay out for ever! To leave farm, Audrey, newspapers, all questions of genius or of money behind, and to drift on with that one face before her. But after that flash of blinding passion, thought, cool, keen, comprehensive, came to Jane's shrewd brain. She held in her hand the proof which made her owner of the farm; if she showed it Goddard would never marry Audrey; it was possible, even probable, that he might marry her. It was no slight thing, too, for her to throw from her the ownership of the farm even if she never married. It was the only chance of comfort for age; happiness she had done with to-day, but there would be a certain pleasure in managing crops, in rearing cattle, in saving pennies from the sale of

milk and butter. Even in this hour of her great pain and loss, the idea of these occupations came to Jane with a sense of compensation as strong as literature was hateful to her. If she made the sacrifice, she at least knew its worth. Her black, penetrating eyes were fixed on his.

"Niel, if you had not this farm,—if you could not marry her—?" But she did not need to wait for an answer. The color left his face, intolerable pain showed itself through his eyes, his contracted features, his quivering chin. "God knows best. I would bear it as best I could."

She stood up, unconscious, so strongly was she moved, that the boat rocked to and fro with her.

"You do love her then?"

"I never loved woman before, Jane."

She made no answer except a commonplace, "Very well," and sat down again.

"What *are* you thinking of?" he asked irritably, after a while. "You do not take much interest in my affairs it seems to me, Jane."

"Yes," she said slowly. "I was thinking, Niel, that nothing ought to stand in the way of your happiness."

"Nothing is going to stand in its way that I know of."

"Is this the deep sea-water here? How many fathoms deep?"

"How should I know? I am not nautical beyond my clothes. Deep enough if you fall overboard to hold you where you will never touch shore again."

"I think you are mistaken, we are not off the bar. The swell would soon carry anything in from here. Push out further."

"As you please, moodily. It was selfish in Jane to chatter about trifles when his whole future was at stake."

"If I should throw anything in here," she said when they had reached the darker green beyond, "it would never come back?"

"Not till the sea gives up its dead. What is that you are going to sacrifice?" trying civilly to be interested. "Your specimens? That's a pity."

"There is nothing in the box of any value except to me," holding it uncertainly in her hand, and looking down into the water.

"If you were a mother burying your child, you could not look more wretched, Jane," laughing.

She turned and looked at him quickly. "*My child!*" she said.

She let the case fall into the water, which closed over it with a dull gurgle. "It is not such women as I who have children to bury. Let us go back now, Niel. It is time you were with Audrey."

## CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN Goddard had reached Miss Swenson's house, and found her alone, he was not long in unfolding his errand. An hour or two of dreaming of the future as her husband, made him feel secure as an already married man, and it seemed to him there was little more to do than to mention the matter to her, that she might immediately begin to dream with him of the joy and development in store for both. The manner of mentioning it had not, it is true, been without its force. There was always a certain strength and exaltation in Goddard's statement of his plans, which affected his hearers, and usually carried them with him. When he began to make a balloon at school, which was to convey him both to New York and to glory, most of the other boys were ready to go up with him; and though they were men now, and knew it was never finished, but rotted in an outhouse, they remembered him still as a fellow of fine invention, and likely even now to do something in the balloon way. No man could write a more slashing leading article. Year before last he carried half Philadelphia with him in his radical notions of municipal election reform; last year he became conservative, and then so persuasive was his eloquence, that all his followers sank back again contented into the embrace of stock-jobbers, repeaters and ward politicians. It was no wonder that Audrey Swenson was startled and moved by his fiery love-making. But he began to think presently that her answer lingered a long time on the way. She had walked from him to the open window. He had leisure to contemplate the free, light figure in relief against the lowering afternoon light. If he ever chose to be a sculptor, (and he had begun two or three very remarkable things in that way,) here was a model ready to his hand. As she stood poised on the beach yesterday, for instance, the mackerel line just flung! By George, the very thing! What would your impossible young Mohawks or imaginary Cleopatras be to that as a bit of American

art; or, if he finished the novel he had planned, she should be the principal figure; or, if he wrote poems, she could set them to music—free, simple, outspoken music like herself. But he must draw consent now from the sweet, shy creature. He was about to rise when she turned toward him. Sweet and shy enough, probably, but had the Swensons been Swedish kings instead of Swedish sailors she could not have held her suitor from her with more grave stateliness.

"I never have had lovers, Mr. Goddard; I have to consider before I give you an answer as to how I ought to give it."

"There is no need to speak any words at all. I need you, Audrey; come to me!" He held out both hands passionately.

Audrey surveyed them tranquilly. There was a gleam of fun in her steady, soft eyes. "Yes, you told me that you needed me for many purposes. I do not at all understand how that can be. But," with sudden gravity, "supposing it were true, if I loved you, if your need of me was as great as that of the dead for life, I could not go to you. I say this to you so strongly," after a momentary pause, "because I want you not to hurt yourself by thinking that I should have decided differently with a different man. I can never marry."

With an ordinary woman all this would have been the prelude to a coy acceptance; but Goddard knew this was no ordinary woman. The man at bottom was genuine. His manner changed on the instant. He was frank, outspoken, straight-forward as she.

"You propose to give your life to your art?"

"Yes; my art," hurriedly, "is all there is of me."

"The best of you, I grant," eagerly. "But not all." They had suddenly shifted from the question of love to the freemasonry of those who stand on the ground of a common idea. "Half of your nature will lie fallow. Besides, what do you know to teach by your art? What experience have you of life? Why none at all, Audrey; you have not even loved."

"No;" yet, as she stopped, the sudden warm blood rushed to her face and throat and bosom. Like a spark on tinder, the blush set Goddard on fire.

"Let me be your teacher then," in his low, passionate tones. "I will make you know what love is, and you shall utter it again to charm the world if you will." Unfortunately for his cause, he laid his hand

upon her arm. Audrey drew hastily back, straightening the black sleeve. Goddard, who was wont to sit like Apollo, crowned by the Muses, among the literary women of New York and Philadelphia, was to her at that moment simply a presuming, disagreeable, little man, whose breath was rank with tobacco.

"I shall never marry," quietly. "Nothing can make that possible."

Goddard started and turned away from her. He showed signs of pain by shivers and uncertain motions as a hurt animal would do. He stood looking down on the sea a long time before he said, "I am sorry to have annoyed you. But I loved you; I have never loved a woman before, and I never shall again."

Audrey's innocent blue eyes filled, as she watched him go out for his hat and gloves. She had never seen such hopeless woe as his sensitive face bore.

"Will you bid me a farewell in your own way?" coming back, and pausing by her chair.

She got up eagerly, and went to the piano, struck the keys once again, and then stopped. "There is nothing for me to say to you. How can I play?"

To her amazement, his countenance was at once irradiated. "But this is the feeling of a true artist! On such an idea Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn built their divine work—the necessity of utterance. They wrote no score for a royalty of filthy dollars. You did right to reject me. Let me be sacrificed to art. Better so! better so!"

He naced up and down, rubbing his

wrists like a nervous woman, while Audrey eyed him with a cold surprise.

He stopped before her at last, his thin face red with enthusiasm. "Ah, God! that I had your devotion, your integrity to your work! I shall think of you and your beauty and power as set apart hereafter from human touch. My love was a mistake, but I shall take with me this great thought to refresh me. Thank God there are sometimes such thoughts to refresh me!" He looked at her from head to foot in a hazy, rapt way. "Nature," he said earnestly, "could have created no more perfect type of the vestal virgin to dedicate to Art, and I will help to dedicate it."

"Eh? What's that? What's the matter, Mr. Goddard?" cried the Doctor bustling in, half awake from his afternoon nap.

"Nothing, sir, nothing," abstractedly. "But I have this moment thought of a plan which concerns Miss Swenson's future life. I must go and elaborate it. Good-bye," holding out his hand to her. "I shall take the next train. Trust all to me. Don't make a step without my advice in this matter. As soon as my arrangements are perfected you shall hear from me."

"What ails that young man, Audrey?"

"How can I tell?" dryly, closing the piano.

"What the deuce has he to do with your future life? Vestal virgin, eh? His talk has had no Catholic tendency? No mention of nunneries, eh?"

"No, sir. He was in great trouble a few minutes ago. But it certainly seems to have quite evaporated," as she rose and went out.

(To be continued.)

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ATHEIST.

THE reasons are manifold why the life of John Stuart Mill should be interesting. His personality was unique—we will not say at present whether for weakness or strength. His education was something marvelous in its way; perhaps more marvelous than that of any English speaking youth of the century. His career was almost a romance, if it be not quixotic to apply the epithet romantic to a man, who was little more than a metaphysician, and a radical.

But if we reflect on the contempt and ostracism which were accorded in London

and the Universities to the little knot of speculative Radicals with whom Mill identified his youthful fortunes, and watch the influence which they gained in each successive decade till, at the death of their acknowledged leader, all England noticed the event as the going out of one of its greatest lights, and also reflect on the place which Mill made for himself towards the end of his life in the Common rooms of the great Universities, where thirty years ago his name was mentioned only with contemptuous sneers, it is impossible not to won-

der with amazement at his success, even if we fail to accord to it our sympathy.

As a laborious and indefatigable toiler in the abstract sciences, Mill has certainly made his mark, more emphatically than any man of his generation, unless we except the great Scotchman with whose opinions he so boldly grappled, or the more adventurous speculatist who walks with confident footsteps over the path which Mill opened with a cautious and stealthy pace. As a devotee of political economy, and a sturdy champion for legal, social and political reforms, he was always conspicuous and never would acknowledge defeat. In all these particulars Mill's life was remarkable, and the story of it must be worthy of attention. But most of all is it remarkable for another reason. His ethical and religious faith was essentially, if not avowedly, atheistic, and being such may be taken as a representative of that of many speculative and cultured men of the present generation. Of the man who held this faith we have not the life only, but the life as narrated by himself, and narrated with a freedom and minuteness which are as uncommon as they are instructive.

It is with this aspect of his life that we propose to concern ourselves, and with this only. Mr. Mill has chosen to write the history of his own religious and ethical opinions and of the character which was molded by them. He has done this with singular frankness, and with a marvelous indifference to the favorable or unfavorable judgments of his fellow-men. We propose to follow him in a spirit as dispassionate as his own; to inquire into the causes which produced this somewhat extraordinary phenomenon, and to estimate the worth of the product itself, not by the ordinarily received standards of natural or Christian Theism, but by those which we may assume to be accepted by cultivated men irrespective of any theological prepossessions.

We deem it necessary to premise that we accept Mr. Mill's account of himself as unprejudiced and true. We do not care to go beyond his own narration for our data, or to judge of his culture, his aims, or his conduct by any other testimony than his own. Not a little has been said by his critics in the way of detraction from the correctness of some of his statements, and of addition of facts omitted by him, particularly in respect to his relations to Mrs. Taylor. We prefer to disregard all this

supplementary matter and to accept without question the statements concerning his conduct and motives which are given by himself.

Mr. Mill introduces very early into the autobiography a sketch of his father. He does this very naturally, for his father's personality and principles exerted a controlling influence over his own from his birth to his death, and not only over himself but equally over all the leading men of his school. The filial deference with which the son uniformly speaks of his father is discernible in all his writings, and is very conspicuous in this autobiography. It is with painful delicacy that he alludes to his growing want of sympathy with his father as his life went on, and with tender satisfaction that he notices how, towards the end of that life, he interested himself in re-editing his father's principal work on philosophy. Mr. George Grote shared in these feelings, and expressed the warmest satisfaction in furnishing matter for the same publication that he might testify his gratitude to the man who had done so much for his own education and his practical principles. The man who impressed himself so powerfully upon such men as John Stuart Mill and George Grote, long after his own death, must have been an extraordinary man.

He was a Scotchman; with a self-reliance and a capacity for self-assertion which surpassed that of any other Scotchman of whom we are informed, marvelous as are the possibilities and achievements of Scotchmen in these regards. He was trained originally as a beneficiary student for the ministry in the Scottish Presbyterian Church. But he "had by his own studies and reflections been early led to reject not only the belief in Revelation, but the foundations of what is commonly called Natural Religion." Finding no halting place in Deism, "he yielded to the conviction that concerning the origin of things nothing whatever can be known." And yet, the son insists that he was not a dogmatic Atheist, and that he even held that such Atheism was absurd. He says, moreover, that his father was led to abandon Theism on *moral* rather than on intellectual grounds. "He found it impossible to believe that a world so full of evil was the work of an author combining infinite power with perfect goodness and righteousness. Indeed he rather preferred the Manichean theory of two separate originators or principles of good and evil." If



he was not a dogmatic Atheist, he was disposed to be a dogmatic Manichean. If not a dogmatic Atheist he was sufficiently dogmatic as an Anti-theist and Anti-Christian, holding with Lucretius, that all religion, whether natural or supernatural, is essentially demoralizing; indeed, "as the greatest enemy of morality, first by setting up fictitious excellences—belief in creeds, etc.,—\* \* but above all by radically vitiating the standard of morals, making it consist in doing the will of a being, on whom it lavishes, indeed, all the phrases of adulation, but whom in sober truth it depicts as eminently hateful. \* \* This *ne plus ultra* of wickedness, he considered to be embodied in what is commonly presented to mankind as the creed of Christianity." Mr. Mill warms as he proceeds in expounding this "dogmatism" of his father, and insists, for his own part, that although the demoralizing conceptions of the object of the Christian's love and worship are largely mingled with and modified by the ideal excellence which he derives from other sources, yet they cannot but exert a very pernicious influence in disturbing and clouding this ideal.

At the risk of dwelling upon a point which ought to be self-evident, we observe that Mill, the father, as described by the son, does not appear to refer to any of the hard sayings in the Scottish Calvinistic creeds, as the grounds of these wholesale attacks on every form of religion, but to certain *hard facts* in the economy of the universe, which must, in his view, compel a man who believes in an intelligent creator, to accept such views of his character as must be demoralizing. He, therefore, preferred not to believe in God at all, and in order to save his morality he accepts the Manichean theory as nearest to his approximation to a religious creed. That this creed has been eminently moral in its influence he does not affirm, and it would be hard for him to prove.

It is important also to notice that the phenomena of the universe as seen by our brace of philosophers, with one God, or no God, or two Gods behind them, were observed through the spectacles of a private philosophic theory of their own, which might possibly have had something to do with the conclusions which they formed in respect to the demoralizing influences of all religion. This theory embraced two cardinal principles, the doctrine that man is the creature of circumstances, and that

his circumstances determine his character through the predominance of his subjective associations. Mill, the father, adopted very early the fatalism of Hartley's *Observations on Man*, and Mill, the son, and all his school have made it the business of their lives to establish this as the only rational and tenable theory of man, and of human progress and perfectibility. It is very easy to see how on the principles of this philosophy, which both the Mills accepted as indisputable, they should arrive at very peculiar conclusions in respect to the rationality of Theism and Christianity, and the possibility of holding any creed concerning God which should not be demoralizing. This Hartleian fatalism itself, in the view of many who reject it, is a theory which seems to be utterly inconsistent with the possibility of morality of any kind. It occurs to us that a witty American writer who is never weary of attacking what he calls Calvinism as fearfully demoralizing, seems almost equally zealous in propagating a theory of necessitarian mechanism in "thought and morals" which is inconsistent with responsibility or self-respect. It is not surprising that those who hold such a doctrine should find in religion as interpreted by their principles an instrument of demoralization, or that they should be unable to furnish a satisfactory theory of the goodness of God in his dealings with men. We cannot but contrast the summary method with which the great problems of thought concerning these questions are disposed of by this Scottish schoolmaster, with the earnest struggles, the patient inquiries, and the triumphant faith of multitudes who have faced the facts as boldly, and put their questions as clearly, and acknowledged the difficulties as frankly as he, but with whom faith in the Living God as good was triumphant, and the power of Christian theism to inspire and sustain an elevated moral life was verified by the most decisive evidence.

But our *doctrinaire* was not to be put down though all the world should be against him. With a self-confidence that is almost sublime, and a power of self-assertion that would seem to be indomitable, he attached himself to Jeremy Bentham, and became a devotee to his projects for social and juridical reform. With a strong interest in political economy, and an ardent faith in spite of his Manicheanism in the perfectibility of man by means of democratic government and representative institutions; with

a keen sense of those social inequalities and traditional abuses which were so fearfully rank in England for the first two decades of the present century; with a strong interest in history, and a comprehensive capacity to discern the workings of institutions, he adopted most of the theories of Jeremy Bentham, and gave all his energies to his proposed reforms, many of which at that time seemed quixotic. His *History of British India* brought him into public notice, and secured him in 1818 a place of influence and pecuniary support in the East India House. Being capable of immense intellectual labor, and of untiring energy, he became the inspiring genius of the few rising young men whom he could gather about himself, as well as an indomitable worker in the cause of Radical Reform. His most important services to his generation, however, were rendered by the education of George Grote and John Stuart Mill. Over the latter he had complete control, and he began with him at the earliest possible period.

The son was born in 1806, twelve years and more before his father was installed in the India House. During these years the father was dependent on literary labor for his subsistence, and yet contrived to do the reading and writing which were necessary for the composition of his great history. With these burdens upon him he began to teach the boy Greek when three years old, and taught him so well that he had read some of the easiest and one of the most abstruse of Plato's dialogues, with Herodotus, parts of Xenophon, etc., by the time he was seven or eight. To Greek, arithmetic was added. At eight he began Latin. After he was five or six he began to read History, and recited to his father on his walks from a large number of standard ancient and modern historians, reading copiously also of voyages and travels. Of children's books he owned *Robinson Crusoe*, and borrowed the *Arabian Nights*, *Don Quixote*, Miss Edgeworth's *Popular Tales*, etc. When he began to learn Latin he assisted in teaching his brothers and sisters, and began to read the Greek poets. From eight to twelve he read an appalling amount of Latin and Greek, finishing with Aristotle's Rhetoric, and throwing in a second large installment of ancient and modern history. Of poetry he read somewhat, and wrote English verses. From twelve to fourteen he read considerable portions of

Aristotle's Organon for Logic, and did not a little logical analysis, read Demosthenes for pleasure, and some of the most important dialogues of Plato, also Tacitus, Juvenal, and Quintilian, and assisted his father to read the MSS. and proofs of his history as it went through the press. When he was thirteen and more he was put to the study of Political Economy, and at fourteen his regular education was finished. During all this period his father was severe, and often presumed on greater maturity of intelligence than he found. He was an exacting though a stimulating teacher. He was careful to guard his pupil against self-conceit, inculcating the lesson upon him that if he should find, on comparing himself with other persons of his age, that he knew more than they, he must remember that it was because he had enjoyed special advantages. The son thinks that he had no arrogance, and knows that he had no special humility. He owns that various persons who saw him in his childhood thought him "greatly and disagreeably self-conceited, probably because he was disputatious, and did not scruple to give direct contradiction to things which he heard said."

We ought not to omit noticing that he traveled not infrequently in England with his father, and his father's friends. It is characteristic of the author to say of a sojourn at Ford Abbey, "This sojourn was, I think, an important circumstance in my education. Nothing contributes more to nourish elevation of sentiments in a people than the large and free character of their habitations. The middle-age architecture, the baronial hall, and the spacious and lofty rooms of this fine old place, so unlike the mean and cramped externals of English middle-class life, gave the sentiment of a larger and freer exertion, and are to one a sort of poetic cultivation," etc.

After the age of fourteen he resided in France for a year, becoming familiar with the language, and had a slight introduction to French domestic and social life, studying somewhat under French professors. On his return he resumed his ordinary studies, prosecuting the branches (in the main self-directed) which he had begun, and giving himself especially to the study of Jurisprudence, Political Economy, and Psychology. He attaches special importance to his reading of a book published under the pseudonym of "Philip Beauchamp," entitled, *Analysis of the Influence of Natural Religion on the Temporal Happiness*

of Mankind. This work was founded on the teachings of Bentham, and was prepared by George Grote, and sets forth very emphatically the doctrines of which we have already spoken—that natural as well as revealed religion is hostile to human happiness and welfare.

Of this method of education and its results we have only a word to say. That it could only have been achieved and sustained with a strong nature to enforce, and a pliant nature to accept it, is sufficiently obvious to any man who knows even very little of boys. That the pupil read and studied as he describes we have no reason to doubt. We cannot suspect Mr. Mill of exaggeration as to the principal facts of detail, although we might suppose him to deceive himself as to the amount of intelligence which he lent to these studies. That his judgments concerning himself are inclined to be suave and sanguine is evident from many pages of his writings. But we can easily believe that a boy of so gentle a temper and so passive a nature as his, with great capacity to acquire, and no little acuteness of judgment, should have been stimulated by a powerful and energetic nature like his father's to the achievements which he describes. One thing he well says of himself, which seems to be highly probable, viz., that he learned how to *know* better than how to *do*; that he was singularly helpless in managing and providing for himself, whereas his father was singularly handy and self-reliant. So far as we can judge from his writings, it was one of the great defects of his nature that, while he was apt at books, he never learned to know not only how to do things himself, but how they were done by other men. In other words, he was singularly deficient in common sense in respect to doing of all sorts, whether the doing concerned the management of a household, the conduct of a commonwealth, the relations of the sexes, or the government of the universe. The disabilities which he incurred from this forced and secluded training were aggravated by the circumstance that but few persons visited his father's house, and he was conversant with a very limited society, and rarely had intercourse with boys of his own age. His childhood, he thinks, was happy, though his father failed in tenderness, and was averse to any manifestations of affection.

In respect to religious belief, he says—

he never had any. "I am one of the very few examples in this country of one who has not thrown off religious belief, but never had it: I grew up in a negative state with regard to it. I looked upon the modern exactly as I did upon the ancient religion, as something which in no way concerned me. It did not seem to me more strange that English people should believe what I did not, than that the men I read of in Herodotus should have done so. History had made the variety of opinions among mankind a fact familiar to me, and this was but a prolongation of that fact." This is sufficiently naïve, at the first aspect: at the second it may raise a question whether this record was a simple remembrance from childhood, or an interpolated argument from the unconsciously sly old man. If it were the one, its validity as an argument should have been transparent to the veteran practitioner of logic. If it were the other, it can be excused by the abundant evidence which is furnished in his writings, that he had acquired so firm a faith in himself as to be unable to suspect himself of being either disingenuous or simple, although his readers might be certain that he must be one or the other.

If Mr. Mill is to be judged as a boy by the ordinary examples of boyhood, we should say that had he been trained to say his prayers, and to go to church, had he learned hymns and the catechism, in addition to Greek, Latin and Logic, before he was twelve years old, and had he been as docile in religion as he was in his other studies, he could not easily have failed, under his secluded training, to be a conceited prig, in spite of the sweetness of his temper and even the ardor of his piety. Conceding that he had achieved the serene indifference to the Christian beliefs of his countrymen which he describes, and had accepted with confiding assurance the conclusion, that all religions are alike demoralizing nuisances, he must have been very unlike the rest of other boys not to have had some rather decided temptations to what "the Methodists" call spiritual pride. When, for example, as he walked on Sundays by an open church, and looked in upon its demoralizing worship with somewhat of the shudder with which the Christian boy of twelve regards the rites of heathen service, it would have been difficult for him to withhold the thought, which in a Theist would be a prayer—Oh Lord, I thank

thee that I am not as other men are; that I never fast and never pray, and firmly believe that it is the height of demoralizing superstition to conceive that the universe is ordered by infinite goodness. As at present advised we must say that as between the two sorts of prigs we much prefer a Christian to the Atheistic prig. As for the average of boys we would rather take the chance of the *demoralizing* influences of Christianity than of the demoralizing influences of Atheism or Manicheanism, even when attended by the purest ethical examples and the sternest and loftiest precepts. As to the matter of ethics, those of the father were formed by the best models of the Greek philosophy, at least so the son thinks. He was self-confident, self-governed, delighting in labor and rejoicing in self-control. He found his chief happiness in intellectual activity and achievement, and enforced the same rule upon all over whom he had influence. One thing strikes us unpleasantly in the father and the son. The father taught the son to keep his opinions in respect to religion to himself, because at that time they could not prudently be avowed. This advice indicates that the Greek ethics had not altogether transformed the canny Scotchman. This practical lesson the son acknowledges was attended with some moral disadvantages. What these were he leaves his readers to conjecture—assuring them that he never shrank from avowing his religious views to his companions when there was occasion. One boy was shocked, as well he might be; another tried to convince him of his error, but without success. He proceeds to remark that at present there is less occasion for Atheists to hesitate from motives of prudence to avow their opinions, and adds with the greatest positiveness that there is a much larger number than is supposed of the most enlightened and virtuous of cultivated men who hold such opinions, and that these are uniformly more truly religious than any other class. It has now come to be acknowledged, he says, that a Deist may be truly and eminently religious. But he assures his readers that this is emphatically possible and true of many whose belief falls short of Deism, "because they have an ideal conception of a Perfect Being to which they habitually refer as the guide of their conscience." All this we do not care to discuss nor to dispute. We only say that it strikes us oddly, if this

class of eminently pure and lofty souls is so large, that Mr. Mill should need to assure them that the time has come in which they may prudently avow the atheism which they have so long partially or wholly concealed.

One point in the father's moral code is of special significance. "Feelings, as such, he considered to be no proper subjects of praise or blame. Right and wrong, good and bad, he regarded as qualities solely of conduct—of acts and omissions; there being no feeling which may not lead, and does not frequently lead, either to good or bad actions; conscience itself, the very desire to act right, often leading people to act wrong. \* \* He blamed as severely what he thought a bad action, when the motive was a feeling of duty, as if the agents had been consciously evil doers." This was a necessary inference from the Fatalistic Associationalism which he accepted. That this opinion was erroneous was subsequently discovered by the son, when he learned that morality pertained to the feelings and intentions.

In 1823, Mr. Mill, the son, obtained a subordinate place in the India House, and here he remained for thirty-five years, till the East India Company was set aside,—in due time succeeding his father. He was eighteen years old. He does not give over his habits of study, but prosecutes his plans for self-improvement, and enters upon the field of public activity as a writer for the press. The *Westminster Review* was established somewhat later. The tide of Liberalism was rising rapidly, and with such accessions of strength and prestige as it had never received before. Not the least of these came from the associates of Mr. Bentham and Mr. Mill, the elder. But among them all the elder Mill was the master spirit. "He was sought for the vigor and instructiveness of his conversation, and did use it largely as an instrument for the diffusion of his opinions. I have never known a man who could do such ample justice to his best thoughts in colloquial discussion." But it was not in intellectual power alone that he excelled, but "in that exalted public spirit, and regard above all things for the good of the whole, which warmed into life and activity every germ of similar nature that existed in the minds he came in contact with, \* \* \* and the encouragement he afforded to the faint-hearted or desponding among them by the firm confidence," (strange faith for a Manichean, and



approximating to superstition!) "he always felt in the power of reason, the general progress of improvement, and the good which individuals could do by judicious effort." The points of opinion to which the school attached the greatest importance were the doctrines of Bentham in morals and jurisprudence, the modern political economy, the Hartleian metaphysics, and Malthus's views of population. In politics James Mill insisted on the efficacy of two things, representative government and freedom of discussion. The greatest foes to human progress in his view were class interests in the two forms of an aristocracy and an established priesthood. He was a democrat from policy only, because a free government furnishes the best securities for human welfare, not from any theory of the rights of man. He insisted on moral obligations for similar reasons, but refused to derive any sanctions of duty from anything that savored of asceticism and priest-craft. "In psychology his fundamental doctrine was the formation of all human character by circumstances, through the universal principle of association, and the consequent unlimited possibility of improving the moral and intellectual condition of mankind by education. Of all his doctrines none was more important than this." "These various opinions were seized on with youthful fanaticism." "We put into them a sectarian spirit, from which, in intention at least, my father was wholly free." "The French *philosophes* of the Eighteenth Century were the examples we sought to imitate, and we hoped to accomplish no less results." "My zeal was as yet little else at that period of my life than zeal for speculative opinions. It had not its root in genuine benevolence, or sympathy with mankind. \* \* Nor was it connected with any high enthusiasm for ideal nobleness. Yet of this feeling I was imaginatively very susceptible, but there was at that time an intermission of its natural aliment, poetical culture, while there was a superabundance of the discipline antagonistic to it, that of mere logical analysis." "The cultivation of feeling was not in much esteem among us." "While fully recognizing the superior excellence of unselfish benevolence and love of justice, we did not expect the regeneration of mankind from any direct action on those sentiments, but from the effect of educated intellect, enlightening the selfish feelings." And, yet, at this period Mill notices that he would now and then be powerfully moved

by some elevated sentiments in poetry or biography, and that he had one or two distinct impressions that there was something nobler than being a sectarian and a partizan even for objects so high as those of social and political reform. His "inauguration as an original and independent thinker" he dates at certain joint studies with a few others in logic and "analytic psychology," the basis of which was Hartley on Man, to which his father's *Analysis of the Human Mind* was added. We notice that about this time he was brought into familiar and frequent contact with men of somewhat different training, and associations, and of opposite ways of thinking; with University men and men of avowed Christian principles; like Macaulay, Thirlwall, the late Bishop of Oxford, Edward and Henry Lytton Bulwer.

About this time he underwent what he calls "a crisis in his mental history," and advanced "one stage onward." From 1821, at the age of 17-18 and onward, he had a definite "object in life, to be a reformer of the world." "My conception of my own happiness was entirely identified with this object." This theory of life animated and contented him for a few years. "But the time came when he was awakened from this as from a dream." It was in the autumn of 1826. He was in a dull state of nerves, in a generally depressed state, "the state, I should think, in which converts to Methodism usually are, when smitten by their first 'conviction of sin.'" We hardly know what induced Mr. Mill to add this, whether by way of condescension to his less illuminated Methodist brethren, or whether he deemed it an extraordinary stroke of philosophical sagacity, or whether he enjoyed what occurred to him as the humor of the conceit. Possibly his Methodist brethren might refer the suggestion to the devil, but if so, he must have assumed the guise of a mildly flavored Mephistopheles. None other could have had access to Mill, or enjoyed the lambent smile that was all that could lighten the face of the sedate philosopher. The experience was no joke, however humorous it might seem in the retrospect. Mill was led to ask himself, Suppose that all your aims in life should be realized, and all human institutions and opinions should be perfected, would this make you happy? An irrepressible self-consciousness distinctly answered, "No." "At this my heart sank within me; the whole foundation on which my life was constructed fell down." The cloud hung over him



for months. Books and studies could not dissipate it. The old ideals no longer satisfied or stimulated him. He felt that his love for mankind had worn itself out. He had no friend to whom he dared or cared to unbosom himself. Least of all could he go to his father, to whom the revelation would have been a disappointment and a reproach, as it would have demonstrated that his theory of education had proved a failure. In accounting for the defects of his culture, as thus demonstrated, the son employs the technical phraseology of the associational psychology. 'His associations had not been trained rightly. They should have been conformed to the laws of nature and the reality of things, and thus have been placed beyond the reach of possible dislocation. Moreover, the habit of analysis to which he had been subjected was itself unfavorable to the formation of the strongest and most satisfying associations.' But the most skillful diagnosis of a disease, even though it is expressed in the most philosophical terminology, is not a cure. So it proved with Mr. Mill. The disease to him was sharp and threatening. However fantastic it might have appeared to his unsentimental associates, it was a fearful reality to himself, so serious as to make existence a burden almost insupportable. No language, he thought, was better adapted to express it than the language which he quotes from Coleridge: "Hope without an object cannot live." No words were oftener in his mind than those words of Macbeth to his physician: "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased; pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow?" A good Methodist would have suggested that the words which would have phrased his feelings most perfectly, were: "I thirst for God, for the living God." At last the remedy came, and as suddenly as a Methodist "conversion." But it came by no diagnosis of the causes of the disease, or analysis of the associations, but by the development of what the men of his school would call "sentimentalism." This personified metaphysician was reading Marmontel's memoirs, and lighted on a story in which, at his father's death, this boy heroically takes up the burden of the family's sorrows and needs. "A vivid conception of the scene and its feelings came on me and I was moved to tears. From this moment my burden grew lighter." There is nothing strange in such an experience. Coleridge makes the ancient mariner relate, how as he gazed upon the forms

of life about him, he broke out with the words:

Oh, happy living things! no tongue  
Their beauty might declare,  
A spring of love gushed from my heart  
And I blessed them unaware;  
Sure my kind saint took pity on me  
And I blessed them unaware.  
*The self-same moment I could pray.*

Mr. Mill did not proceed quite so far as this. The more is the pity. But he did make one step forward. He adopted a new theory of life, and sought to turn it into practice. First, he learned to forget himself, which he had never done before, *i.e.*, he endeavored to lay aside the self-consciousness, which had sprung from his analytic habits. He schooled himself to think little of his own happiness as an object of desire, but to fix his thoughts and care upon the objects of desire and action, and to lose himself in these. He did not abandon what, in a certain sense, may be called the Utilitarian theory of the New Testament, but he attained some rude notion of the New Testament theory of self-sacrifice. We would not intimate that he ever condescended to acknowledge any obligation to such a book, or to the Master of its wisdom! Second,—which at first thought seems inconsistent with his new aims,—he began to cultivate directly what he calls "the passive susceptibilities." "The cultivation of the feelings became one of the cardinal points of my ethical and philosophical creed." The instruments of this new branch of self-culture were not Truth, but Poetry and Art. He began to find a meaning in what he had heard of the importance of both. Music first moved him. It is characteristic of this calculating logician that at first he was seriously disturbed by the possible prospect that all the possible combinations of tones in melody and harmony should be exhausted. Then music would have exhausted its resources as an instrument of culture and enjoyment; and what should he do then? Akin to this was the thought, that when all human institutions should be perfected, and every human being should be perfectly trained by the proper adjustment of circumstances, there would be nothing for a professed reformer to live for? To this suggestion poetry brought relief, and singularly enough the poetry of Wordsworth. This opened to him the culture of his feelings as an object worthy to be pursued, and the possibility of constant occupation

and development, and of exhaustless delight in the enjoyment of nature by a sensibility increasingly refined.

In other words, this man who had been so carefully trained to believe only in the intellect and in the omnipotent force of right opinions and reformed institutions, was now converted to the doctrine that the feelings are the springs of action and the sources of happiness. He became a Sentimentalist. It is not wonderful that he did not like to tell his father and his fellow-reformers, and that all his life after he sought to make trimming compromises between his old and new extremes of doctrine. Nature had her revenge upon him. At first he had relied on intellectual achievement as an end, dignified, indeed, by a certain dim recognition of human perfectibility, vaguely conceived and scarcely half understood. But this perfection was confined to the actions, instead of having its root in the character, as controlled by unselfish love. He now had conceived of this perfection as consisting in the prevalence of the higher sentiments,—the product of culture, the result of better associations. His second position was defective, because under the fatalistic theory, to which he still adhered, there is no possible provision for either individuality of character, or virtue. For the culture of those higher sentiments he rested in poetry and art, when he should have proceeded to religion. In other words, he began and ended with the imagination, and overlooked the truth that unless the imagination in poetry and art suggest something which is or may be true, and is diviner than man, it cannot permanently control and cultivate the better sentiments. He failed to see, that if the imagination is made a substitute for faith, it ceases effectually to purify and ennoble the feelings; and that the reason why poetry and art do so much for man is, that they prepare him for the *faith* in that something higher and better, which is another name for the living God, and all that the existence of the living God involves. They that destroy God destroy man's nobility, says an English authority, as trustworthy as either Mill the father, with his dry and hard intellectualism, or Mill the son, newly converted to an inconsistent and compromising sentimentalism.

The new and, in many respects, the better light which Mr. Mill had received led him to cultivate the society, and to read the

writings, of new associates. He became somewhat intimate with Frederick Maurice and John Sterling, and others of the Coleridian school. He read Coleridge, and Goethe, and Carlyle. "The influences of European,—that is to say, Continental—thought, and especially those of the reaction of the nineteenth century against the eighteenth, were now streaming in upon me." His new light also modified his political philosophy. Instead of believing, as he had done, that institutions could perfect men, and that all men were capable of receiving the same institutions, he now held, "that any general theory of politics supposes a previous theory of human progress. That is the same thing with a philosophy of history." But unfortunately his philosophy of history was to a large extent of the same type with that of Saint-Simon and Auguste Comte. His new views were still alloyed and rendered abortive by the Associational Psychology, which he never abandoned, and the Atheism which he never outgrew, and the entire absence of any just conception of human freedom as the ground of human responsibility. His new discoveries did not lead him, he insists, to abandon any of his original principles, but to see them in fresh lights, and with an enlarged significance. "For example, during the later returns of my dejection, the doctrines of what is called Philosophical Necessity weighed on my existence like an incubus." Why it should do so he more than once intimates. The doctrines of Free-will he saw to be inspiring and ennobling; the doctrines of Fatalism to be depressing and enslaving. He contrived to relieve himself, by what he thought a dexterous compromise, which he parades in his *Logic* as though it were an original discovery of the difference between Fatalism and Necessity, but which seems to us to be evasive and unsatisfactory. This discovery is certainly not a novelty, having been received in certain of the Calvinistic schools for more than a century and a half. The reader of Mill's miscellaneous writings will, by the light furnished in this account of the change in his opinions, easily explain his changing attitudes of thought in these papers, and his attempts to adjust and compromise his own views with those of men of opposite tendencies and principles. They will find an explanation of his timid and uncertain shuffling, which was in part or wholly concealed from himself by his singular and his, perhaps, unconscious

dexterity in shifting alternately from the sharp and rigid nomenclature of the schools to the indefinite and pliant language of common life. It is interesting, though a little saddening, to hear him acknowledge that his new position, in a certain sense, estranged him from his father's sympathies. The compromising son must inevitably have been unintelligible to the uncompromising father, even if their want of sympathy had concerned less fundamental matters.

At the age of twenty-five he made the last and most important experience of his life. He became acquainted with Mrs. Taylor, with whom he maintained an intimate friendship for twenty years till after the death of her husband, when they were married. For this lady his adoration and love were unbounded. He insists that she lifted him up into higher experiences than he had previously known, that he received more from her intellect than he gave, and that her character was to him a constant inspiration. He avers that the most important of the treatises written after their acquaintance was perfected, were in reality more the products of her mind than of his own, and when she died the overflowing spring of new thoughts and new emotions was for ever dried up. We cannot find space for the glowing description which he gives of her mind and character; nor can we make clear to ourselves at all times exactly what his words import. He definitely states, that while her aims and expectations concerning the perfectibility of man and society surpassed his own, her judgments concerning the means of realizing these aims, were more sagacious and cautious. In other words, she had a rare combination of womanly enthusiasm for the noblest and the largest objects, with womanly wit in her judgment of the means essential to attain them. It is unnecessary to trace in detail the changes which she effected in his opinions. Most of these changes were in the direction which they had already begun to assume. In some respects she was less disposed to accommodate herself to the wisdom of past experience and the prejudices of unreasonable conventionalism, than he, even in his most radical dreamings. He notes among her excellencies, "a complete emancipation from every kind of superstition (including that which attributes a pretended perfection to the order of nature and the universe)." Alas, that the Numa of our

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times did not find in his Egeria as believing and devout a spirit towards God as she was noble and loving towards man! In 1851 they were married; after seven years and a half she died, and his account of his life after this "most unexpected and bitter calamity," is as follows: "Since then I have sought for such alleviation as my state admitted of, by the mode of life which most enabled me to feel her still near me. I bought a cottage as close as possible to the place where she was buried, and there her daughter (my fellow-sufferer, and now my chief comfort) and I, live constantly during a great portion of the year. My objects in life are solely those which were hers; my pursuits and occupations those in which she shared, or sympathized, and which are indissolubly associated with her. Her memory is to me a religion, and her approbation the standard by which, summing up as it does all worthiness, I endeavor to regulate my life."

Words like these must have been sincere. No reader can doubt that they came from the heart. Whatever we may think of the reasonableness of Mr. Mill's impassioned affection for his wife, we cannot doubt that he felt all that he expresses of what she had been to him while she lived, and what she became to him after she had died.

His acquaintance with this lady gives character to the third stage of his mental and moral history. In the first stage, he was engrossed with intellectual activities. In the second, he was awakened to the world of imaginative sentiment. In the third he was controlled by affection for a person. Had a fourth supervened, it should have supplemented and rounded out what was wanting in each and all the others; it should have given him a religion. That idealizing sentiment which properly leads to and belongs to the uncreated and self-existent, he had already accepted. Love for a person whom he esteemed immeasurably his superior, especially in spiritual excellence, he had joyfully acknowledged to be a necessity of his being, and a regeneration of his life. Of the object of this love, he used unwittingly the language of devotees and saints:—"What I owe, even intellectually, to her, is in its detail almost *infinite*." It remained for him to complete the three experiences of his practical life by the fourth to which the three appropriately conduct, viz., the intellect which discerns, the imagination which

aspires and the heart which loves. His early superficial and vulgar associations with religion as sentimental, idealistic, and affectional had been already surrendered. There remained nothing to be overcome except the hard and narrow prejudices of a life long sectarianism, and the supposed requirements of his Manichean philosophy. But this Manichean philosophy is as truly incompatible with the existence of man's personal individuality and his social responsibility as with a faith in a personal God.

There are two or three phrases in the passage already cited, which are touchingly suggestive. "Since then I have sought for such alleviation as my state of life admitted, by the mode of life most enabling me to *feel her still near me*." "Her memory is to me a religion, and her approbation the standard by which I endeavor to regulate my life." These words express no belief even in the possible immortality of the departed whom he loved. This being held to be absurd, our philosopher of hard facts as attested by the actual experiences of sense, becomes the slave and sport of the make-beliefs of tenacious associations, as they play fast and loose with inevitable realities. He takes refuge in the most unsubstantial idealism. He essays to *feel* that he is near her, and he wakes to the solid fact that he *believes* and *knows* that she is *nowhere*. Having no other religion,—because all religion is superstition,—"her memory is to him a religion." Had this philosopher in the extremity of his grief erected an altar near her tomb—had he decorated it with flowers, and recited before it her praises, and implored the guidance of her departed spirit to regulate his life, this superstition might be pardoned. Events more strange than these have happened, and events such as these would only be additional examples of how near akin Atheism is to superstition. Mr. Mill's friends ought to be thankful that he did not enact the sorry farce of Comte with his Clotilde.

It does not come within our plan to follow Mr. Mill through the history of his intellectual activities. We have to do chiefly with his personal and practical life. We shall not attempt even a general estimate of his intellectual power, or his intellectual achievements. To do this would require an elaborate criticism of his principal works, and of his philosophical system. But we may be allowed to say that the perusal

of his autobiography does not leave the impression that Mr. Mill was distinguished for sound judgment as a thinker, or enlightened common sense as a man. His estimates of principles and of men strike us as uniformly pedantic and bookish, rather than penetrating or liberal. Occasionally they seem to us weak and whimsical, as when he ranks Maurice higher than Coleridge in every particular except as a poet, thinks Carlyle's chief power is the poetic, and studiously depreciates Sir William Hamilton. We find evidence of a similar weakness of judgment in all his writings; but, we think, in none of them does he betray such marked and one-sided weakness as in this. The value of many of his treatises is unquestioned. Many readers who dissent from the characteristic principles of his philosophy are forward to acknowledge that his writings are almost as valuable to the world for their conspicuous failures as for their acknowledged excellencies. The transparent *naïveté* of a man who is so often blind to the obvious weaknesses of his inconsistencies and concessions sometimes moves the pity of his critics, and disarms the severity of the most determined antagonist.

No defects of this kind should lead any right-minded man to withhold from Mr. Mill the honor which he merits from all lovers of justice and freedom for the eminent services which he has rendered in the cause of judicial and legislative reform. It is humiliating to consider that the nation which boasts itself so proudly of being by eminence a Christian Kingdom, should have not only tolerated but defended such fearful abuses in its law courts and its parliaments, and for so long; and at last have imposed the hard and ungrateful work of effectually moving for their reform upon a small company of speculative Atheists. It is shocking to be obliged to concede that the Church itself should have tolerated within its precincts and sheltered beneath its altars such noisome masses of evil as to give so fair a pretext for the charges of these assailants, that its faith and worship were hollow and demoralizing shams. We may not forget the services to public and institutional morality which were rendered by these determined rejecters of the faith, on which all public morality must stand, and by which it must be enforced. We cannot forget that John Stuart Mill was the bold and fast friend of this country and its free spirit in its trying conflict with slavery. It was

inevitable that his services and sympathies for human freedom and human progress should dispose many lovers of freedom to regard his speculative and practical principles with a confidence which their independent merits would never have commanded.

We cannot regret that his autobiography should reveal the man in his weakness as well as in his strength. It cannot fail to move our sympathy for the tone of sadness which pervades its narrative from the beginning to the end. Why should this be so? Mr. Mill's life was in most respects eminently fortunate. The discipline of his childhood was severe and exacting, but he bore it with a cheerful spirit, for he was animated by the consciousness of growing intellectual power. Though his companions were few, yet their sympathy was complete, and they hailed his promise with inspiring delight. His public career was one of constant progress in the consciousness of increasing power and increasing reputation. The publicists of Great Britain who had treated him with contemptuous neglect, first honored him with criticism and then with deference, and finally with sympathy. The Universities, which in his youth had no words too biting for their jeers and their scorn, furnished many devoted adherents not merely to his measures of reform, but to his speculative principles, in spite of their alleged and real incompatibility with any form of Theism. His labors at the pen and in self-discipline were constant; yet he knew no pleasure so exhilarating as studies and labors like these. But he was not satisfied. Sentimental benevolence and imaginative self-culture widened his mind, and softened and elevated his sensibilities. Human affection then took him up. He loved a woman who more than satisfied his ideal in her intellect, her temper, and her enthusiastic sympathy with his aims, and labors, and studies. But he gives no evidence that either his mind or his head ever attained to peace. He was without God by his own ostentatious confession. That he was without hope in the eminent sense of the word is confessed in every line of this life. After the removal of her who impersonated the best, if not all, of love that he ever enjoyed, he dwelt as near to her tomb as he could, that he might *feel* that she was near

to him. Her memory was his religion, not the belief in her immortal existence. Her approbation was *the only standard* in the actual and ideal universe by which he sought to regulate his life, and yet her approbation was only a sentimental fiction.

We have already adverted to the saying of Mr. Mill that many Atheists of his acquaintance were the most religious of persons, having the advantage, as he contends, of forming for themselves a perfect ideal of goodness, to which they could accord the profoundest reverence and the most devout affection. We do not care to dispute this opinion. We might concede that what he says is possible in certain exceptional cases. But it should never be forgotten that these persons have been trained in a community that is full of Christian Theism, and have breathed from their infancy an atmosphere that is fragrant with the elements of Faith and Love for a personal and loving God. It may not be surprising that persons of brooding, speculative habits, or morbid sensitiveness to all dogmatic propositions or doubtful arguments concerning a personal God, and especially that persons who are oppressed with the awful weight of evil in the universe, should flee to the sanctuary of their own idealizations, instead of committing themselves to the acknowledgment of an Infinite Person, because they cannot grasp all the relations of existence by their limited powers, or explain everything that happens in consistency with his infinite love.

This may be so, but Mr. Mill's experience testifies in many ways that the universe is darker rather than brighter to any soul that does not attach his ideal of perfect purity to a living person. Mr. Mill, sitting by the grave of the wife who was his only animating ideal of perfection when she was alive, and now mourning that she is no longer a living presence, is a representative of all those religious idealists who think to content themselves with ideal objects of worship, to whom they strive "to feel that they are near." There are many such, as we believe, who mournfully, if unconsciously, cry out for the living God! in the aspiration if not in the words: "Oh! that I knew where I might find Him!"



## A DREAM STORY.

## I.

MONSIEUR FURET stands suddenly upright, and plants his spade firmly into the dry, brown mold.

The church clock has just struck twelve, and its quaint, picturesque spire so overlooks his garden that he has only to raise his eyes to see how time is going. For, though Monsieur Furet bears all the marks of a well-to-do man about him, he is his own gardener.

He has the look of a rich, matter-of-fact, common-sense citizen, but you need only glance at his garden to be sure that Monsieur Furet, *ex-avocat*, at present *propriétaire* of one of the most charming little estates in the neighborhood of Véron, is a man of taste.

The large center bed of his garden is planted with small pyramidal pear-trees, their graceful branches laden with young fruit, and round about these is a perfect dazzle of scarlet geraniums, and an edging of silvery leaves with white blossoms. The broad border which runs under the old gray wall, overlooked by the church spire, is gay with China roses, and bushes of rosy sweet peas, and blue cockspur, and orange coreopsis, and the wall itself is almost covered with the purple blossoms of the Virgin's bower, over which they gracefully hang as if they were trying to roll off the wall, and fall on the earth below.

Monsieur Furet has been loosening the earth round the roots of his roses, and he stands with his back to the center plot, and also to a border parallel to the one at which he works; but there are no flowers here except those on the althea bushes, which show out rosily here and there among a well grouped array of evergreens.

On his right is the pride of Monsieur Furet's heart, his *rocher*,—an English taste,—a cockneyfied heap of stones piled together as nature would hardly pile them, and surmounted by a growth of lady-fern, with smaller varieties, and some rock-plants nestling in the crevices; on his left is his house, a plain, dull, stone building, green with age and damp.

Monsieur Furet's house is pleasantly placed, but it is at the bottom of the steep hill, on which both the château and the hill stand; a green ditch runs behind the shrubberied wall, and in the field, behind

the tall sycamores which overshadow the rockery, is a deep, stagnant pool.

Looking at the dismal moss-grown house, and then going into the field, and seeing the pool half filled with branches fallen from the trees above, over which water-weeds are clinging in shroud-like fashion, you begin to dream of secret murder committed in the silent pool, and of pale ghosts who walk the lonely house; but your ghostly thoughts fly at the plump, round figure that has just advanced to the back door, and stands there filling up the entrance, with a broad, stumpy, brown hand planted on each hip. Only her red face, her hands, and her snowy cap, with its strings pinned across each other over her forehead, relieve her from the dark passage behind, for both gown and apron are black, or rather of that greenish hue which indicates thrift, and, also, cleanliness in the wearer. Yes, Marguerite's gown has been washed many a time, and looks none the better for it as to color.

Her fat, double chin waggles as she watches Monsieur Furet.

"But what then has he to leave off work half an hour too soon, *cher Maître* Joseph, —there is something thou art keeping from Margot."

Monsieur Furet turns and comes towards her. He is a tall, erect man, who would be good-looking, spite of his wrinkles, if his face were not so stern. It might be carved in wood or stone, it is so hard and expressionless, except for the wrinkles on his forehead, and round his mouth there is an absence of flesh; the smooth yellow skin seems strained over the skull bones. Also, you must be a very keen observer, indeed, if you can note any intelligible change in those dull, gray eyes which gaze at you so steadily. They are in color like steel over which one has breathed. Perhaps they were bright once when Monsieur Furet was young and poor.

Margot never questions her master, but to-day she feels inquisitive. There has been a restlessness about Monsieur Furet, and Margot wonders,—more with a half contempt at her own credulity than in combat with any real belief whether Jacques Monton was in earnest when he teased her on Sunday after vespers about the prospect of her master's marriage.

"But Jacques is an ill-natured old crip-

ple," she said, "folks who have lost something themselves are willing enough to put the fear of losing something into their neighbors' noddles. My master is the cleverest man for miles round—it is not likely he will turn fool at sixty, just for the blue eyes of a child like Eugénie Roussel. Bah! bah! bah! Jacques is one ape, and I am another to listen to his nonsense."

"Marguerite!" Monsieur Furet has that voice which seems peculiar to Frenchmen; a voice with a certain greasy readiness in it as if the speaker kept his words in his mouth, and tumbled them out one over another in such eagerness.

"Marguerite, I will have my bread and radishes at once. I have to make a visit of ceremony."

"*A la bonne heure.*" Her curiosity is at fever heat, but she keeps down any show of it. "Monsieur will then want his holiday suit, and his new boots."

Monsieur Furet's dull eyes close at each corner as if he is enjoying a joke, and means to keep it to himself.

"My friend," he says quietly, "I asked but for radishes and bread, and I want those at once."

He pushes by the *ménagère* into the long dark passage, and Marguerite can only vent her feelings by shrugging her shoulders, and by an expressive grimace lavished freely on the scarlet geranium bed.

## II.

THE mill of Véron has a reputation. It is no mere ordinary windmill, with the sails signing the four winds with the cross, as they put its sails in motion; neither is it a water-mill with treacherous smooth green pool, and tiny cascades foaming off the grotesque old wheels.

The mill of Véron looks like a substantial brick house, standing in green orchards near the top of the lofty *côte*. There is nothing outside itself to give tokens of the occupation carried on within except a row of brown, bulging sacks near a low green door, and the huge pile of empty sacks under the open shed some little way down the slope. There is a cider-press in this shed, and a sunny-faced country lad in a blouse is sweeping the trough of this with a broom. There are brown and white cows grazing peacefully under the apple-trees, scenting the air with their fragrant breath, and on the narrow upward path to the mill cocks and hens strut as if they

were on parade, and wished to be looked at. The path itself is only marked out in the grass by cart ruts. The ascent is rather steep, and Monsieur Furet stops to breathe when he reaches the open shed, and looks about him with complacency.

"If Roussel does not fritter his money in machinery, Mademoiselle Eugénie will have a good portion besides her charming face and figure," and a smile wrinkles round his mouth—a smile that does not suit with so old a face, or rather a smile which is incongruous, because it has in it the mingling of youth and age.

"Is Madame at home?" he says to the boy with the sunny face.

"*Mais oui*, Monsieur." The boy pulls off his black cap with much show of respect. To himself he says, as Monsieur Furet passes on, "as if every one does not know that the mistress is always at home. *Allez*, she could not be spared."

The cocks and hens are scared by Monsieur's stick, which he strikes against the ground at every step, and they set up a crowing and cackling duet. A huge dog, chained out of sight behind the fagot stack, barks furiously. At the noise the miller's wife comes out upon the top of the flight of stone steps that lead up to the house.

Madame Roussel was perhaps pretty, twenty years ago. Now her round, once peach-colored cheeks, show a brick-dust red through their floury coating. Her blue eyes are dimmed by the floury condition of her long, light eyelashes. She is a little soft bundle of a woman, with a mouth only made to say yes.

"*Mon Dieu!* it is then Monsieur Furet who does me the honor to climb the hill to pay me a visit." Then she calls shrilly, "Marie Eugénie." Madame Roussel has the customary briskness of a small woman, spite of her soft looks, and she turns round to see if her call is heard.

A freckled, sandy-haired girl with a wide, grinning mouth, and a close linen cap, comes out of a low green door on the right of the steps. "*Tenez*, Madame," Marie is wiping her hands on her apron while she speaks. "Mamselle Eugénie has not yet come back from Bolbec," and then having dried her hands, she plants them on her hips and stands with arms a-kimbo gazing at her mistress as if this piece of forgetfulness were something unusual. Madame Roussel claps her fat, pink palm on her forehead "*Tiens*, Jeanneton,

but thou art foolish,—and when the dear child has even said she would not come back till three o'clock—my memory is like the flour—*Eh bien, Marie.*” She looks sharply at the gaping gawk, as much like a scarecrow as a girl. “Set two chairs out here and dust them,—dust them, dust them twice, hearest thou,—so that no flour may stick to the tails of Monsieur’s coat.”

By this time Monsieur is within hearing and it is inconceivable that Marie should set up that shout of laughter at her mistress’s words. Madame becomes as red as a cider apple by the time the *ex-avocat* has reached her.

“Be welcome, I beg of you,” she smiles with hearty courtesy, “but it is desolating that neither Monsieur Roussel nor my daughter should be at home.”

Monsieur Furet stands hat in hand waiting for his excitable hostess to seat herself, but she does not understand his hesitation; instead she spins round like a cock-chaffer.

“Ah, but then! is it possible, that Monsieur has made the ascent on purpose to see the *Mécanique*? but it is wonderful, the *Mécanique*.”

She darts up the stone steps again into the house.

Monsieur Furet is perplexed, but he is glad to be able to wipe his forehead with the huge yellow handkerchief he keeps in his hat. He has hardly finished when Madame comes back with a key; she speaks eagerly from the top of the steps.

“*Tenez, Monsieur.* I can now show you all,—from the *Mécanique*, which is subterranean, to the rooms above. Ah, but it is wonderful! Does Monsieur know why the flour of the mill of Véron has a so great reputation? It is because, Monsieur, it grinds seven times. I can show to Monsieur flour of seven different degrees. The first, well understood, is brown; and the last,—ah, *Mon Dieu!* it is only fit for the angels. *Tenez, Monsieur,* here is a sack ready to go up to the Château.”

She comes quickly down the steps, her well-floured face so far in advance of her body that it is wonderful she does not topple over, runs to the foremost of a row of sacks beyond the low green door, unties it, and comes back with a handful of exquisitely white flour.

She lifts her hand to the nose of Monsieur Furet before he sees her intention, and in an instant the subtle powder spreads, and his face is as white as Madame Rous-

sel’s! Hat, spotless coat and waistcoat receive more or less, and Monsieur Furet’s countenance is rueful to behold.

“Ah, *Mon Dieu!* how giddy I am. Ah, Monsieur, I am in despair; but wait, I know a method.”

She clasps both hands together, to free them of flour, thereby enveloping her visitor in a fresh white cloud, runs up the steps, and is again beside him with a huge brush, before he has time to get out a word.

“Ah, Madame, I thank you a thousand times; but it is enough,—I will not give you this trouble.”

“*C’est ça,—c’est ça,*”—this in accompaniment to the vigorous brushing under which Monsieur Furet’s shoulders shrink a little. “*Aha!* Monsieur is quite another thing now.” Monsieur bows, but she gives him no chance of getting a word in; “and now,”—she seats herself, brush in hand, with a long gasp of fatigue,—“it is quite possible that Monsieur will not care to mount all those stairs and see the *Mécanique* up above, as I have had the *maladresse* so to incommode him, and there is no denying that the stair ladder is floury; still, if Monsieur has the slightest desire to go up, the view from the top is wonderful, and—”

She makes a movement to rise from her chair, but at this, his first opportunity, Monsieur lays his hand on her arm, and clears his throat.

“Madame,” he bows profoundly, “do not disturb yourself, I beg; my business is with you absolutely, and not with the mill. I have no sister, Madame,—no female relatives, so it is necessary that I speak for myself. Madame, I ask your permission to pay my court to your daughter, Mademoiselle Eugénie Roussel.”

Madame Roussel’s eyelids have winked so rapidly during this precisely spoken speech that she has shaken some of the flour from her light eyelashes into her eyes; this sets them smarting, and she rubs them with her pink knuckles.

This demonstration puzzles the suitor. He has risen and removed his hat, and now he stands with it in his hand, half sheepish, half conquered.

Madame Roussel looks at him, and she smiles.

“*He!* But Monsieur must pardon the flour, for it is in my eyes at this moment. Monsieur must not, for all the world, think I am insensible to the great honor he wishes to confer on our daughter, only”—she puts her head on one side, and screws

up the suffering eyes,—“I ask myself if Monsieur knows how young is our Eugénie? She is but seventeen, Monsieur.”

“Madame,” Monsieur says coldly, “if you object, I withdraw my pretensions. I am willing to make your daughter the richest woman in Véron, and to join my interests with those of Monsieur Roussel in his building projects. I make no objection to your daughter's youth, and your husband, who is a sensible man, will make none either. I am not young, but I am hale and hearty, and I have never had a day's illness.”

Monsieur Furet puts on his hat and looks sternly at the little soft bundle of a woman. His profession has taught him how to deal with Madame Roussel.

“But, indeed, Monsieur,—a thousand pardons,—but Monsieur does not understand. I could not intend to make a reflection on the suitability of Monsieur as a husband for my little girl; it is only that Eugénie is so young, and so much of a child, that she is hardly suited to be a companion for Monsieur, and—”

Monsieur Furet seated himself, and waved his hand with dignity.

“I am the best judge on this point, Madame. Then I may suppose that you are willing for this alliance, and that I am at liberty to make the business arrangements with your respectable husband. I believe,” he smiles, “it is the mamma who really decides these questions.”

A look of doubt comes into Madame's eyes, but they are still full of flour, so their expression is not noticeable as they blink at each instant, and, besides, are swimming with water, and Madame Roussel is desirous to maintain her prerogative in the eyes of her daughter's suitor.

“Yes,—yes, Monsieur is right,” she says, quickly; “the mamma decides.”

Then Monsieur Furet offers his thanks, settles next day for a formal presentation to his future, takes his leave, and departs.

### III.

Two hours pass by, and then comes the grate-grate of cart-wheels on the stony road.

“*Sainte Vierge!*”—the miller's wife runs to an upper window which commands a view of the road,—“is this the father or Eugénie? And how am I to tell them what I have promised? It is possible they may not consent, and then what shall I do?”

She comes down to meet her husband with a very scared face.

The miller is a broad-cheeked, jolly Norman, with a half-shut corner to each of his blue eyes; he looks genial and good-tempered, but he also looks capable of making an excellent bargain. His face is more serious than usual, as he comes up the steps, and his wife sees this and feels yet more nervous.

He does not come into the house; he stands lounging against the door-post.

“What is it, then, Jacques?” She waits while he lights his pipe.

“Ah, what is it, Jeanneton? It is always the same want. I have seen to-day, at Bolbec, an improvement on our *Mécanique*. Monsieur le Baron de Derville has just procured it from England. Ah, but it is an improvement to be had at any price. In a year's time I would count my sacks by sixties where now I count by tens, if I could find the money to obtain it for the mill.”

Madame Roussel could not have said why she felt anxious that Monsieur Furet's suit should find favor with her husband. Certainly it would be pleasant to hear her daughter called “the richest woman in Véron;” but this is only a new and temporary idea, for she worships Eugénie, and shrinks from the thought of losing her. Why, then, does her weak nature leap up in joy at hearing her husband's words?

“It could not have come at a better time,” she thinks, with prodigious relief. “Monsieur Furet will lend the money, no doubt, if Jacques consents to the marriage.”

“I have had a visitor,” she says shyly.

Jacques feels aggrieved; he is accustomed to sympathy from the foolish little woman. He turns away sulkily, and goes on smoking.

“Yes, indeed, a visitor, who wishes to see you on business, and to join his interests with yours. What do you think of Monsieur Furet?”

Jacques takes his pipe out of his mouth and looks at his wife, to see if her wits are straying.

“Yes,”—Madame Roussel bridles and smooths both hands down her apron, “Monsieur Furet; and he proposes to make our Eugénie the richest woman in Véron if she will be his wife.” She gives a quick glance at her husband's face, and sees a shrinking there. “I said, Eugénie is too young; but Monsieur Furet bade me

ask you when he can talk to you about business."

"The agent who brought the machinery over, goes back to England next week," says Roussel to himself; the struggle that came at the idea of his lovely little daughter and Monsieur Furet, yields as he pictures to himself the results to his mill.

"Aha," he says, "the miller of Candebec will learn to laugh the other side of his mouth when he sees my sacks everywhere. Why, I shall be king of the country-side."

"Eh bien, Jacques, mon homme—when?"

Jacques turns and slaps her gaily on the shoulder.

"When, my girl?—Why, there's no time like the present—I'm going to him now."

He turns away to go down the steps and stops suddenly.

At the foot of the steps is a young girl, blue-eyed and fair-haired like her parents, but with the liquid softness in her eyes, and the exquisite bloom on her skin of sweet seventeen. Eugénie is much taller than her mother, and has a well-shaped, well-rounded figure. She wears a sprigged cambric gown, a black jacket, and a white muslin cap tied under her chin.

"Thou art home first, my father," she says merrily. "Well, I was so tired of Madame Giraud's cart that I slipped out and came across the fields. Pierrot will bring my marketing,—such a candlestick as I have bought for thee. Why,—" she breaks into a ringing laugh, "Mother, what hast thou done to our father? He looks as if he saw a ghost."

Madame Roussel slips past her husband, comes down the steps and kisses Eugénie on both cheeks, and then on her forehead, to give Jacques time to recover himself.

He stands with his mouth still open, but by the time his wife has ended her kisses, he stuffs both hands, pipe and all, into the pockets of his trousers and clears his throat.

"Allons, Jeanneton," he says, "I am going into the kitchen, and you can bring the child there; she must not be kept in the dark."

It is an effort to say this, for the new machinery draws him like a magnet, but spite of his love of money-making, Jacques Roussel loves his little girl better than any other part of his life.

He seats himself in a broad basket easy-chair and beckons to Eugénie as soon as she comes in.

"Tiens, la petite," he winks at her pleas-

antly with his sly eyes—"What dost say to a husband, *tiens?*" and he goes off into a quiet laugh.

But Madame Roussel's sense of the fitness of things is outraged.

"*Tais toi donc, maladroit!*" she frowns her dusty eyebrows at the miller, and sidles up to Eugénie.

"Ah, but it is no wonder the dear child blushes and looks frightened,—just a husband, he might be any *vaurien*,—look up then, my lily, and listen; thy father should have said that a gentleman, a distinguished gentleman,"—here Eugénie raises her drooping head and looks interested,—"*the best parti* in Véron, so admires our Eugénie that he will not be happy till she consents to become the richest woman in the country."

Eugénie's face clouded.

"The richest, ah!" she thought, "it is only the old who are rich." Aloud she said saucily, "My mother is telling fairy tales,—who is this wonderful suitor?"

Jacques opened his mouth, but his wife clapped her hand over it.

"It is the owner of the beautiful garden, Monsieur Furet. Aha! my Eugénie, thou wilt always wear silk, and eat white bread, and drink wine instead of cider. *Dame*, what good fortune!"

She ran on as fast as she could, for her daughter's pale face frightened her.

Eugénie turned her back on her mother and put her hand on the miller's shoulder.

"My father," she said simply, "Monsieur Furet is an old man, and I do not want to marry."

"Go away, Jeanneton." The miller spoke angrily, and in his heart he muttered, "It is that chattering fool who has done the mischief."

Madame retreats in frightened silence, and then Jacques Roussel puts his arm round his daughter's waist.

"My little one,"—there is a wonderful tenderness in the rough man's voice, a tenderness which no one but Eugénie knows of,—"*Monsieur Furet* is a hale, strong man, and he is kind and good, also. See how near his house is to our mill; he can do more for thee, my beloved, than thy father can."

Eugénie has been looking earnestly at the miller, and she sees that he avoids her direct glance. She is simple and sweet, but she has inherited some of her father's shrewdness: besides she is Norman-born, and she recalls the scared look with which he greeted her.



"Father, is it only because thou wouldst see me well married? There is another reason—is it not so?"

Jacques Roussel is keen and skillful at a bargain, but he is very inferior to his wife in the art of equivocation; a flush mounts to his forehead, and he looks troubled.

"Tell me everything," Eugénie says coaxingly, and she kisses each of the broad cheeks.

"Well, my little one, I do not want to force thine inclination, but it seems to me that thou dost not care for any of our bachelors, even for Sylvestre or Victor;" Eugénie shakes her head, a little curve of disdain on her pretty lips:—"and Monsieur Furet is in every way excellent, and,—and,—well, my child, thou hast guessed it," for Eugénie is smiling slyly into his eyes, "some of Furet's spare cash would help me buy some new *Mécanique* I saw to-day, and that would make my fortune."

"Would it make you happier?" Eugénie laughs mischievously; she is too full of youth and brightness to realize that she is jesting about her life's destiny.

"But yes, Eugénie," Jacques stands erect, holding his head rather higher than usual, "the man at the bottom of the ladder, and the man at the top, are equally content; but the man who has got half-way looks down and sees what he has done, and looks up and sees what is yet to do. There is no happiness until he reaches the top, and I am half-way up my ladder, my little girl."

But still Jacques feels in a false position, and makes no attempt to caress his daughter.

Eugénie stands thinking.

"It is all new and sudden," she says. "My father, I cannot say at once that I will marry Monsieur Furet. I cannot even say," she goes on quickly, for an eager hope shoots into her father's eyes, "that I will ever marry him; but I will try and think of it, and thou knowest, my father, I would do much to please thee."

The sweet blue eyes are so tender as she speaks that Jacques turns away suddenly, and draws the sleeve of his blouse across his eyes.

#### IV.

It is Sunday. Madame Roussel and Eugénie have been already once down and up the steep, green hill when they went to Mass this morning, and now they are going to Vespers, and after that to pay a visit to Monsieur Furet's garden.

Eugénie has often looked with longing eyes over the low stone wall at the lovely flowers, and she consented readily to accept the invitation which her father brought back from Monsieur Furet.

Jacques Roussel stands and watches mother and daughter as they walk side by side down the slope.

"What a bundle the old woman grows! Will my trim, sprightly little girl ever grow to that? Well, the wheel goes round with us as with the machines. Ah, the machines! *Dame*, but I did not think old Furet would have been so wide awake. He is not so much in love as our Jeanneton thinks he is."

Jacques ends with a growl. Yesterday, when he saw Monsieur Furet, he suggested as delicately as possible that his daughter was not anxious to marry, but that he, Jacques Roussel, was exceedingly rejoiced at the prospect of such a son-in-law. Monsieur Furet bowed his thanks in reply, and then Jacques Roussel changed the subject of conversation, and ended by introducing, as he thought, in an altogether casual way, the new machinery he had seen at Bolbec, and the immense advantages that would accrue to him as a miller if he could afford to purchase the like.

"The old fox!" Jacques stuffed his hands in his pocket and stamped. It was too exasperating to see him rub his smooth old hands together, and say, "I wish you all success, Monsieur. Then I am to understand that, although you cannot promise me your daughter, you permit me to try to win her favor."

The miller shrugged his shoulders impatiently, and paced down the slope as far as the shed. It was deserted to-day, and he seated himself astride the rough wooden bench on which they chopped fagots.

"Bah! bah! bah! after all, the old fellow has tact and sense, and I can manage anything but a fool—no one can manage a fool. It shows he knows something about women that he should ask to introduce Eugénie to his house and garden when he introduced himself to her. Furet will make a doting, easy-going husband, no fear. The only thing I should like out of the arrangement is that square-faced, black-eyed *ménagère*. I believe she was listening at the door yesterday."

He came out of the shed, and looked down the hill. The women were already out of sight.

Jacques Roussel would have been still

more troubled if he had seen the *ménagère's* dark eyes peering out of a little slit of a window when the congregation straggled out of church.

Monsieur Furet had gone to Vespers, and he stood in the church porch waiting for his visitors. He only made Eugénie a profound bow, but he tucked Madame Roussel's hand under his arm, and led her in triumph to his house.

The entrance is plain and dull. A narrow path leads from the little gate between two closely-clipped hedges. As Marguerite does not appear, Monsieur takes a key out of his pocket, and opens the door.

The long, dark, flagged passage entrance looks cold and cheerless; as Eugénie steps down into it she shivers. It feels damp, and, as Monsieur Furet closes the door behind her, the house seems like a prison.

Monsieur is surprised at the absence of his housekeeper, but he keeps a smiling countenance, and throws open the door of his study. Eugénie has heard of the avocat's treasures, and she follows her mother into the quaint little room, with a pretty, flushed eagerness. It is quite a little museum. There is tapestry on the walls, and each of the chairs is an antique curiosity.

Monsieur Furet speaks for the first time to Eugénie.

"I have not the happiness of being acquainted with the tastes of Mademoiselle, so I hardly know what to show her. If Mademoiselle affects real antiquities, and these have for me, I confess, the greatest charms, I have there"—he points to a row of shelves opposite the fireplace—"Roman amphoræ and Phœnician tiles, discovered at Lillebonne; there are Celtic remains; and that," he points to a bit of stone, "was brought from Ireland. But," he gets so eager that his eyes brighten visibly, "it is possible that Mademoiselle prefers these."

Eugénie has looked with much disappointment at the rows of gray and red pots, and tiles, and broken bits he had indicated, only variegated here and there by a small dark porphyry figure, or one in *lapis lazuli*. She saw much more to admire on the table, covered with blue and white *fayence*, which Monsieur Furet now pointed out.

"But, Monsieur," she asked timidly, "why do you prize this more than the lovely porcelain in the shops at Rouen?"

"Mademoiselle, but that is of our day, it has no specialty; it is the age and the rarity which makes this valuable."

"I could never like old things so well as new ones," says Eugénie saucily, and she turns away, perfectly unconscious of Monsieur Furet's confusion.

"Do not mind her," whispered Madame Roussel, "she is young and giddy. Take us to your garden, my child has a passion for flowers."

Monsieur bows, and leads the way into the garden.

Here it is so bright and full of sunshine, and the flowers are so full of lovely life and color, that Eugénie feels at her ease again, and smiles and looks happy.

Monsieur Furet gathers a bunch of china roses and she thanks him gratefully; he feels younger already in the light of those soft, sweet glances, and his first embarrassment passes away. He talks to Eugénie about the flowers and banters her so playfully about her mistakes,—for she is very ignorant respecting them,—and the girl forgets the dismal tomb-like house and the musty study, and thinks how charming it would be to have this garden for her own.

Eugénie has a great reverence for learning,—her father's only fault in her eyes is that he never looks at a book or a newspaper,—and as she listens to Monsieur Furet's gentle talk: now the special properties of a plant; now the singular circumstances which led to its discovery; now some old Norman legend, time goes by and still Eugénie paces up and down the garden beside her host and listens with interest to his talk. She has not only to listen, he sets himself to draw her out and grows fascinated by her fresh simplicity; she has quite lost her shyness. Her mother got tired some time ago and sat down on a huge green Chinese pot, just outside the kitchen window. Monsieur has forgotten everything but Eugénie, or he would surely summon Margot to entertain Madame Roussel; he would wonder, too, what had become of the *ménagère*, generally all too forward in the presence of visitors; but he is in love with all the fond foolishness of love at fifty-five, he cannot lose a glance of those sweet blue eyes, a curve of those red smiling lips, and his homage is so earnest, yet so gentle and respectful, that it fascinates Eugénie. It is wonderful she thinks that a gentleman and a scholar like Monsieur Furet should take so much kind trouble to amuse her.

Monsieur Furet pauses in front of the 'rocher' and the grove of sycamores.

"I have a *potager* behind," he says,

"and beyond that are two fields, so that I have room for a cow and a pony. Will you like to see my cow?"

"If you please, Monsieur,"—and then Eugénie feels a pang of conscience,—“my mother will be tired,” she says, “I have left her so long alone.”

Monsieur Furet is in fresh delight, here is a new proof of Eugénie's goodness.

"Wait a moment," he says, "I will, with Mademoiselle's permission, call my housekeeper Margot, so that Madame Rousset may be no longer alone, and I will then return and conduct Mademoiselle to my cow."

He bows and leaves her.

"I shall not wait, there is great fun in exploring a strange place all by one's self." Eugénie looks round with delighted eyes; "I am only afraid of a dog, and Monsieur would have told me if there had been a dog."

She goes quickly through the trees,—they are planted so closely that the path is damp and moss-grown; the kitchen-garden is on the right, but this does not interest her; she passes on through a swing-gate, which ends the path, and finds herself suddenly in the field beside the stagnant pool. The forest trees throw long branches across the water, and choke it with a constant fall of decayed boughs and withered leaves; here and there a gnarled branch lies on the surface, its twisted, writhing limbs overmastering the scum atop; while the water-weeds strive and fold it in foul embrace.

Something in the dull, choked water in the weird, lone aspect of the place makes Eugénie pause; then she shudders and turns back to the swing-gate.

A woman is opening it, and, as she advances towards her, Eugénie recognizes Monsieur Furet's housekeeper. She has never spoken to Marguerite, but she knows her by sight—she has often seen the broad, red face in the door-way of Monsieur Furet. The housekeeper is just now as pale as nature will permit her to be. She nods familiarly at Eugénie, and looks at her till the girl's eyes droop beneath the fixed gaze.

"*Bon jour*, Mademoiselle." Marguerite's face relaxes into a sudden smile. She has changed her tactics; something in the girl's face tells her that insolence is not a safe weapon.

"*Tiens*; but why, then, has Mademoiselle left the pretty flowers to look at this dark

pond?" Marguerite gives a little shiver of fear, and turns away.

Eugénie looks again at the water, and again the same weird horror chills her.

"Why, then," she speaks aloud, but as much to herself as to the housekeeper, "Why does Monsieur Furet keep this black, unwholesome water so near his house? It should be filled up."

For an instant Margot's eyes are fiendish. "She is mistress already, is she?" she says to herself.

"Mademoiselle, the pond cannot be filled up; it has been attempted, but the water wells out again; it is like the stain of blood on a floor. Ah," she crosses herself, "as I said to Mademoiselle but now, this is no place for a bright young lady."

She keeps her eyes fixed on the girl's scared face, and opens the gate that she may pass through, but the girl draws back.

"Do you mean that anything has really happened in that pool?" Then, as the awful look in Margot's face confirms her own ghastly fear, she cries out in terror:

"Some one is drowned there, and you know it! Some one lies there still!"

Margot is beside her in an instant. She grasps her arm tightly, and lays her broad, brown palm on Eugénie's quivering mouth.

"Silence! Mademoiselle, if you do not want to ruin me." Then she takes her hand away and wrings it in the other.

"It is a secret, and Monsieur Furet will not have it known in Véron; but, then, it is not I who have told Mademoiselle—it is she herself who has guessed it."

Eugénie hurries through the gate, and when Margot has followed her, she closes it and draws a deep breath, as if now she feels herself in safety.

She stands still under the sycamore trees.

"Tell me who it was," she whispers.

"Ah! Mademoiselle, but it is sad to tell. It was the wife of the last proprietor! But if it were known in Véron, a curse would cling to the property. Mademoiselle must never tell. The proprietor was a cousin of my master, and his first wife died in her youth. Well, Mademoiselle, he was young, too; and in those days there were visitors coming and going. The house was not green and tomb-like, as it is now; but the death of his wife changed all. The young man shut himself up, and would see no one. For thirty years he lived alone, and then he goes away to the South—to his cousins there. Very soon, indeed, back he comes with a fine young wife. Well,

Mademoiselle, you see the master was young no longer, and he had got into fixed ways, and he wanted his wife for himself. He saw no use in having young ones for her to frolic with. Well, she tried coaxing, and then pouting, and then no one knows what had happened; but one morning, quite early, she came running through these trees in her white night-gown, all her long, black hair hanging over her shoulders, and she plunged into the pool! It is deep, Mademoiselle—how deep no one knows; and it is said there are large holes in it. Certainly, she was never seen again in life or in death, and since then the pool has been as you see it."

Eugénie's face has grown paler and paler, but as the housekeeper ends her wits come back.

"But if no one knows this, how can you be sure it happened?"

She looks incredulous.

Margot's black eyes are gleaming with excitement. "*Voilà*, that is the whole matter. It is my mother, Mademoiselle, who has been housekeeper to the relation of Monsieur Furet, and she kept the secret close. It has been, perhaps, for that reason among others that Monsieur has chosen me to be his housekeeper when he came to live here.

"I wonder you could stay," said Eugénie, dreamily.

"*Dame*, Mademoiselle, the pond is far enough, and the house is very pleasant. I have harmed no one, so why should I fear ghosts. If the poor young lady's conscience had been clear, she would not have drowned herself." She checked her words by a strong effort. She longed to say something on the sin of a young girl who married an old man for his money, but something in Eugénie imposed restraint, and the consciousness of this added to Margot's dislike.

She stood aside and let the young lady pass on to the *rocher*, and then she slipped into the kitchen-garden and began to gather herbs.

#### V.

Two hours have passed and Jacques Roussel grows impatient.

"*Dame*, what can they be doing all this time at Furet's?" He has smoked two pipes, and since then has taken a nap, and now stretches himself, yawns, and comes down the steps again to look for his wife and daughter.

In the distance, at the foot of the hill, the ground belonging to the mill is shut in by tall, black, wooden gates. One of these is opening now. Jacques looks eagerly; but it is only a man who passes through the gate and holds it open.

Jacques shades his eyes with his hand and tries to make out the intruder, and then he claps both hands to his sides with a chuckle of exultation.

"Well done, old Furet," he laughs, "how well the old fellow bows. Good, it must be a settled thing, or I don't think he would have given them his company home again." Jacques sighs in the midst of his content, "Somehow I had not thought my little Eugénie would have been won so soon."

But though the *ex-avocat* bows the ladies through the gate, he takes his leave of them there, and does not attempt to follow them as they slowly mount the hill.

"Ah! thou art in the wrong, friend Furet." Jacques looks disappointed as the gate closes on his daughter's suitor. "Faint heart never wins. However, if he has won," he said, reflectively, "*tant mieux*."

Madame Roussel quickens her pace as she comes nearer, till at last she runs into her husband's arms and kisses him on both cheeks. But this achievement having left her too breathless for words, she stands smiling and panting, while Jacques pushes by her and meets Eugénie.

At the sight of her face his hopes got a sudden chill. She looked so pale and her eyes had a strange, scared look in them.

"What, my bird," he said softly, "art thou faint, my Eugénie?"

"Faint!" Madame Roussel had recovered herself, "she is a little weary with amusement, that is all. I thought we should never get to the end of all the wonders we have seen. Think, then, Jacques, of a man who knows all about the Romans and who has a coin which came out of a pyramid. The *musée* at Rouen is nothing to him, he has treasures from every part of the world."

"*Tais toi, bavarde*," Jacques speaks good humoredly, but he is puzzled by the sadness in his daughter's face and puts her hand under his arm and helps her up the hill.

No one speaks again till they reach the foot of the steps; then Jacques says, "We had better go in-doors to talk, Marie's ears are of the longest."

As soon as they reached the kitchen, Madame Roussel untied her cap strings, wiped her face with her handkerchief and prepared to chatter her fill, but she was stopped at the outset.

"Pardon, my mother," Eugénie rises up and stands between her parents, looking first at one and then at the other with wistful eyes. "I want to speak first," she says simply, "because I want to spare my father disappointment."

"Disappointment! the girl is a fool." Madame Roussel speaks angrily, her pink face is aflame.

"*Veux tu te taire*, Jeanneton." Jacques cannot be angry with his pet, so he vents all his wrath on his wife.

Eugénie presses her hands tightly together, and feels very shy, but she must follow the impulse which urges out her words.

"My father,"—instinctively she feels that her best chance of being understood lies with her father—"this morning it seemed to me possible to marry and live happily with any one, even with so old a husband as Monsieur Furet; and now a grave fear has come to me, that I might be unhappy, and then you and my mother, and Monsieur Furet would all suffer through my fault."

Madame got on her feet. She was intensely eager to put in a word, but Jacques pointed to the door, and then laid his finger on his lips, with so much sternness of expression, that she subsided quietly.

"Do you mean," the Miller spoke huskily, for the disappointment was heavier than Eugénie had guessed at, "that you will not marry our neighbor?"

Eugénie's head droops, and she goes back to the thoughts which have been pressing on her ever since she rejoined her mother in Monsieur Furet's garden.

She had remarked, as they left his house, Monsieur Furet's look of vexation at the non-appearance of Margot. He called for her loudly, but no answer came, and it flashed on Eugénie that the housekeeper's story might be merely a scarecrow, invented by the wily woman to shield herself from the intrusion of a mistress. But her own feeling of dread when she first entered the house, weighed heavily, and also the sudden light which Margot's story had thrown on such a marriage as hers would be with Monsieur Furet. Eugénie was hasty sometimes, but never weak. She raised her head and looked frankly into her father's vexed eyes.

"My father, I see now that if I say yes at once, I am only marrying Monsieur Furet for his money." Jacques winced and looked at his dusty shoes. "You have both always been kind," she paused and looked round at her mother.

Madame Roussel sat swaying from side to side on her hard wooden chair, tapping her mouth impatiently with one stumpy finger.

"You have both been indulgent to me, and I believe you will not hurry me now. This evening I will go down to church for *Le Salut*, and after service I will ask our Blessed Lady to tell me what I am to do, and what answer you are to give to Monsieur Furet."

Madame Roussel's mouth and eyes opened widely, but she was too devout to protest.

Jacques smiled, but he looked appealed.

"How are you to know when you get your answer?" He looked skeptical. "We cannot expect Monsieur Furet to wait, hat in hand, for your decision."

Eugénie held down her forehead for him to kiss.

"I always ask for all I want at the altar," she said, "and I shall not be deceived now."

She went and kissed her mother, and then she left them together.

Eugénie wakes with a start, and looks round with frightened eyes.

Yes, there are the white-washed walls of her own bed-room, and there is the window just opposite her little bed, and through this the sun is shining, and the sky looks bright and blue.

"Has it been all a dream," says the girl, sleepily, and she rubs her eyes hard. "When I waked before it was night, and since then all this has happened, and they say a morning dream always happens truly."

She dresses herself, and then she looks out.

It must be very early, for not even Martin, the cowherd, is stirring, and Eugénie sits down on her bed and thinks over her dream.

Her cheeks are dyed with warm blushes. A new sensation, a new life, stirs in her heart. She loves,—yes, it must be love; she fears this ardent longing to see the stranger in reality, who has been speaking to her so sweetly as she slept. Ah! how plainly she sees his face now as she closes her eyes again and calls up the whole scene.



She is out of doors—where, she does not picture; for all her sight is concentrated on her companion. He is tall, and his face is dark, but the large hat he wears shadows it. He is quite unlike any one she has ever seen. He looks more like an inhabitant of a city than a countryman, and his speech is like music. There is no Norman harshness in it. Again she closes her eyes, and she feels the stranger's arm steal softly round her waist.

Eugénie could sit all day dreaming out her dreams. It frightens her, and yet there is a delight mingled with her fear; but a stir in the house below rouses her. She goes again to the window and looks out.

She sees the gray spire, and with this comes a sudden thought of the garden it overlooks, and of Monsieur Furet.

Eugénie turns away with sick loathing, and then she remembers her prayer last night at the altar.

"I prayed to be shown what was right to do, for it seemed like self-will to disobey; and now I know,—oh! I know what to do!"

For she felt in that glimpse of vision-love how impossible it would be to marry without it, and her repulsion for Monsieur Furet told her also it never could come for him. She went down stairs, and saw her father coming into breakfast.

"*Tiens*, thou art late, my little one. Why, thou art red as a rose, my Eugénie."

And, indeed, Eugénie had grown crimson. The dream which, in her own room, had been so real and vivid, seemed to dwindle into childishness at the sight of her father, but she resolved to speak.

"Father, do not be angry, but I cannot marry Monsieur Furet. I prayed last night to our Lady for help and guidance. I went on praying, father, till the sacristan came to lock the church, and this morning my answer has come. I cannot marry a man unless I love him, and I could never love Monsieur Furet."

The shrinking dislike in her face was more powerful than her words. Jacques sighed, remonstrated a little, and finally gave in; and when, an hour afterward, he found his wife in full tide of reproach, he imposed silence angrily, and told her that Eugénie was to be let alone, and that he should give Monsieur Furet his *congé*.

## VI.

A YEAR has passed away, and has brought changes with it. Twice since his first re-

fusal by Eugénie, Monsieur Furet has proposed himself as her husband, and each time she has been conscious that the refusal she perseveres in giving irritates her mother and disappoints her father's hopes. Madame Roussel had a severe fall down the ladder staircase about six months ago, and since that time she has been a somewhat restless prisoner.

On this bright autumn afternoon Jacques is his daughter's companion to the fête at La Mailleraye. It is a gay scene. From Candebec itself, from Vatteville, Véron, and all the neighboring villages, the prettiest girls and the most likely-looking youths have assembled. The elders sit on long benches under the shade of the elm trees, but the young folks are waltzing away on the green hard by, to the music of a fiddle, two cornets, and a flute.

The couples seem all well matched, except Eugénie and her partner. She has fallen to the lot of Monsieur Alphonse Poiret, the rich jeweler of Candebec, and although he has a handsome Jewish face, and is gorgeous in a scarlet scarf, with a pin in which shines a real diamond, yet he cannot dance! He only flounders like a playful elephant, while Eugénie flits round him like a fairy. But she does not look quite happy. It is not pleasant, when she has the reputation of being the best dancer in Véron and Candebec, to see Rosine Leroux sniggering with Victor Delpierre everytime she whirls past, and now, as she stands panting for breath, and longing to be rid of her awkward partner, to hear Francine, the baker's daughter, say to Jules Barrière, "Do you see Beauty and the Beast? I would rather sit still all day long than make such an exhibition of myself!"

Francine smiles while she speaks, but the biting sarcasm in her tone brings tears into Eugénie's eyes.

"I am tired, Monsieur," she says, and courtesies to Alphonse Poiret. "If Monsieur will excuse me, I will sit down and rest."

"Pardon, Mademoiselle, there is a chair close by the bench under the trees."

Eugénie starts; she is looking vainly for a chair, and the voice seems to come from just behind her. Its tone thrills through her heart. Where has she heard that strange musical utterance? She looks round quickly, but she can only see the plump person of Madame Houlard, with her tall daughter on her arm.

"Leaving the dancing already, Eugénie Roussel!" Madame Houlard's voice has always a slight accent of reproof in it when she addresses young people. "I thought you never gave in!"

Eugénie is ready to cry. She draws a deep sigh of relief, when at last she reaches an empty chair near the bench, on which her father sits smoking.

"Mademoiselle sighs, and yet dancing makes the heart gay. Is it not so?"

This time Eugénie looks up quickly, and then her eyes fall again, and a deep blush spreads over her face. A tall man stands beside her; his face is dark and shadowed by a broad felt hat, but there can be no mistake in his likeness to the stranger of her dream. It is he himself—the idol she had secretly worshiped since the night of her vigil before the altar.

"I—I am a little out of breath," she stammers, and then she plays with her bonnet-strings. She is terribly agitated. She longs to look up again, but she has no courage. She feels that the stranger's dark eyes are fixed on her face.

"That is not to be wondered at," he says. How the sweet soft music of his voice steals into her very soul. "Mademoiselle has been sacrificed to an incapable partner."

After this there comes silence. Jacques Roussel rouses up after a bit, and looks round for Eugénie. Seeing her so near he goes and fetches her a glass of sirup, and then he scans her companions with his alert, half-closed eyes—Norman eyes.

"Monsieur is apparently a stranger," he says.

The stranger bows. "Yes, Monsieur, I am from Paris, and my name is Hippolyte Laborde; at your service," and then the two men take off their hats and bow, as only Frenchmen can bow in similar circumstances. "I am a writer, Monsieur, and have come into your charming country for fresh air and fresh ideas, and I shall be sorry to leave it. I have been wishing to dance," he looks as innocently as possible into the face of the Miller, divining that he is the father of Eugénie, "but there is no chance, all the young people seem old acquaintances, and a new-comer is left in the lurch."

The Miller laughs at the stranger's rueful expression.

"Come, cheer up, Monsieur; it is the first time I ever knew a Parisian modest. Why, friend, the gods help those who help

themselves. Here is my daughter. Eugénie will give you a chance, though how she comes to be sitting down I don't understand. Art thou tired, little one?"

Eugénie's heart throbbed with delight, but still she wishes the stranger to ask her for himself.

"I am afraid I must not dance," she said, calmly. "I told Monsieur Poiret I was tired, and it is the same waltz."

"But Monsieur is dancing again," the stranger speaks eagerly. "I was waiting till Mademoiselle had reposed herself to have the honor of claiming her hand."

Is she dreaming again, or is this reality, and has the life that she has passed through since that delicious vision been the dream? Eugénie only knows that she could waltz on for ever, and then, at each pause in the dance, as she stands with her partner a little apart from the rest, and listens to the words so like those she listened to in her dream,—words which gradually grow more and more full of fervent meaning,—it seems to her that till now life has been empty, and that the joy of this afternoon is too intense to last.

Presently they are standing still near her father again, and she hears him ask her partner if he is staying at La Mailleraye.

"I am not staying anywhere. I reached Candebece yesterday, heard of the fête here to-day, and came over in mere idleness."

"Then you must come and see my mill to-morrow," Jacques slaps him on the shoulder, "and our château, too;—we at Véron are visited by all travelers. There is no such mill as the mill of Véron," he says in a low voice, "in the North of France."

## VII

It is two months since the fête at La Mailleraye. The little village of Véron is all astir, and a crowd of idlers is waiting round the church porch.

Outside the crowd, just beyond Monsieur Furet's garden-gate, Margot stands, looking eager and restless. Her black eyes glitter with a fierce triumphant light. She is safe, for at this moment Eugénie is being wedded to Monsieur Hippolyte Laborde, and there is no fear that she will ever reign over the *ménage* of Monsieur Furet.

"Little credulous fool! She believed the tale I told, and so she gave up my poor besotted master. He'll hanker after her,

though, to the day of his death. See him now!"

She shrugs her shoulders in disdain, and shelters herself behind a huge countryman, who is hanging on the skirts of the crowd.

Monsieur Furet has just come out of church. He is the first of the bridal party who has appeared in the porch; most of the others are busy signing names in the vestry.

Monsieur Furet is smiling, and he holds a large bouquet in his hand.

There is a buzz of voices, and the children cry *la voilà*, and out comes Eugénie, veiled from head to foot, and leaning on her husband's arm.

He is looking so fondly at the blushing face under the veil that he does not see Monsieur Furet. But the *ex-avocat* places himself in Eugénie's path.

"Madame," he says, with much dignity, "I wish you all happiness. Monsieur," he looks at Hippolyte, "you have a wife who is wise, as well as lovely. Yes, wiser than heads much older than her own."

He bows and stands aside to let them pass, offering the bouquet gallantly to Eugénie.

"There is no fool like an old fool," said Margot. "I should not wonder if he leaves her his money, after all."

#### TOPICS OF THE TIME.

##### Literary Hinderances.

THERE WAS something very impressive and suggestive in what Mr. Stedman recently printed in these pages on the embarrassments of Hood's literary life. The brave, cheerful, mirth-provoking man, spreading innocent pleasure all over a realm from his bed of pain, coining his wasting blood into pence with which to buy bread for himself and his family, presents to the imagination an object at once pitiful and inspiring. Yet the literary world is full of spectacles only less touching. Three-quarters of the literary men and women of the present time are loaded down with cares that seem to forbid the free development of their genius, and deny to them the power to do their best possible work. The painter, with the greatest ambition and the noblest genius, is obliged to come down to what he calls his "pot-boilers;" and most literary men and women do the same. They do work in which they take no pleasure, simply because it is necessary to win them bread and clothing. Even this work they do under a pressure that is sometimes degrading, and some of them are obliged to do so much of it that, after a time, the spontaneous, creative impulse dies out of them, and they become disheartened and demoralized literary hacks.

But suppose the case were as we would like to have it. Suppose that when genius should be discovered in any man, or woman, a competent pension were provided at once for his or her maintenance, so that all common cares could be forever set aside, and the song be sung, and the story be told in perfect freedom, and at perfect leisure. Suppose every writer could have Byron's wealth, or Tennyson's competence, or Dickens' literary income; would it be better for the world thus, or even better

for literature? It is an open question, which it would be well for all repiners to examine. Would Byron have been a better or a worse writer with poverty? Would not Tennyson have had more for the great world of struggling and sorrowing life with smaller possibilities of self-seclusion? Were not Dickens' wide-mouthed wants, natural and artificial, among the productive motives which have given to the world the most remarkable series of novels that the English language holds among its treasures?

If the truth must be confessed, the literary men and women of the world can hardly be trusted with wealth, when we remember that literature has no uses save as it ministers to the comfort, the pure pleasure, the strength, the elevation and the spiritual culture of the race. To be placed beyond the common needs and the common struggles of men, is to be placed beyond their sympathies,—is to be placed outside of a realm of knowledge which all must possess whose function is that of artistic ministry.

That the operation of this law brings individual hardship may not be questioned, but we cannot afford to lose it because of this. Tennyson could never have sung "The Song of the Shirt," or "The Bridge of Sighs." It took a man to do those things who had lived close to London life, and who, in his own person and fortunes, had shared in the trials and tragedies of its struggling multitudes. Cowper is dearest to those whose lives have been clouded, and sings to them by a divine commission. We should have lost our Burns if he had been born in a palace, and reared in luxury. Mrs. Browning, like the lark, would have sung all her songs in the sky, beyond the hearing of the common ear, if she had not been bound to the earth by the chain of pain. Even Shakespeare, in his most wonderful plays, "meant business." How true, and sweet, and pure remains

the spirit that still shines under the Quaker brown, and waits for translation within the consecrated cottage of Amesbury! God made Whittier poor, that every son of want, and every victim of wrong should have a sympathizing and ministering brother. Uncounted and inestimable literary successes have been founded upon a knowledge of, and sympathy with, the world, only won and only attainable by sharing that world's homely needs and homely work.

Sometimes, however, the conviction comes to the literary worker that he is having something too much of drudgery. There are undoubtedly cases of this kind, but, after all, we cannot afford to lose the test which work for bread furnishes in deciding upon the genuineness of a literary man's mission. He who becomes soured by toil shows that he is not fit for prosperity, and cannot be trusted with it. He who makes the best of his conditions, and bends them all to the service of his art; who keeps a good conscience in all his work, and makes men better and happier in winning the bread for himself and his dependents; who learns to love his kind while sharing their toils, and to serve his God in serving them, is the man whose name is safe in the keeping of his country. The man, on the contrary, who takes his lot with discontent; who ceases to do good work because he must work or starve, and becomes willing at last to do any work that offers, writing on any required side of any prescribed question, shows himself made of poor material—unworthy, under any circumstances, to hold a high place in the regard of his countrymen. If the ideal, literary life of freedom and leisure were best for the mass of literary workers, they would, doubtless, have it. If the pet notion of the modern *dilettanti*, that beauty is its own excuse for being, and that the artist has no mission which does not end in his art, were sound, we should find literary conditions adjusted to it. But the artist is a minister—a servant; and, that he may learn his duty to his race, he must mingle with it, work with it, weep with it. Only thus can he know how to charm it with story, and inspire it with song.

#### The Delusions of Drink.

KING Solomon has the credit of being the wisest man that ever lived; and he declared that he who is deceived by wine, the mocker, and strong drink, the raging, is not wise. The delusions of drink are as old as drink itself, and are as prevalent now as in Solomon's time. There are men who honestly believe that alcoholic drink is good for them; yet there is not one of them who would touch it except as a prescribed medicine if it were not for its pleasant taste. The delusion touching its healthfulness grows out of the desire to justify an appetite which may either be natural or acquired. If a man likes whisky or wine, he likes to think that it is good for him, and he will take some pains to prove that it is so, both to himself and others.

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Now, alcohol is a pure stimulant. There is not so much nutriment in it as there is in a chip. It never added anything to the permanent forces of life, and never can add anything. Its momentary intensification of force is a permanent abstraction of force from the drinker's capital stock. All artificial excitants bring exhaustion. The physicians know this, and the simplest man's reason is quite capable of comprehending it. If any man supposes that daily drink, even in small quantities, is conducive to his health, he is deluded. If he possess a sluggish temperament, he may be able to carry his burden without much apparent harm, but burden it is, and burden it will always be.

After a man has continued moderate drinking long enough, then comes a change—a demand for more drink. The old quantity does not suffice. The powers which have been insensibly undermined, clamor, under the pressure of business, for increased stimulation. It is applied, and the machine starts off grandly; the man feels strong, his form grows portly, and he works under constant pressure. Now he is in a condition of great danger, but the delusion is upon him that he is in no danger at all. At last, however, drink begins to take the place of food. His appetite grows feeble and fitful. He lives on his drink, and, of course, there is but one end to this—viz.: death! It may come suddenly, through the collapse of all his powers, or through paralysis, or it may come slowly through atrophy and emaciation. His friends see that he is killing himself, but he cannot see it at all. He walks in a delusion from his early manhood to his death.

A few weeks ago one of our city physicians publicly read a paper on the drinking habits of women. It was a thoughtful paper, based on a competent knowledge of facts. It ought to have been of great use to those women of the city who are exposed to the dangers it portrayed, and especially to those who have acquired the habits it condemned. Soon afterward there appeared in the columns of a daily paper a protest from a writer who ought to be a good deal more intelligent than he is, against the doctor's conclusions. The health and physique of the beer-drinking Englishwoman were placed over against the health and physique of the water-drinking American women, to the disadvantage of the latter. The man is deluded. It is not a year since Sir Henry Thompson, one of the most eminent medical men in England,—a man notoriously beyond the reach of any purely Christian considerations,—declared against the beer-drinking of England on strictly sanitary grounds. Our litterateur declares that the Englishwoman can outwalk her American sister. That depends entirely upon the period of life when the task is undertaken. The typical Englishwoman who has stood by the beer diet until she is more than forty years old, is too fat to walk anywhere easily out of doors, or gracefully within.

During our late civil war this matter of drinking

for health's sake was thoroughly tried. A stock of experience and observation was acquired that ought to have lasted for a century. Again and again, thousands and thousands of times, was it proved that the man who drank nothing was the better man. He endured more, he fought better, he came out of the war healthier than the man who drank. Nothing is more easily demonstrable than that the liquor used by the two armies, among officers and men alike, was an unmitigated curse to them. It disturbed the brains and vitiated the councils of the officers, and debilitated and demoralized the men. Yet all the time the delusion among officers and men was, that there were both comfort and help in whisky.

The delusions of drink are numberless, but there is one of them which stands in the way of reform so decidedly that it calls for decided treatment. We allude to the notion that it is a nice thing to drink nice liquors or wines at one's home, to offer them to one's friends, and to make them minister to good fellowship at every social gathering, while it is a very different thing to drink bad liquor, in bad places, and in large quantities. A man full of good wine feels that he has a right to look with contempt upon the Irishman who is full of bad whisky. It is not a long time since the election of a professor in a British university was opposed solely on the ground that he neither drank wine nor offered it to his friends; and when, by a small majority, his election was effected, the other professors decided not to recognize him socially. There are thus two men whom these sticklers for wine despise—viz.: the man who gets drunk on bad liquor, and the man who drinks no liquor at all. Indeed, they regard the latter with a hatred or contempt which they do not feel for the poor drunkard. The absolute animosity with which many men in society regard one who is conscientiously opposed to wine-drinking, could only spring from a delusion in regard to the real nature of their own habits. The sensitiveness of these people on this subject, however, shows that they suspect the delusion of which they are the victims. They claim to be on the side of temperance. They deprecate drunkenness, and really don't see what is to be done about it. They wish that men would be more rational in their enjoyment of the good things of the world, etc., etc.; but their eyes seem blinded to the fact that they stand in the way of all reform. The horrible drunkenness of the larger cities of Great Britain, with which no hell that America holds can compare for a moment, can never be reformed until the drinking habits of the English clergy and the English gentry are reformed. With eleven-twelfths of the British clergy wine-drinkers, and water-drinkers tabooed in society, and social drinking the fashion in all the high life of the realm, the workman will stand by his gin, brutality will reign in its own chosen centers undisturbed, and those centers will increasingly become what, to a frightful extent, they already are—festering sores

upon the body social, and stench in the nostrils of the world.

The habits, neither of Great Britain nor America, will be improved until men of influence in every walk of life are willing to dispense with their drinking customs. Hundreds of thousands of English-speaking men go to a drunkard's grave every year. There is nothing in sanitary considerations as they relate to the moderate drinker, and surely nothing in the pleasures of the moderate drinker, to mitigate this curse. It is all a delusion. The water-drinker is the healthy man, and the happy man. Spirits, wine, beer, alcoholic beverages of all sorts are a burden and a bane, and there is no place where a good man can stand unshadowed by a fatal delusion, except upon the safe ground of total abstinence. Until that ground is taken, and held, by good men everywhere, there can be no temperance reform. The wine-drinkers of England and America have the whisky-drinkers in their keeping. What do they propose to do with them?

#### The Press and the Publishers.

THE power of the daily press to centralize trade, especially those branches of trade which are not dependent upon facilities, natural or artificial, for shipping and carriage, has hardly been appreciated by the public. The grain produced by the Western States will naturally seek the quickest and cheapest transport to the best shipping-point, irrespective of all other considerations. Great commercial centers are fixed by good harbors, easily accessible from land and sea. But there are multitudes of manufactures which may be, and are, carried on anywhere, without reference to the circumstances that fix the centers of commerce, and, other things being equal, they seek centers of influence and advertising facilities. A bright, enterprising, influential daily press, in any town, is a centralizing power for all these interests. The press advertises the locality,—is the exponent of its life and spirit,—is the center of its moral, political, and social influence, and does more, perhaps, than any other agency to attract the organized industry of its near and remote neighborhood.

The city of Springfield, in Massachusetts, is, perhaps, as good an illustration of the power of a daily press to centralize trade and manufactures as any that the country offers. We wonder whether the residents of that city know how much they owe to their daily press for their constantly increasing numbers and their constantly growing prosperity. For twenty-five years they have had a daily press whose enterprise, industry, intelligence and influence are believed to have been without precedent or parallel in the history of provincial newspapers throughout the world. We think, indeed, that this is but a just statement of the fact; and there is nothing in the location of the town and its relations to the country to justify the supposition



that it would have reached its present status through other causes. The town is known throughout the whole country by its press, and that press has magnified its importance and influence everywhere. It has been a center of intelligence and a center of attraction, and has done, in one sense, more than anything else to make the town what it is—one of the brightest and most enterprising towns in New England.

It is, however, with reference to the power of the daily press in fixing the centers of the publishing interest that we write this article. The issue of magazines and books is not fixed by the ordinary considerations of commerce. This interest is the greatest, perhaps, among those that are influenced or controlled by the daily press. The advertising centers and the centers of the greatest newspaper excellence and influence are the centers of the publishing interest. So long, for instance, as the representative New York press maintains its present pre-eminence, New York will remain the center of the great publishing interests of the country; and all other publishing centers will work at a disadvantage. We do not say this in disparagement of any other press or locality. We simply recognize existing facts,—facts which are becoming more and more apparent to every observer. There is to be a great publishing center in the West. The growth of that region is so gigantic, its interests are so thoroughly individualized, its wants are so identical, and its resources are so great, that it will have a literature. It will never cut entirely loose from the East in this matter; but the time will surely come when it will send us for exchange in kind the productions of its teeming press. The center of the publishing interest

in the West is being fixed to-day by its newspapers. That city of the West which has the best daily press,—the press that goes everywhere and is felt everywhere,—will publish the books and magazines for the West. The greatest daily press and the greatest publishing interest will go together. The same may be said of the new South, which the future is sure to bring us.

And here, on behalf of the whole book and magazine interest, it is proper to recognize the dependence of that interest on the newspaper press for its prosperity. The daily and weekly newspaper, in its periodical visit to every fireside, is the medium by which the great publishing interest of the country reaches the public. The advertisement, the notice, and the review which appear in the columns of the newspaper are the only means by which the book and magazine-buying public become acquainted with the new issues of the press. Neither author nor publisher can ever repay the debt owed to the newspaper for its service in this matter, except by making his productions so worthy of commendation that that commendation shall be service rendered to the public whose patronage he seeks. It is pleasant to notice that the interest of the public in literary matters makes all intelligence concerning them valuable, and that, so, the current issues of magazines and books become subjects of current news, eagerly demanded by those for whom newspapers are prepared. It is here that the publishers of newspapers find their interests identified with those of the writers and publishers of books and magazines, and here that they find the justification of the most friendly and reciprocal relations with them.

#### THE OLD CABINET.

We think we are very loyal to the true pathos of life when we cry out against the sentimental expression of it. The most withering thing that can be said about any work of art is that it is sentimental. We are glad to find that So-and-So is a sentimentalist, for then we are relieved of the necessity of sympathizing with him, at least. But, as we grow older, and begin to comprehend the volume of human misery,—all its strength, and stretch, and subtlety,—we come to know how shallow the vision that took no ken of the pathos underlying even the sentimental. It is a melancholy gift that many have, of at once being actors in, and witnesses of, the play of life. All who have that gift know well how to weep at the grand *dénouement* when the heroine falls moaning upon the breast of her dying lover; but God pity the lesser number who see the pathetic in all the situations, humorous and tragic alike.

There are two things that puzzle me. One is, the

amount of misplaced virtue in the world; that is to say, the immense quantity of downright goodness scattered around among the commonest sort of people; among people about whom there are no social safeguards whatever, and who would be quite up to the moral standard of their neighbors if they gave a loose rein to all manner of passion. I tell you, when a man who has been surrounded with pure influences,—I do not mean with austerity or fanaticism, from which he would be likely to suffer reaction,—when a man who has breathed no atmosphere but that of moderation and decorum looks back upon his own life, and trembles at his hundred hair-breadth 'scapes from utter ruin, of one kind or another, he cannot help wondering what keeps the unprotected classes from going altogether and utterly to the bad. It was one of the best saints out of the calendar who declared himself competent to commit any crime under the sun of which he had ever heard, and what it is that keeps the average

sinner from going straight through the criminal list, it is hard to tell.

The other puzzle is how the ordinary human is able to bear up against the enormous weight of suffering imposed upon him,—not simply the misery of which the papers tell under startling head-lines, or in little paragraphs that travel the rounds of the press, and startle you now and then with their grim and gruesome humor,—not simply the distress which is the subject of charity reports, and governmental statistics,—not simply the obvious examples of quiet endurance, the heroic men and women whose lives are one long self-sacrifice,—not simply these, but the absolute discomfort and pain, physical, moral, and æsthetic, that is borne by almost every human being in the world, with such nobility of endurance that the croaker and complainer is so much the exception that he is pointed at with scorn, and shunned by his fellows as an anomaly and a nuisance.

I think I never had a clearer idea of the general forlornness of mankind than in contemplating a cat at the ferry-house, the other morning. It was a nipping and an eager air. Wherever the salt spray had dashed, there had it stiffly frozen. There seemed to be no rest for the claws of her feet, except on the floorway, from which a thousand boots would have spurned her trembling form. So she had mounted a chilly, slippery beam, and crouched there in abject shame and panic. Why did she not go home, you ask? But even if she had a home, home was no home to her unless she was in it. She had no hand in the fate that compelled her to that shivering perch, subject to gibe of man, bark and snap of dog, and shy of stick. "Yonder," (I said,) "in that poor perplexed, cold, hungry, homeless creature, is a type of mankind! Scat!"

And speaking of heroism, one is never so much surprised at the impulsive, grandiose sort, as at that which may almost be called the negative kind. I pity the man who does not consider himself capable

of rushing into a burning building, catching into his arms a beautiful maiden, and bravely bearing her away in safety through smoke and flame, tumbling rafters and bellowing trumpets. One has an actual appetite for such an adventure. But suppose the beautiful maiden no longer beautiful; or suppose the circumstances to be altogether different, and the question, not whether you shall rush in, but whether you shall rush out; whether, in fact, you shall run for your life, or, like that girl you have lately read of, stay by the side of one whom you fain would rescue, till the flames curl about your feet, and drag you into the jaws of death—perhaps, even without the reporters being informed of all the circumstances.

There are certain alleviations which we can readily appreciate. It is easy to see that some people gather fortitude from the fact that misery cannot be helped; that what can't be cured must be endured. When they see "the inevitable," they "straightway fall in love with it!"

I am sure, moreover, that the artistic sense is a genuine alleviation in many cases. Artistic natures may have what is called a great capacity for suffering; but the law of compensation is seen at work here also. You will know what I mean if you have ever caught yourself, in some strange mood, imagining the particulars of a bereavement, through whose scenes you have beheld yourself moving, not without a sense of æsthetic satisfaction, the slow-paced, melancholy hero.

But really the greatest relief is—not to care; that is to say, not to care for any great length of time. That is the thing that consoles me most, in the matter of other people's calamities: perhaps they will get over it. It isn't quite the poetic thing for them to do, of course; but they are off my mind at any rate, and I'm always grateful to the poor devil whose trouble, like the fellow's in "The Wicked World," in severe cases lasts all night.

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

### Out-Doors.

As a people, we take just about a third as much open air exercise as we need. In the warm weather we get along tolerably well, because pure oxygen comes to us, whether we will or not; but with the least chill of autumn we incontinently bring out the double sashes, and hunt up the weather-strips. Not satisfied with this, we ride, if we can, when we are compelled to leave our stifling domiciles, and stay out just the briefest possible while that will serve our purpose. Not one person in twenty ever thinks of going out in winter for the mere sake of reaching the external air. It seems not to occur to persons

generally that they need any other atmosphere than that which constantly surrounds them. Much of that terrible disease, pulmonary consumption, arises from the fact that most people's lungs are not fairly expanded and filled with pure oxygen more than two or three times a year. Now that the ice can be counted upon, it would be well if young and old and middle-aged would buckle on runners, and have a grand skate together. It is capital exercise, and the out-door equivalent of dancing. Arms, legs, heads, hearts and lungs, all respond to its exhilarating influence. Moderately indulged in, it is healthful in the extreme. The only difficulty is, that it is likely to entice one too far. Skate if you can; but

if you can't, try coasting, if there be a convenient hill. And if that be not practicable, a good run will answer. It is not air alone, remember,—it is life.

#### Newspapers Domestically Considered.

Too low an estimate is apt to be set on the domestic value of newspapers. After reading them, and putting ourselves, through their agency, in mental correspondence with the world, they are thrown aside and forgotten. But to suppose their usefulness bounded by their news columns and the waste-bag is a thriftless mistake.

In the first place, there are the household recipes, to be found in stray corners, often excellent, and deserving a refuge on the fly-leaf of the family cook-book. Then come the pretty verses, the strange and droll stories, the brief biographies and reminiscences which, pasted in a scrap-book, are a source of never-ending pleasure, not only to those who do not care for richer intellectual food, but to those who have only odd minutes for reading.

Notwithstanding the squibs jocular journalists have penned on the use of newspapers for bed-clothing, we know from experience that these are not to be despised. They may not be as comfortable as your blankets, but certainly they keep out the cold. Two thicknesses of papers are better than a pair of blankets, and in the case of persons who dislike the weight of many bed-clothes, they are invaluable. A spread made of a double layer of papers between a covering of calico or chintz, is desirable in every household. The papers should be tacked together with thread, and also basted to the covering to keep them from slipping. An objection has been made on account of the rustling, but if soft papers be chosen the noise will not be annoying, especially should the spread be laid between a blanket and the counterpane.

As a protection to plants against cold, both in and out of doors, nothing is better. If newspapers are pinned up over night at a window between pots and glass, the flowers will not only not be frozen, but will not even get chilled, as they are so liable to be at this season. In the same way, if taken to cover garden-beds, on the frosty nights of early autumn, they will allow the plants to remain safely out-doors some time later than is common.

One of the oddest services to put our journals to is the keeping of ice in summer. An ingenious housekeeper recently discovered that her daily lump of ice would last nearly twice as long when wrapped in newspapers, and placed in any kind of covered box, as when trusted solely to a refrigerator. This is very convenient, since it is possible to have the best and cheapest refrigerator constantly at hand.

To polish all kinds of glass after washing, except table glass, no cloth or flannel is half so good as a newspaper; and for a baker's dozen of other uses, quite foreign to its primal purpose, it is without a rival.

#### The Penalty of Moving.

ADULTS are prone to think of this intolerable but often necessary annoyance only as it affects them. The influence of continuous change of abode is far more pernicious to children than is commonly imagined. At the time, they rather enjoy the topsyturvy condition of things, and their love of novelty is gratified by going somewhere else. But, as they grow up,—and more after they have grown up,—they look back upon their past life, which should be full of home associations, as a sort of domestic game of "passy-wants-a-corner." They have no pleasant memory of household gods or household altars. The parental idea is marred by repeated shiftings from one roof to another before the filial feeling has had time to spread its tendrils, or even to take substantial root.

It is impossible to over-estimate the effect of a pleasant home-life upon the mind as well as the heart. Men and women who have had happy homes in their childhood and youth, will be anxious to recreate them by marriage and domesticity. Nothing of the sort can reasonably be expected where the home has been but a repetition of houses in which meals have been eaten and lodgings secured.

Hotels are notoriously bad for the rearing of children; and yet how much better is a dwelling occupied for one or two years, and then surrendered for another and another?

We Americans have not such an excess of domesticity as to be able to spare any of it. On the contrary, we need to cultivate all we have, instead of reducing the slender original stock by playing at hide-and-seek with our neighbors. Very often it is not possible for a family to stay in one place; but where it is possible, it should be made a domestic religion not to move.

Is it not probable that much of what is known as unhappy temperament,—the restlessness, irresolution and despondency of after-life,—may have no meaner or profounder origin than the May-day inconveniences which annually thrust farther out of reach the possibilities of a substantial home-feeling?

#### Fashion Note.

PARIS is friendly this season, and is willing to stand by us in our sudden and unwonted economy. It is, of course, impossible to speak with any assurance of the spring modes; but one thing is certain (or, at least, advices by our carrier-pigeon so assert) that plain long skirts, *sans* overdress and all trimmings, with short round waists, and bare of ornamentation, save the fraise in the neck, are the correct style for evening. Court dresses,—i. e., everything except walking-suits,—are all to be formed in this wise. Indeed, many have already appeared in the most elegant *salons* of France; and before summer is fairly here we may expect nothing else for gas-light toilette.

## Economy and Elegance.

ECONOMY and elegance are so rarely coupled that they are naturally thought to be incongruous. They are not always so, however; for simplicity is an element of each. A number of women of fashion have learned this since the recent monetary disorder has rendered their usual lavish expenditure absolutely impossible. At the beginning of the season they were unable to see how they could attend certain parties and receptions without new gowns and novel adornments. Determined to go, however, they had recourse to their own ingenuity and invention, in place of drawing on the marital and paternal bank account. In other words, they devised new robes and garnitures from old ones. The result was remarkable, altogether beyond their fondest expectation. They appeared on the social occasions, which they so much coveted, to far more advantage, as respects dress, than they ever had before. Their costuming was generally admired, and particularly commended,—the majority of their acquaintances thinking that what they wore had been purchased regardless of price.

This effect had been produced by simple adaptation of means to end, by sober consultation between judgment and good taste. The feminine innovators had discovered, for the first time, what properly belonged to them,—what particular thing or things their complexion, stature, form and favor required. It was a triumph of individuality, fitness and delicate apprehension over general rules, fixed mode and adherence to antecedents. The experiment has proved so successful that those who were impelled to it from economy, will continue it from the conviction that it has served, and will still serve, the cause of elegance.

## Children and Money.

MOST persons seem to believe that children, even after they have reached an age of intelligence and discrimination, should not be trusted with money; that those who are so trusted are almost invariably ruined. More harm is done, in our judgment, by an exactly contrary course. If children,—at least when they are fairly out of leading-strings,—are not

allowed to have small amounts of money, how can they possibly learn its proper use? Wise spending is the result of experience, instead of theory, even with grown persons. How then should the merest youngsters learn to use sixpences and shillings steadily withheld from them?

Human nature is always benefited by a sense of responsibility, and children are by no means an exception. So long as they are deprived of money, they can have no clear idea of its value, and, later in life, when they begin to get some, they very naturally waste it in order to make up for their early deprivation. A boy should be allowed to buy his own tops, marbles, and skates, instead of having them bought for him. In this way he will enjoy them more, and have a more thorough appreciation of them. If he makes a mistake, chooses a bad top, or imperfect marbles, or poor skates, do not replace them with such as he would like; but let him use those of his own selection till he has the money to buy others. Next time he will know what not to buy, will be more careful in deciding, and will have gained a desirable feeling of self-dependence. It is, perhaps, a little hard for tender parents to compel children to abide their own mistakes. The rule seems harsh; but the world is so infinitely harsher a school than any home can be, that, for ultimate good, present pain may be endured.

Children accustomed to money in moderation have little, if any temptation, to get it by improper or dishonest means. It then ceases to bear the attraction of forbidden fruit, or to appear to their ardent fancy as if all happiness were included in its power of purchase. Are not the boys who pilfer, or carry from the household anything they can turn into cash, frequently those who have been impelled to it by a scant allowance of pocket-money from parents to whom it would have been a trifle? With legitimate indulgence they very soon learn that a shilling is worth but a shilling, and that a dollar is only a dollar; that, badly used, one or the other will bring discomfort as well as pleasure; and this lesson cannot fail to be of permanent benefit to them. The boy who has learned to use sixpences judiciously while he is ten or twelve, will be pretty apt to understand the proper value of dollars before he is out of his teens.

## CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

## Early Photography.

WE have received the following notes, which we publish as a matter of justice to all parties:

THE RIDGE, DOVER PLAINS, N. Y., Oct. 4, 1873.

To the Editor of *Scribner's Monthly*:—

SIR:—In the May issue of your Magazine, Professor John W. Draper commented upon my statement in a paper on Pro-

fessor Morse, which appeared in the March issue, that "the first photograph ever taken in America was that of the tower of the Church of the Messiah, on Broadway," by Professor Morse; also, that after he (Morse) had succeeded in taking likenesses of the human face with the eyes shut, "Professor Draper shortened the process, and was the first to take portraits with the eyes open." Professor Draper, in his comments, says that *he*, and not Professor Morse, took that photographic view of the Church of the Messiah. "As

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to the photographic portrait from life," Professor Draper says, "It was I that took the first, and that not merely in America," for none had been taken in Europe. "Professor Morse," he continues, "never made a photograph until he had learned the art in my laboratory, in which, at that time, he spent every evening."

My statement was drawn from a printed letter written by Professor Morse for publication. When Dr. Draper's communication appeared, I could not find that letter among my papers. I have just found it. It was printed in *The Philadelphia Photographer*, a monthly magazine, for January, 1879. The letter bears the date of "New York, Nov. 18, 1871." After speaking of his personal interview with Mr. Daguerre, of receiving from that discoverer the first copy, "probably," of his pamphlet describing his invention, that came to America, and from the drawings in which he constructed "the first daguerreotype apparatus in the United States," Professor Morse says:

"My first effort with it was on a small plate of silvered copper, about the size of a playing card, procured from a hardware store; but defective as it was, I obtained a good representation of the Church of the Messiah, in Broadway, from a back window of the New York City University. That was, of course, before the construction of the New York Hotel. This I believe to have been the first photograph ever taken in America. Perceiving in its earlier stages that photography was an invaluable and incalculable aid to the arts of design, I practiced it for many months, taking pupils, many of whom, at this day, are among the most prosperous photographers. I early made arrangements to experiment with my eminent friend and colleague in the University, Professor John W. Draper, building for the purpose a photographic studio upon the top of the University. Here I believe were made the first successful attempts by Dr. Draper in taking photographic portraits with the eyes open, I having succeeded in taking portraits previously with the eyes shut, for it was considered at that date that the clear sunlight upon the face was necessary to a result."

If my statement of the claim of Professor Morse was erroneous, this letter of his, explicitly making the claim, is responsible for the error. I will only add that the "silvered copper" plate, having on it the picture of the Church of the Messiah, may be seen among a collection of his earlier daguerreotypes, now at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, which were presented to that institution by Professor Morse a year or two before his death.

Very truly yours,

BENSON J. LOSSING.

UNIVERSITY, WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK. }  
OCT. 20, 1873. }

To the Editor of *Scribner's Monthly*:

SIR:—Mr. Benson J. Lossing having kindly forwarded to me the substance of a note which he is about to have inserted in your journal, respecting the first daguerreotype portrait, I would ask the favor of this being published at the same time.

Mr. Lossing's object is to give his authority for imputing, in a former number of your journal, this invention to the late Professor Morse. It is found in a letter written by Professor Morse to Mr. Wilson, dated November 18, 1871, in which he says: "I early made arrangements to experiment with my eminent friend, Professor John W. Draper, building for the purpose a photographic studio on the top of the University. Here, I believe, were made the first successful attempts of Dr. Draper in taking photographic portraits with the eyes open, I having succeeded in taking portraits previously with the eyes shut; for it was considered at that date that the clear sunlight upon the face was necessary to the result."

Perhaps I cannot dispose of this letter, which I had not seen until now, better than by producing another letter of Professor Morse. When Mr. M. A. Root was engaged in writing his book entitled "The Camera and the Pencil," published by Lippincott in Philadelphia, and Appleton in this city, he addressed a letter of inquiry to Professor Morse, whose reply is dated "Poughkeepsie, February 10, 1855." In this Professor Morse says: "About the same time Pro-

fessor Draper was successful in taking portraits; though whether he or myself took the first, I cannot say. Soon after we commenced together taking portraits, causing a glass building to be constructed for the purpose on the roof of the University." The entire letter may be found in the book above referred to, pages 344-348.

Thus it appears that in 1855 Professor Morse was unable to say whether he or I took the first portrait. His recollection was clearer at this date than it became in 1871, when he claimed the entire honor, but not so clear as it would have been in 1839. I regret to have to add that this letter caused an alienation between my old friend and myself. I was astonished that he had forgotten the numerous fine portraits I had made and shown him long before the glass studio was built, and long before he had done anything in the matter himself.

In the scientific world it is recognized that priority of publication shall be considered as establishing priority of discovery or invention. I published in the "London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine," in March, 1840, an announcement that I had succeeded in procuring portraits by the daguerreotype, and shortly afterwards, in the same journal, gave a detailed account of the whole operation. In these publications the invention, of course, was openly claimed by me, and Professor Morse's name was never mentioned. He saw them while they were in manuscript, and again after they were printed, and put forth no counter claim. Indeed, I believe he never published anything on daguerreotype portraiture.

As to experiments in the glass studio for the purpose of taking photographs with the eyes open, I can assure you that many very perfect portraits with the eyes open had been made by me long before that expense was encountered. Let me add that at this time Professor Morse was completely occupied with the invention of his telegraph; he had his apparatus in my laboratory; he was not familiar either with chemical or optical science, and took an interest in photographic portraiture only from an artistic point of view, his earlier life having been devoted, as is well known, to painting as a profession.

JOHN W. DRAPER.

#### A New Poet.\*

"THE King of the Vasse," the opening poem in Mr. O'Reilly's volume, is a remarkable one, and if the legend be the creation of Mr. O'Reilly, it places him high among the few really imaginative poets. It is the story of a Swedish family that emigrated to New Holland long ago. The youngest member of it, a boy of six, dies just as they come in sight of land. They hear the body ashore, stricken with grief, and are met by the natives and their king, a weird old man of eighty. He is strangely moved by the sight of the dead child.

"Then to his folk  
With upraised hands he spoke one guttural word,  
And said it over thrice; and when they heard,  
They, too, were stricken with strange fear and joy."

He draws near the child, and throwing back the skin of his furred robe, shows upon its belt a small red globe of carved wood.

"The King then raised his arms, as if he blest  
The youth who lay there, seeming dead and cold;  
Then took the globe and opened it, and behold!  
Within it, bedded in the carved case,

\* Songs from the Southern Seas, and other Poems. By James Boyle O'Reilly. Boston: Roberts Brothers.



There lay a precious thing for that rude race  
To hold, though it as God they seemed to prize,  
A Pearl of purest hue and wondrous size !"

The old man raises this pearl, as a priest elevates  
the Host, and awe falls upon the family.

" Then to the mother turning slow, the King  
Took out the Pearl, and laid the beauteous thing  
Upon the dead boy's mouth and brow and breast,  
And as it touched him, lo ! the awful rest  
Of death was broken, and the youth uprose !"

Life was restored to him, but not the life that he  
had lost.

" The soul brought back was not the soul that fled."

The touch of the Pearl has made him a savage.  
The woods are now his home, and the tawny natives  
his comrades and friends. He speaks not to his  
parents ; he breaks no food that they eat. It were  
better that he had died, his brothers think. Not so  
his mother, though she wins no look of love from  
him. When ten years of this savage life are passed,  
the old, white-haired king dies, and his body is  
laid upon a spear-wood litter, and placed in the  
forest.

" Upon the breast was placed the carven case  
That held the symbol of their ancient race,  
And eyes awe-stricken saw the mystic Thing  
That soon would clothe another as their King !"

Who shall it be ? Who but the white savage,  
Jacob Eibsen ? He stalks up to the corpse, and  
taking the case from its breast, holds it before his  
people. Then he opens the case, and, taking out  
the Pearl, lifts it aloft,

" As swearing fealty to God on high."

Before his oath can be uttered, his old mother rushes  
upon him, and endeavors to take the idol from his  
hand. He commands her to be removed, and a  
thousand men spring forward to do his bidding. As  
she is cast forth her heart-broken wail pierces the  
midnight air, and cuts through him like a two-  
edged sword.

" But all unheeding, he not marked her cry  
By sign or look within the gloomy eye ;  
But round his body bound the carven case,  
And swore the fealty with marble face."

She is found dead in the morning by her husband  
and children. They bury her,—her husband soon  
follows her,—and it is not long before the children  
abandon their homestead. The place is cursed.  
Years pass, and other white men arrive, and wonder  
who preceded them there. Who built those  
crumbling cabins, in which is heard the rustle of  
snakes, whose eyes gleam and burn in the ruined

walls ? They hear of a race of savages inland, who  
are ruled by an old king,

" One whom Death  
Had passed as though he saw not,"

and who commands all the tribes of Australia.

" A man unlike them and not of their race,  
A man of flowing hair and pallid face."

He is so old that the oldest of his people know  
his story from tradition alone. The young men  
know him not. They will no longer be bound by  
the antiquated usage of the tribe.

" The men who owned that right were too long dead :  
And they were young and strong, and held their spears  
In idle resting through this white King's fears,  
Who still would live to rule them till they changed  
Their men to puling women, and estranged  
To Austral hands the spear and coils grow."

They rebel against him, and slay the elders who  
raise their hands in warning. They press around  
him menacingly ; he opens the case, and takes out  
the Pearl which he elevates as of old.

" Awe struck and dumb, once more they owned him King  
And humbly crouched before him ; when a sound,  
A whirling sound that thrilled them, passed o'er head,  
And with a spring they rose ; a spear had sped  
With aim unerring and with dreadful might,  
And split the awful center of their sight,  
The upraised Pearl ! A moment there it shone  
Before the spear-point,—then forever gone !"

The spell which had bound Jacob Eibsen so  
many years was broken. He bent his steps towards  
the abandoned huts of his kindred, and, as in a dream,  
the Past began to return to him. He recognized  
familiar scenes, and recovered fragments of his  
Swedish tongue. He crouched where his mother  
died :

" With face laid earthward as her face was laid,  
And prayed for her as she for him once prayed."

He reached the hut of his parents, and the graves  
where they were sleeping, though he knew it not.  
The children of the settlement found him there the  
next day, and wondering who he could be, gathered  
flowers for him, and asked his name :

" And laughed at his strange language ; and he smiled  
To hear them laugh, as though himself a child."

The curse which had rested upon the place was  
lifted ; the lizards and snakes fled, and found other  
homes, and all because the poor, white-haired, old man  
was a child again. And children from far and near  
came to see him, and to play and work with him ;  
and as he learned their simple words, he told them  
of a white-sailed ship that sailed across a mighty sea,  
and found a beauteous harbor encircled with flowers

and trees. When they questioned him further he could not answer them, for he had told all he knew. One morning he was missing. They searched within the huts, and called to him repeatedly.

"But all in vain their searching: twilight fell  
And sent them home their sorrowing tale to tell.  
That night their elders formed a torch-lit chain  
To sweep the gloomy bush; and not in vain,—  
For when the moon at midnight hung o'er head,  
The weary searchers found poor Jacob—dead!"

This, in brief, is the outline of "The King of the Vasse." It is carelessly written; we could point out many faulty lines: William Morris could have spun off the verse more fluently, and Longfellow could have imparted to it his usual grace. Still, with all its faults, we are glad that it is not from them, but from Mr. O'Reilly, that we receive it. The story is simply and strongly told, and, unless we are greatly mistaken, is imaginative and pathetic. It is certainly the most poetic poem in the volume, though by no means the most striking one. "The Amber Whale," is more characteristic of Mr. O'Reilly's genius, as "The Dog Guard," and "The Dukite Snake," are more characteristic of the region in which it is most at home. The poems last named are powerful, but we have no desire to read them twice. We have the same recollection of "Haunted by Tigers." Mr. O'Reilly is a story-teller, but he is not always wise in his choice of subjects. He is as good a balladist as Walter Thornbury, who is the only other living poet that could have written his "Old Dragon's Story." What he chiefly lacks is sentiment. He has no tenderness; grace and delicacy escape him. This is a grave defect, of course, but we might have had a worse one in its stead. We might have had the abundance of fine writing, which is now so popular. We might have had Pantheism, Atheism, and the rest of the poetic isms; we might have had Swinburne and Rossetti at second-hand. To have been spared these is something.

#### Saxe's Poetical Works.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, more or less, in the palmy days of the old *Knickerbocker*, there appeared in that precious old magazine, a poem entitled, "The Briefless Barrister." The editor introduced it, as we very well remember, with the heartiest words of commendation, and predicted for the writer a brilliant poetical career. The book before us may be regarded as the completed record of that career, for the author can hardly hope to write better than he has done; nor will he be disposed to add materially to his already large collection of verses. An easy-going poet may as well turn in the social cattle to graze his fields, still green, as to clip and house his "Aftermath."

During these twenty-five years, the poet has been treated shabbily, on the whole, by the critics, and with due appreciation by the people. Indeed, he

has been blamed so much for not being what he is not, that we fear he has become a little ashamed of being what he undoubtedly is,—one of the wittiest poets and cleverest verse-wrights that America has produced. During all these years the people have liked his productions. If he has not been Hood or Holmes, or Lowell, neither has any one of those poets been Saxe; a fact which, on the whole, ought to be gratifying to the latter, since he thus has the privilege of possessing the treasure of individuality. The fact that we do not need to quote a verse to illustrate his genius shows how familiar the public are with his characteristic work, and furnishes its own comment on his detractors. His poems are innocent, hearty, carefully written, crammed with verbal ingenuities and felicities, and some of them show genuine tenderness and power. The volume is a valuable contribution to American letters, and the publishers (J. R. Osgood & Co.) have made it typographically worthy of the treasure it bears.

#### "Cameos."\*

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR is one of the few poets who are great in everything. The smallest trifle that he ever wrote shows the brain and the hand of a master. Popular he never was, and never will be, but if anything can make him more widely known than he is now, it will be just such collections as the one before us. We say collections, because we think it will take more than one to do it, and because no one collection will do justice to his many-sided genius. We hardly have him at his best here, though we have a number of his most perfect poems. We can understand the difficulty under which the compilers labored with such an embarrassment of riches as his Complete Works to select from, but surely there need be no great difficulty in selecting the poems that best represent a certain class of subjects, and a certain method of treatment. We have the feeling that too much has been attempted here. If it was variety which was sought for, enough variety was not obtained. The unity which ought to characterize a little book of lyrics like this, is disturbed, we think, by the introduction of the blank verse poem addressed to Robert Browning, and by the "Fæslan Idyl." They are charming, we admit, but they should have been placed in a different setting, say in a volume of selections from Landor's blank verse, of which there are fine examples. But find what fault we may—what a delightful little book it is! We linger over the pages, and say to ourselves, what a range of subjects this old man had, and what an artist he was! What sweetness of feeling and grace of expression, what gravity and what tenderness! He is better than everybody except Shakespeare, whose lyrics are the only ones in the language which he could not easily have excelled.

\* *Cameos, selected from the works of Walter Savage Landor.* By E. C. Steedman and T. R. Aldrich, with an Introduction. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

The Introduction to this dainty casket of "Cameos" is an excellent piece of writing. It contains just such criticism as the average reader of poetry needs, and suggests enough to set the critical reader thinking for himself.

"Landscape-Architecture."\*

THAT size is no criterion of value in a book, receives a new confirmation in Mr. Cleveland's pocket-essay on the subject of the laying out of land to the best advantage, not only for private owners but for towns and villages. There is also an additional essay on the need of forest-planting on the Great Plains, with a demonstration of its practicability. The subject of these unpretending pages is one of great importance to the health, comfort and general well-being of our country in the future. The reward of such labor as Mr. Cleveland has performed in trying to educate the general public up to the point where they can see the necessity for action, must, we fear, be found in his own consciousness of duty done, for there seems very little advance in our practice, whatever there may have been in our principles. It is just as common now as it was fifty years ago, to lay out country-places, from one acre to one hundred, without regard to the essential facts that make every situation a peculiar one, needing special consideration. Take any town, large or small, in the older parts of the country, and everybody knows that, as a rule, the people follow their leader like so many sheep. One year everybody plants sycamores; then the ailanthus comes in; now 'tis Japan lilies, and yesterday it was plants with colored leaves; to-day it is Mansard-roofs (alas, for poor Mr. Mansard, if he could only see some of the hideous night-caps that go by his name!) and, only yesterday, all our roofs were hipped.

All this want of logic and want of taste would not be of much public importance if it were confined to the suburban lots and "places" of individuals; but it becomes a serious matter when a village is to be laid out or improved, or when a new park is to be made. Then, all this violation of common-sense, this absence of forethought, and neglect of the prime conditions, involves labor, expense, and often ill-health, on generations to come. There never was such an opportunity in the world as there is now, to-day, in this country for laying out new towns and improving old ones, by the laws of good sense and beauty (which in all things are one and the same); but we do not know a single case where these laws are receiving the least attention; and no wonder, for the matter always gets into the hands of the ignorant "smart" man, who is just now the peculiar nuisance of our society everywhere.

Mr. Cleveland's earnest little book is written to set the people of the West, where there is most need

of thinking on the subject, to giving it some thought while there is yet time. It is easy to talk in a hopeful way about "The West," and to get into a glow over its possibilities, but taste and forethought can't be loaded into people like shot and powder into guns, and, for all we see, the West does as little as possible with its æsthetic possibilities. She must grow into taste, as other peoples have done, and the kingdom won't come by observation either, but will be built up by the teachings of a few in every generation, who, like the late Mr. Downing and Mr. Cleveland of to-day, are content to work, and teach, and write, without much substantial reward.

The essay on Forest-Planting on the Great Plains is a matter that touches people's pockets more than the other, or rather it can be more easily made evident that it touches them, and so will possibly get a hearing. It is, indeed, of vital importance in many ways, and Mr. Cleveland presents the case with great clearness, and enforces it with arguments easily understood. We have the cure of drought and of the drying-up of rivers mainly in our own hands, as has been abundantly shown. Mr. Cleveland cites good writers on the subject, but his extracts only skim the ground. Nor, while these are the great ends of forest-planting, are they by all means all that is to be gained. Mr. Cleveland flatters the railroad men with a prospect of cheap ties and plenty of them. But, we dare say, he will have a fellow-feeling for us in our whispered congratulation to the lovers of the woods, at all times, and of open wood-fires in the winter, that there may be a good time coming for them, too.

"Old Fort Duquesne."\*

THIS story of Braddock's defeat reverses the usual plan of the historical novel. It seems to be written rather for the sake of bringing out the details of that disastrous campaign against the French, which it describes very well, than of creating a romantic interest in the fortunes of the persons, some real and some fictitious, who are introduced as taking part in it. The accounts of the blundering march, and the massacre called a battle, have an air of reality only to be gained from research among authentic records. The pictures of garrison life inside Fort Duquesne, and of the policy used by the French in managing their wayward and dangerous allies, are equally true to history. The author leaves no room for doubt as to his accuracy in these respects, by citing his sources of information in the copious notes, which contain, besides, some curious notices of Indian habits, and sketches of pioneer heroes.

Among these, Captain Jack, who gives his name to the story, was a real historic Indian-killer. If the three or four days during which he shoots and tomahawks in these pages are a sample of his life.

\* *Landscape-Architecture*, as applied to the Wants of the West; with an *Essay on Forest-Planting on the Great Plains*. By H. W. S. Cleveland. *Landscape-Architect*. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1873.

\* *Old Fort Duquesne, or Captain Jack the Scout, a Historical Novel*. Pittsburgh: People's Monthly Publishing Co., 1873.

he must have been indeed a terror to the red men. The most sanguinary appetite will be satiated with the variety afforded by the slaughter of nine distinct savages in the prowling watch kept up by the scouts as Braddock's army advanced, and retired. To provide occasions for these feats, the plot of the novel involves the discovery and rescue of a Marie, loved in his youth and deserted in a fit of jealousy, and of his sister, Waukina, carried off by the Delawares when an infant, and recognized by the natural incident of her recalling and singing the last verses of a hymn she had learned sixteen years before. Lord Talbot, an English officer captured by the Shawnees, and taken to Fort Duquesne, afterwards adopted into the tribe, then escaping, and at last marrying Waukina after her civilization, is intended to relieve the horrors of the story with a humorous element. The opportunity for describing Indian customs and character is extremely well improved. The traits of these children of the wilderness,—their fidelity as friends, their treachery and ferocity in war, their courage and cunning,—are strongly portrayed, without any of the redskin cant that has become a commonplace in literature. But the merit of the romantic part of the book goes no further, except, perhaps, that the picture of the simple enthusiasm of the naturalist, De Bonneville, deserves praise. The scout and Marie and the Englishman talk the reporter's talk of to-day, and Waukina adopts it when she drops her Indian dress. Lord Talbot particularly is an extraordinary conception, anticipating by a century in his ideas and phrases the Bowery boy and the fast young West-American. The combination of their dialects, with allusions to his baronial father and his palatial manor, is indescribably grotesque. His attempts at French are still more unfortunate; and the book would have been much improved by the omission of his exploits in both languages, and of the illustrations, which are deplorable.

#### Theological and Religious.

*Exodus*; from the Speaker's Commentary on the Pentateuch. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.—The peculiarity of the Speaker's Commentary is this: it gives the results of severe study and undoubted scholarship, without wearing out the patience of ordinary readers by voluminous details of the processes by which they have been reached. Hence it is a most valuable manual for immediate consultation. It does not concern itself with a rebuttal of other people's opinions, either cavils at the truth, or over-ingenious conjectures about it; but goes straight on to answer the questions honest inquirers would be most likely to ask. The publishers have done a most excellent service in issuing this part of the second volume, embracing all the Book of Exodus, by itself, so as to meet the want of Sunday schools in preparing the International Series of Lessons during the next six months.

*Hints and Helps in Pastoral Theology.* By Wil-

liam S. Plumer, D. D., L.L.D. New York: Harper & Brothers.—One is not surprised, in reading this excellent volume, to find that the venerable author commends the use of a common-place book. For the pages fairly grow heavy with quotations; some of them very brilliant, and some of them far inferior to what the transcriber adds of his own. Theological students and Sunday School teachers will welcome a book like this, and be profited by studying it.

*The Silence and the Voices of God, with Other Sermons.* By Frederic W. Farrar, D. D., Master of Marlborough College. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.—A series of eleven calm, thoughtful discourses for the pulpit, beautifully written, and singularly interesting to read.

*The Argument of the Book of Job Unfolded.* By William Henry Green, D. D., Professor in Princeton Theological Seminary. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.—The Book of Job seems like a libretto of an oratorio. It possesses all the wonderful perfection of poetry just ready for the music, and at the same time the stiff and stately movement which makes all such compositions unreal as presentations of actual life. Everybody gets puzzled to see Job and his friends, Satan and God, come in, taking turns in the dialogue, with such a determinate assertion of accompanying fact, and such necessary negation of all naturalness in showing it. What can be done in explanation of its difficulties seems to have been done, and well done, in this instructive volume.

*Saints and Sinners of the Bible.* By Mrs. Julia McNair Wright. Philadelphia: Ziegler & McCurdy.—The title of this book reminds any one of the famous three-fold division of humanity into "Saints, Sinners, and the — Family." We think we have seen the name of its authoress in connection with some sensational volumes about convent life, and its get-up is in the green-and-gilty style, like that of subscription literature, which, doubtless, pleases some people and prejudices others. But, in truth, this work is not sensational. It is a series of quiet sketches of various Scripture characters, good and bad in turn. It is bright and interesting, often shrewd and sharp, and sometimes soberly witty. It is not original; but surely a new mind is going over the old ground. It is not learned, and yet it has in it a good measure of somebody's learning. It appears excellent in spirit, safe in statement, and thoroughly Christian in purpose and temper. It is very like what we should suppose a woman-preacher (if such there be in a settled pastorate) would produce, after the heavier sermon-work was done, for the Wednesday evening lecture.

#### "A Very Young Couple."

Of course the young couple were young fools.

\* *A Very Young Couple.* By the author of "Mrs. Jenningsham's Journal," "The Runaway," etc., etc. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

You might call them that, and be done with it. But, then, you know, there is a sense in which all young couples are young fools; and to be a fool does not mean to be destitute of interest: We confess to having been much amused by the conversations and explanations of Mr. and Mrs. Clare appertaining to the early part of their career: the account of their meeting,—how she knew Fred better at the end of the first ball than she knew the Bishop of L.—, with whom she had been acquainted all her life, and so they were engaged in a week; and how they agreed to wait years and years, and were married at the end of two months; and how they provided, and kept house, and accounts, and did and said all manner of ridiculous things. To be sure, when they become tragic, they lose some of their interest, but then we have always those first amusing pages to which we can turn back.

#### "My Kalulu."\*

THERE was so much of the romantic and of the marvelous in Mr. Stanley's account of his discovery of Livingstone, that an avowedly fictitious story from his pen is hardly likely to attract the attention which it deserves; yet the youths who might hesitate to

\* *My Kalulu: Prince, King, and Slave. A Story of Central Africa.* By Henry M. Stanley, author of "How I Found Livingstone." With Illustrations. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

attack the stout octavo, *How I Found Livingstone*, are sure to be captivated by the musical title and the thrilling pictures of this attractive volume. It is just of the size to make the boy who may become possessed of it, feel that the one who wrote it, and those who published it, had due regard for the dignity of those whom they expected to read it. The imaginary Kalulu,—for the story has nothing to do with the little black boy whom Mr. Stanley brought back with him,—is the son of an African prince. Selim, an Arab youth, occupies an equally prominent position in the narrative, which is based upon the friendship the two boys conceive for each other. The circumstances which led to this attachment, and the adventures through which the youths passed, make up an exceedingly interesting story, while the contrast between the character of the negro and of the Arab is well maintained, and the peculiarities of the interior of Africa, and of the different tribes living there, are graphically brought out. Incidentally, too, the horrors of the inland slave traffic are very strikingly described. Now and then Mr. Stanley's characters get possession of his pen, and treat the reader to prolix and high-wrought speeches; but this, after all, may be taken as only another proof of the fact that the story is accurate and life-like, and incidentally deepens the impression with which every reader will lay down the volume that all it relates might very easily have happened.

## NATURE AND SCIENCE.

### Causes of Increase of Insanity in England.

In a very interesting paper on this subject T. Harrington Tuke, the President of the Psychological Association, makes the following statements: The recent report of the Commissioners of Lunacy, tending to show that a great wave of insanity is slowly advancing, various reasons have been suggested to explain this increase, among which the following are worthy of mention:

It has been assumed that the congregation of large bodies of workmen in towns and cities, the confinement arising from the nature of their toil, and the restriction of their space have given us a degenerate population, subject to mental disease. But this is not altogether so. Such causes would induce idiocy in children and diminish the average duration of human life, but would not necessarily induce insanity in men of mature years. Moreover, it is by no means certain that the inhabitants of the crowded city are more prone to mental disorders than the inhabitants of agricultural districts.

The emigration of the adult population, which has been steadily increasing during the last half century, may also have had some influence upon these returns, but it cannot be a great one. If emigration

takes to other and kindred shores some of the finest of our peasantry, the best of our workmen, it also fortunately tempts the unstable, the enthusiastic, the adventurous, the disappointed who, perhaps, remaining here, fretful and despairing, would have swollen the number of insane.

The hypothesis has been advanced that the progress of civilization and the spread of education among the masses have, with a greater activity of brain, produced a corresponding increase of nervous exhaustion and disease. This is a melancholy theory; it would unsettle our belief in the onward progress of mankind; it would shake the very foundation of our faith. Such a theory receives no support from statistics. If intellectual training and mental exertion were causes of insanity, then it should be more frequent in those ranks in which, during the last half century, the mental powers have been so much more cultivated and exercised. The statistics of lunacy show, on the contrary, that the increase of insanity has been amongst the poorer classes only. This increase has been notably great during the last two years. I fear the explanation is to be found in higher wages, and the consequent means of undue indulgence. But there is another aspect to this view. It may be that the



inexorable laws of supply and demand, while giving more than due wages to some of the working class, plunge others into dire distress, which in time saps their strength, both physically and mentally, and ultimately makes them denizens of the mad-house.

#### Movements in *Droseras*.

FOR the following account of these movements we are indebted to Alfred W. Bennett: It should be noted, in the first place, that the so-called hairs of the *Drosera* are true glands; they are an integral part of the leaf itself, and are penetrated by fibrous vessels. They terminate in a pellucid knob, within which their peculiar viscid secretion is found. This has probably an attraction for flies and other small insects, as, if the plant is examined in its native bogs, scarcely a leaf will be found in which an insect is not imprisoned. The experiment was made of placing a very small insect on a leaf beneath a low power of the microscope. The contact of the insect appeared to excite a stronger flow of the secretion, which soon enveloped the body of the animal in a dense, almost transparent, slime, firmly gluing down the wings, and rendering escape hopeless. It still, however, continued its struggles, a motion of the legs being still clearly perceptible after the lapse of three hours. During all this time the insect was sinking lower down towards the surface of the leaf, but only a slight change had taken place in the position of the glands themselves, which had slightly converged so as to imprison it more completely. But after the struggles of the prisoner had ceased, a remarkable change took place in the leaf. Almost the whole of the glands on its surface and its margin, even those removed from the body of the insect by a distance of at least double its own length, began to bend over, and point the knobs at their extremities towards it, though it was not observed that this was accompanied by any increased flow of the secretion from them. The experiment was made in the evening, and by the next morning almost every gland of the leaf was pointing towards the object in the center, forming a dense mass over it.

In a second experiment, a small piece of raw meat was placed on another leaf similar to the first. No immediate change was observable, and no increased flow of secretion; but after the lapse of a few hours a perceptible inclination of the more distant glands towards the object took place. The next morning the piece of meat was found like the fly, sunk down upon the surface of the leaf, with almost the whole of the glands converging towards it, and above it in just the same manner. The changes here were, therefore, perfectly of the same kind as in the case of the fly, though apparently somewhat slower. After the lapse of twenty-four hours the piece of meat appeared decidedly lighter in color; but an accident prevented the process of digestion being further traced. On other leaves pieces of wood and worsted were placed, but in neither of these in-

stances was there the least perceptible movement, even after the lapse of considerable periods of time. The organized structures of the fly and of the piece of raw meat, therefore, possessed the power of exciting these movements which the other substances could not provoke.

#### Consumption of Fuel in Engines.

AT the annual meeting of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers in 1863, a careful inquiry was made into the consumption of fuel by the best engines in the Atlantic steam service. The result showed that in no case did it fall below four and a half pounds per horse-power, per hour. Last year they assembled again with the same object in view, and Mr. Bramwell produced a table showing that the average consumption by 17 good examples of compound expansive engines, did not exceed two and a quarter pounds per horse-power, per hour. Mr. E. A. Cowper has proved a consumption not exceeding one and a half pounds per horse-power, per hour, in a compound marine engine, constructed with an intermediate superheating vessel, in accordance with his plans; nor are we likely to stop long at this point of comparative excellence, for it has been shown that theoretical perfection is only to be reached by the combustion of one quarter of a pound of ordinary steam coal. (Dr. Siemens.)

#### Spectra of Compounds.

MR. J. N. LOCKREY arrives at the following conclusion regarding this subject: 1st. A compound body has as definite a spectrum as a simple one; but while the spectrum of the latter consists of lines, the number and thickness of some of which increase with molecular approach, the spectrum of a compound consists in the main of channeled spaces and bands, which increase in like manner. In short, the molecules of a simple body and of a compound one are affected in the same manner by their approach or recess, so far as their spectra are concerned; in other words, both spectra have their long and short lines or bands. In each case the greatest simplicity of the spectrum depends upon the greatest separation of molecules, and the greatest complexity (a continuous spectrum) upon their nearest approach.

2d. The heat required to act upon a compound, so as to render its spectrum visible, dissociates the compound according to its volatility; the number of true metallic lines which thus appear is a measure of the dissociation; and, doubtless, as the metal lines increase in number the compound bands shine out.

#### Liquefaction of Gases.

M. MELLENS states that absorption of chlorine by wood charcoal may go on until it represents a weight of chlorine equal to that of the charcoal. If charcoal thus saturated with chlorine is placed in

one limb of a V-shaped tube, and the extremities thereof sealed, the application of boiling water to the limb containing the charcoal, will cause the chlorine to be volatilized when, under the pressure produced, the gas may be forced to assume the liquid state in the other limb by dipping it in a freezing mixture. By this method chlorine, ammonia, sulphurous, hydro-sulphuric, and hydro-bromic acids, chloride of ethyle and cyanogen have been obtained in the liquid state.

#### Effects of Worry.

A WRITER in *Chambers' Journals* says: That the effects of worry are more to be dreaded than those of simple hard work, is evident from noting the class of persons who suffer most from the effects of mental overstrain. The case-book of the physician shows that it is the speculator, the betting man, the railway manager, the great merchant, the superintendent of large manufacturing or commercial works, who most frequently exhibit the symptoms of cerebral exhaustion. Mental cares accompanied by suppressed emotion, occupations liable to great vicissitudes of fortune, and those which involve the bearing on the mind of a multiplicity of intricate details, eventually break down the lives of the strongest. In estimating what may be called the staying powers of different minds under hard work, it is always necessary to take early training into account. A young man, cast suddenly into a position involving great care and responsibility, will break down; whereas, had he been gradually habituated to this position, he would have performed its duties without difficulty. It is probably for this reason that the professional classes generally suffer less from the effects of overstrain than others. They have had a long course of preliminary training, and their work comes on them by degrees; therefore, when it does come in excessive quantity it finds them prepared for it. Those, on the other hand, who suddenly vault into a position requiring severe mental toil generally die before their time.

#### Memoranda.

A SERIES of experiments made by Professor Ville, in France, show that the diseases that attack the potato are in part the result of a deficiency in the supply of potash in the soil. For five years in succession the Professor planted potatoes in the same soil without any fertilizer; to other plots of ground he added fertilizers that did not contain potash. In all these cases the fruit became diseased in the month of May, while on the other plots where potash was supplied in sufficient quantity, the plants were healthy and yielded an excellent product.

The absolute absence of any atmosphere on the moon has never yet been demonstrated, but only the fact that it does not exceed certain limits, generally

supposed to be much more restricted than is actually the case. (E. Neison.)

Regarding the use of electricity in the treatment of skin diseases, Beard and Rockwell say: "During the past two years we have treated a number of cases of eczema, acne and prurigo, by central galvanization alone, without making any application whatever to the diseased surface; and under this method of treatment the results have, in some instances, been more satisfactory than under any other method of using electricity in these affections." The negative pole was placed on the epigastrium and the positive on the back, moving it by turns along the whole length of the spine.

The sand blast is now used for cleaning the fronts of buildings. It is said to accomplish the removal of the dust and soot without injuring the ornamental carvings.

In a paper presented to the Academy of Medicine of Paris, M. Lecomché advances the opinion that diabetes is a secondary disease, attending upon imperfect assimilation of nitrogenized bodies. The large quantity of urea daily voided by the patient, consuming in its production the oxygen which should have been employed in the oxidation of sugar. The latter body consequently finds its way out of the system by the kidneys. The proper treatment, he thinks, is to endeavor to diminish the production of urea by the use of opium, arsenic, valerian, and in some cases bromide of potassium.

As the result of a series of experiments to determine the power of a sphere of iron to retain electricity of various temperatures, F. Guthrie finds that at 84° c. both kinds of electricity are retained; between this and 116° c. negative electricity is discharged and positive electricity retained, while at 140° c. both kinds are discharged equally.

The Italian section of the Vienna Exhibition contained a table-top composed of portions of human muscles, fat, sinews, and glands; all petrified into a single block by Mazini's process, and polished until its surface resembled marble.

Since the English troops were sent to the Gold Coast, the suffering from fevers has been so severe that out of one hundred men only twenty are fit for duty. To avoid this fearful loss, it is proposed to construct at once a railway some thirty or forty miles in length, by which the men may be quickly transported across the pest-stricken margin of the coast.

The recent death of an English Government clerk, who, according to medical evidence, must have died from syncope, induced by excessive smoking, while the stomach was empty, causes the

*Lancet* to say: "We have never underrated the danger to which immoderate smokers are liable. Fortunately, the poisons contained in tobacco smoke find a ready exit from the system, but when inhaled during a period of fasting, their injurious effect on the heart is especially to be apprehended."

The *Lancet* relates the following strange story: "Before Eli H— was born his father made a vow that if his wife should bring him another girl,—she then having had three in succession,—*he would never speak to the child as long as he lived.* The child turned out to be a boy, and now, what is most strange and remarkable, occurred: *this boy would never speak to his father.* Moreover, during his father's lifetime he would never speak to any one but his mother and three sisters. As soon as his father died, he then being thirty-five years old, his tongue was unloosed to everyone, and he has remained an ordinarily loquacious individual ever since."

The events of the last year have strengthened the arguments in favor of an Arctic Expedition. Thus the fact that a ship can pass up Smith Sound to 82° 16' N., without check of any description, unknown before, is now established, as well as the constant movement and drift of the ice in the strait, leading to the unknown region. The revolution in ice navigation, caused by the use of powerful steamers, is also more fully understood and appreciated through the report of Captain Markham.—(*Nature.*)

Rubber may be fastened to metal by a solution of shellac in ammonia. One part of pulverised shellac is soaked in ten parts of ammonia; this, in three or four weeks, becomes liquid, and is then fit for application.

When alkaline solutions of copper, nickel, lead, silver, cadmium, tin, and zinc, are heated with a solution of phosphorus in benzine, the metal is precipitated. (*A. Oppenheim.*)

Wibel states that a species of pond-weed, *Potamogeton*, possesses the powers of precipitating carbonate of lime with which it becomes incrustated.

In a work on the phosphatic deposits of Russia, Alexis Yermoloff remarks: We do not think that we exaggerate when we say that Central Russia reposes on phosphate of lime, with which she is able to pave half of Europe. The area of this deposit, between the Dnieper and Volga rivers alone, is estimated at fifty millions of acres.

W. Müller states that, in a series of experiments recently made, frogs that were frozen in blocks of ice for eight hours were alive and breathed normally as soon as the ice was thawed. Of two of these creatures of equal weight, the most voracious consumed the most oxygen.

Rubber bands may be made from a solution of rubber in a mixture composed of benzine, five parts and fine turpentine, seven parts. The benzine and turpentine must be free from oil and fatty matters.

According to Pettenkofer, cholera patients may be attended with perfect impunity if proper attention is paid to cleanliness. In addition to the ordinary cleansing of rooms and utensils, he especially insists on the immediate subjection of all soiled linen or other clothing to the action of boiling soap-suds.

Metals may be made to adhere to glass by a cement composed of powdered litharge, two parts, dry white lead, one part, boiled linseed oil, three parts, mixed with one part of copal varnish to a thick paste. (*R. Franke.*)

Where drain pipes in fields have been coated with gas-tar, all difficulty about choking with roots is avoided; for the roots turn away from the tar as though they were sensible of their danger.

The *Engineer* states that the crude ammonia salts obtained in the manufacture of gas frequently contain sulphocyanides, which destroy the crops to which they are applied.

A coal field, with seams varying from five to thirty-five feet in thickness, and extending over a region of 250,000 miles, has been discovered in the new territories on the line of the Northern Pacific railroad. (*Iron.*)

The *Encalyptus globulus*, an Austrian tree, is said to absorb an enormous quantity of water from the soil. It also emits an antiseptic camphor-like odor. These properties have caused it to be employed with success in destroying the emanations in malarious districts.

The vitiated air that escapes from the diver's helmet has been applied by M. Pasteur to support the combustion of a petroleum lamp. This the diver carries in his hand, and so avoids the use of the expensive electric light.

Frankland and Lockyer have found that if we increase the pressure of hydrogen while an electric current is passing through it, the lines gradually expand until the spectrum becomes continuous, and finally the resistance becomes so great that the electric current ceases to pass.

The *Agriculturist* states that a very fine white vinegar may be made from the juice of the white part of watermelons. At a certain stage the fluid is bitter, but when perfected acquires a true vinegar flavor.

## ETCHINGS.

